

Modern Screen

BER

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JUNE ALLYSON

IN THIS ISSUE:

HEDDA HOPPER LOVES PETER LAWFORD



Texture? Cling? Fragrance? of course!

Dare you to "taste" that new color — *Fatal Apple*

but — the real difference
in face powder is color

by

Revlon

It gives you the look of Eve . . . which is the look of the modern American woman of great chic this season. When waists are cinched small and hip-lines frankly round, will you go on wearing the same old powder? Or will you dare to wear this new Revlon for your first color sensation? At your own risk.

One of eleven custom
Revlon powder

"Rather cut dolls than rugs, Sis?"



GIRL: Think I'd rather go to some wonderful old dance and be popular and glamorous when I can sit here being just plain old me with my slacks on? Goodness!

CUPID: Plain? You're not so plain, Pattycake.

GIRL: Wait'll I smile, Little One. I'm Sad Sack.

CUPID: No gleam?

GIRL: No gleam, Little One. No sparkle. I brush my teeth. And brush 'em. But it's no glow. No gleam.

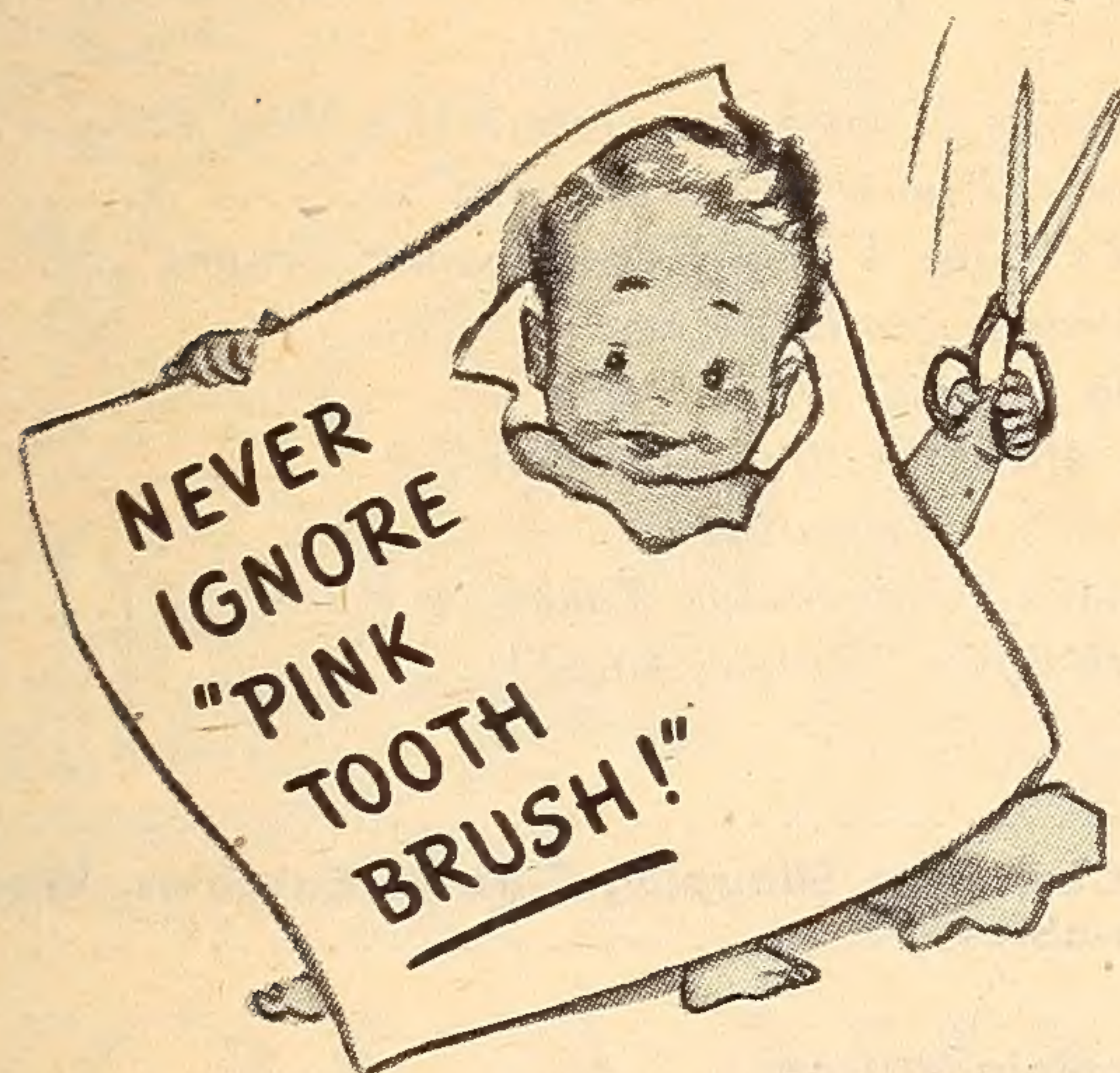
CUPID: And 'pink' on your tooth brush, I'll bet!

GIRL: We-ell ... only lately ... I—

CUPID: Stop stuttering, Sis. That 'pink' on your tooth-brush is a warning! It means see your dentist—and fast!

GIRL: Dent— But I haven't got a toothache. I—

CUPID: Quiet, Powderpuff! Dentists aren't just for toothaches. Visit yours tomorrow. He may find your gums are being robbed of exercise by soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage?"



GIRL: Sure. Sure, sure, sure. But *what's that got to do with my smile?*

CUPID: This, my mentally under-privileged friend: Ipana not only cleans teeth. With massage, Ipana helps your gums. Massaging a little extra on when you brush your teeth will help them to healthier firmness. And healthier gums mean sounder, brighter teeth. A smile that'll have you cutting more rugs and fewer paper dolls. Get started tomorrow, Baby!



Product of Bristol-Myers

For the Smile of Beauty—

IPANA AND MASSAGE

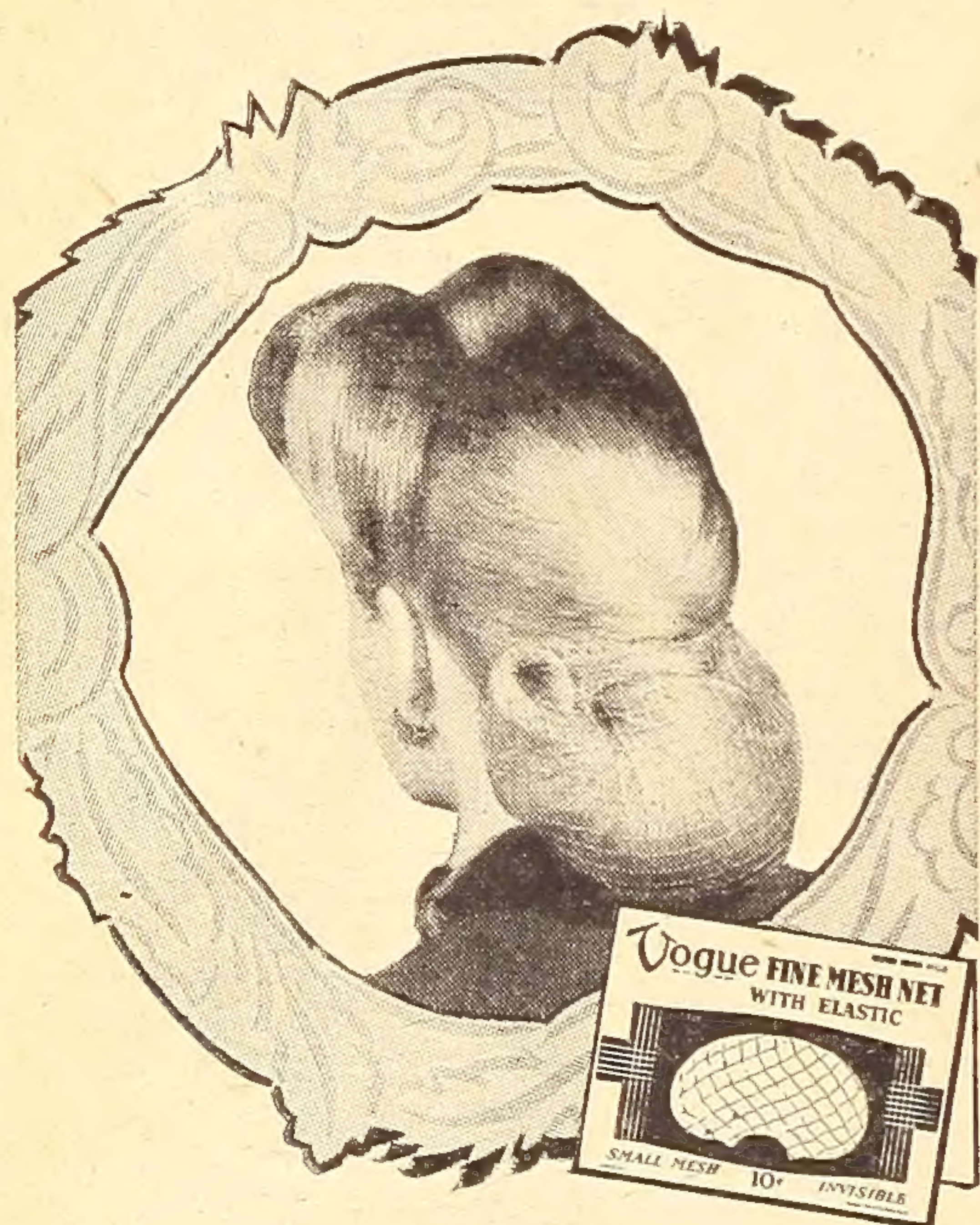
BE PRETTY AS A PICTURE

IN YOUR NEW

Vogue HAIR-DO



THE ROLL-'N-BRAID Happy combination of upsweep, page boy and braid, this picture-pretty hair-do is a gay deceiver. A Vogue hair roll provides the roll-up foundation. A Vogue pin-on braid adds smart sophistication.



THE CRISS-CROSS—A flattering frame for your beauty, from every angle. Soft. High-style. Fashion-wise. Front and sides are upswept over tiny Vogue rolls for contour firmness. The picturesque criss-cross low on the neck is turned under à la page boy over a Vogue hair roll, then held neatly and surely with a Vogue mesh net. *Vogue hair rolls and nets come in "natural" hair shades.*

Vogue Hair Rolls 5¢ to 59¢
Vogue Braids 39¢ to 79¢
Vogue Nets 10¢
In Hair-Matching Colors . . . Wanted Sizes and Shapes
On sale at 5-and-10¢ stores and department stores



by Virginia Wilson

MOVIE REVIEWS

Stork Club

■ That cafe society rendezvous known with affectionate familiarity as "The Stork" is probably the best known night club in the world. Even a *bad* picture about the Stork Club would draw crowds, and this is a *good* picture. Exuberant Betty Hutton, expert Barry Fitzgerald, and husky, handsome Don DeFore handle the high spots. Andy Russell sings and Robert Benchley plays a lawyer who will probably send the bar association into a decline.

There have been plenty of millionaires who wanted to play Santa Claus to pretty hatcheck girls. But the motives of millionaire J. B. Bates (Barry Fitzgerald) are of a pristine purity. He is wandering on the beach one day when his hat blows into the ocean and he goes after it. Judy Peabody (Betty Hutton) who sees him in the water, impulsively jumps to the conclusion that this poor old man is committing suicide. She hauls him out by the hair, and promises to get him a job at the Stork Club, where she works. Bates is amused but grateful for her kindness. He agrees to meet her at the Stork the next day. Meanwhile he sees his lawyer, and tells him to reward Judy by fixing up charge accounts for her at a hotel and several stores.

Bates keeps his appointment with Judy. He wears old clothes and looks very down on his luck, indeed. Sympathetic Judy, who has just received word of her anonymous good fortune, insists on taking him out and buying him a new suit. Two new suits. While she's about it, she buys herself a couple of mink coats and most of the dresses shown in a fashion parade. Bates has a fit. He hadn't planned on helping the poor working girl to quite this extent, but he doesn't want her to know where (*Continued on page 8*)

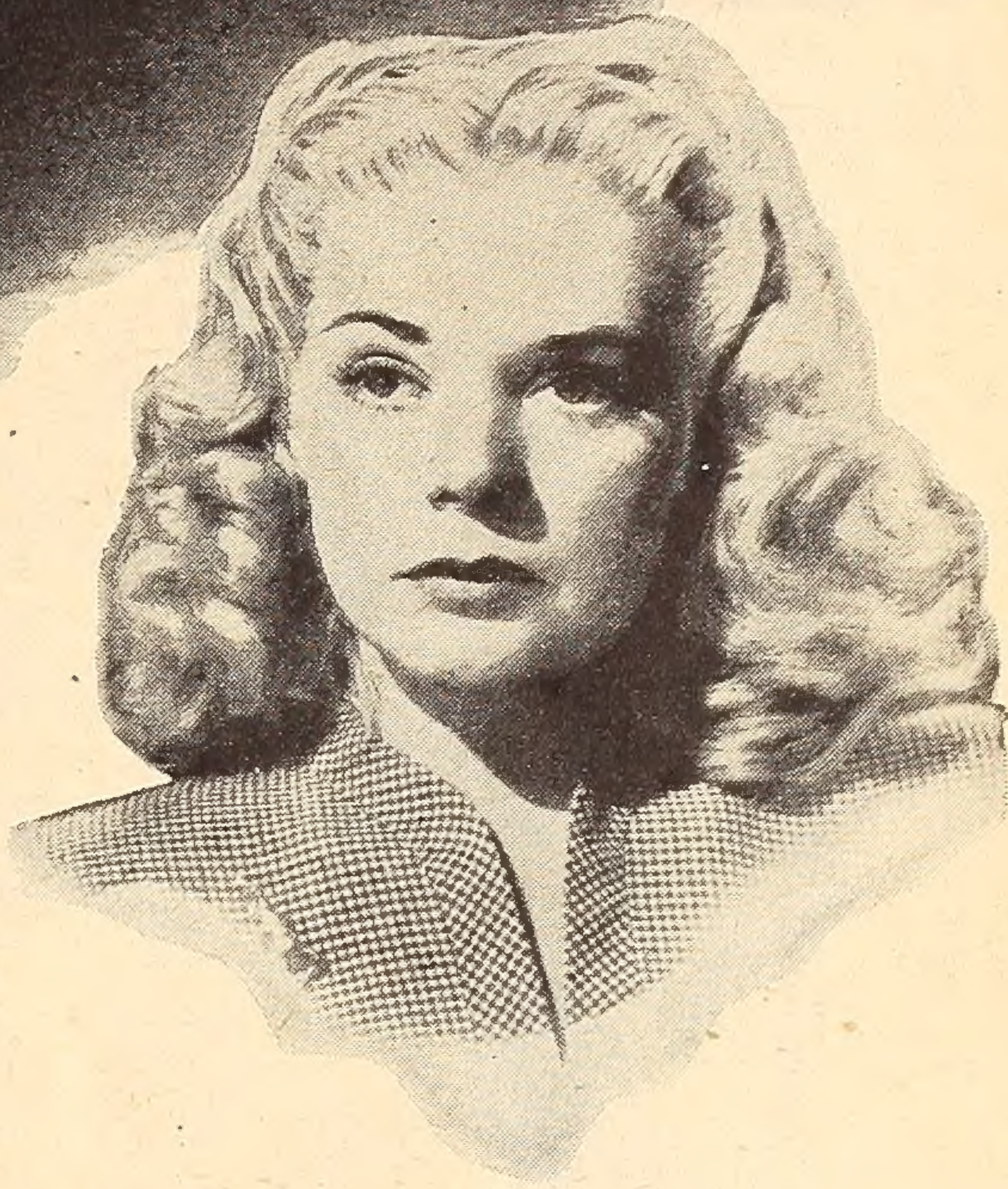


Judy (B. Hutton) befriends millionaire Bates (B. Fitzgerald) by getting him *porter's* job!

“EVEN NOW SHE STOOD BETWEEN US...
THE TAUNT OF HER SMILE
LIKE A BLACK CURSE
ON OUR LOVE!”



In his arms, a girl of glorious love... In his mind, a girl of terrible fascination!



SCREEN'S MOST GRIPPING DRAMA

OF MURDER... AND DESIRE!

ALICE FAYE
DANA ANDREWS
LINDA DARNELL

in

FALLEN ANGEL

Produced and Directed by
OTTO PREMINGER

with
Charles BICKFORD · Anne REVERE · Bruce CABOT
John CARRADINE · Percy KILBRIDE

Screen Play by Harry Kleiner · Based on the Novel by Marty Holland
Song "Slowly" by David Raksin and Kermit Goell
A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

FINISH THE JOB! BUY YOUR VICTORY LOAN BONDS AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

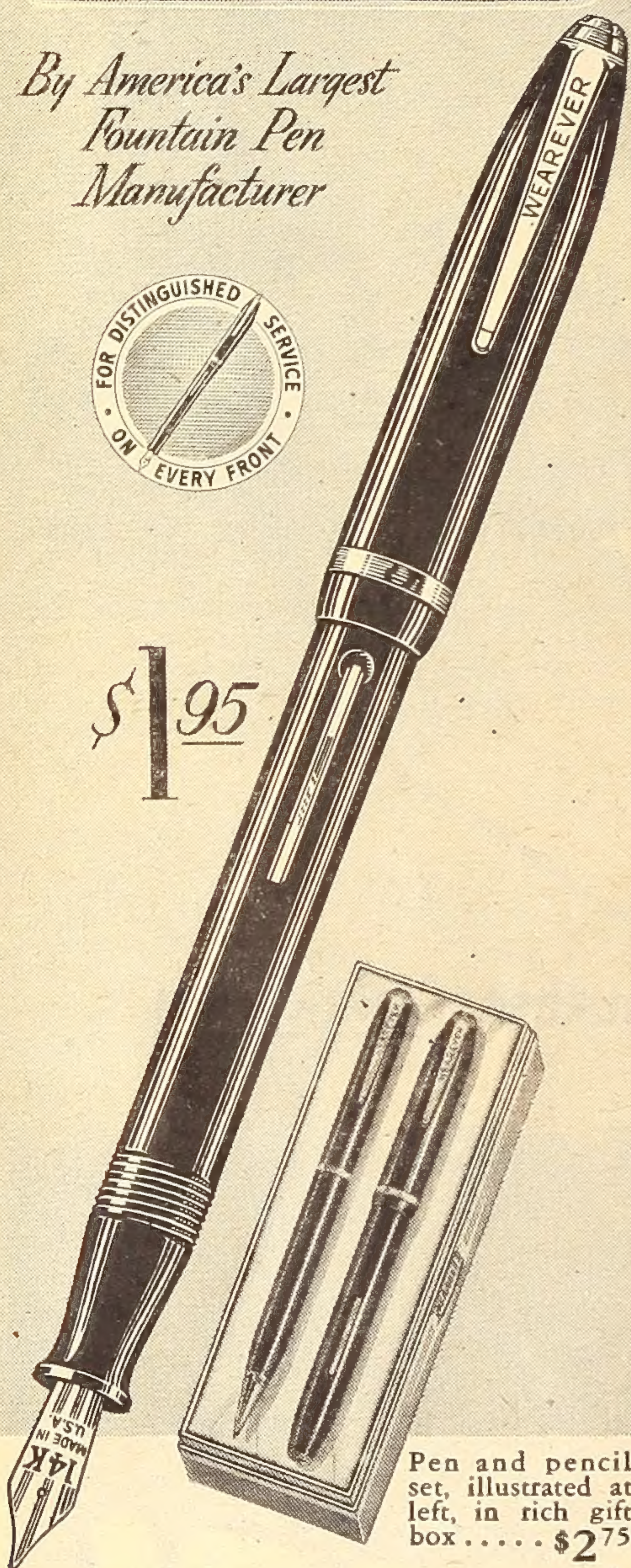
WEAREVER

Zenith

By America's Largest
Fountain Pen
Manufacturer



\$1.95



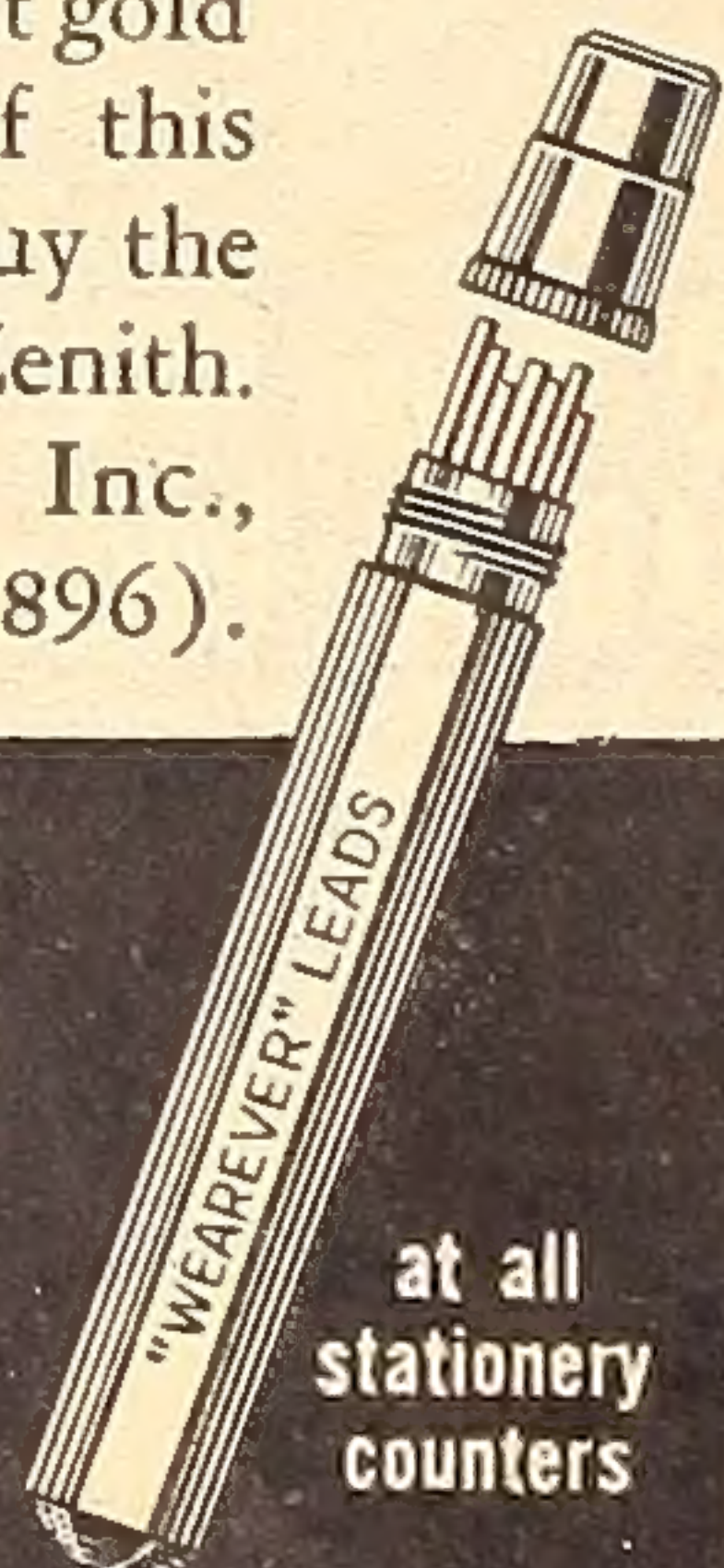
Pen and pencil
set, illustrated at
left, in rich gift
box \$2.75

TELESCOPE PRECISION sets this pen apart!

Sleek, trim, tailored, the 1945 Wearever Zenith introduces new beauty in appearance and performance. Designed and built with a precision worthy of a fine telescope. Precision that distinguishes the ingenious "C-Flow" feed, the 14-carat gold point, the very design of this handsome pen. See, try, buy the ruby-topped Wearever Zenith. Made by David Kahn, Inc., North Bergen, N. J. (Est. 1896).

WEAREVER

Refill Leads



at all
stationery
counters

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

the money came from so he can't say anything.

Judy is soon luxuriously ensconced in a suite at the hotel, and insists on a room for Bates, too. Then her Marine boy friend, Danny (Don DeFore) arrives. He demands an explanation of the mink coats and the suite. Judy gives him about three different ones in five minutes and he naturally suspects the worst. He settles on poor Sherman Billingsley (Bill Goodwin), owner of the Stork Club, as the villain. The rest is inspired lunacy, and I'd advise you to see it for yourself. There are several nice tunes, including a new one by Hoagy Carmichael.—Par.

P. S.

The Paramount Studios' New York office photographed the Stork Club inch by inch and forwarded stills to Art Director Earl Hedrick to assist him in designing the carbon copy set. The noted night spot was reproduced in minute detail from the front door to the pantry, with such widely known component parts as the bar, main dining room and the exclusive Cub Room. Billingsley assisted in providing many of the physical accessories by sending New York duplicates from his own storerooms. . . . In addition to singing in his screen debut, Andy Russell does a drum solo. Andy got his musical start playing drums with dance bands and welcomed the chance to return to his first love. . . . Edith Head, Paramount stylist, had a fashion field day whipping up the most elaborate wardrobe Betty Hutton has ever worn in pictures. Betty has a total of 14 changes which run a style gamut from bathing suits to a décolleté evening gown. . . . To wear the striking creations in the fashion show, ten shapely models were selected through a series of tryouts in which 200 candidates participated. All rated as perfect fashion models, and have now become Stork Club Orchids. . . . At the time he was cast to portray Billingsley, Bill Goodwin was in New York. For the remainder of his visit, he haunted the Club to absorb atmosphere and to learn the characteristics and mannerisms of the man he impersonates.

CONFIDENTIAL AGENT

Here's "The Look" again, and this time she's looking at Charles Boyer. They're a sultry combination, and do right by this story. The scene is England in 1937, when the only war being fought was in Spain, and the rest of the world was stubbornly ignoring its implications.

The Spanish Republican party is in desperate straits. Their only hope is to keep the Fascists from getting coal from England to run their munition factories. The Republicans send a confidential agent off to England, hoping he can keep Lord Benditch from making a deal with the Fascists. The agent is not the tough, alert type one usually associates with international spies. He is a gentle, sad, ex-concert pianist named Denard (Charles Boyer). On the Channel steamer he meets a girl who exerts considerable fascination on his heart. Her name is Rose Cullen (Lauren Bacall) and she is, on the surface, selfish, ruthless and hard. She is also the daughter of Lord Benditch.

Denard and Rose both miss the boat train to London. The girl rents a car, and offers him a ride. It turns out to be more eventful than she bargained for. She is annoyed at Denard at first for "going melodramatic" with a lot of silly talk about spies and such. It isn't until

she sees him beaten up and robbed that she realizes he is simply telling the truth. The beating is done by the chauffeur of Licata (Victor Francen), Fascist agent, but the stupidity of a friend of Rose's helps cause it. Rose feels sufficient responsibility in the matter to call up Denard in London the next day and offer to see him. He is feeling very low. His credentials have been stolen, and Lord Benditch refuses to deal with him. The two agents who were supposed to help him have sold out to the enemy. The only person beside Rose who shows any friendliness toward him is a little Cockney servant, and she pays for that friendliness with her life. The net closes in around Denard. There is no way he can succeed now in his mission. But he won't give up, and his courage persuades Rose to cast off her superficial hardness and fight beside him for what is right.

Peter Lorre, George Coulouris, Katina Paxinou and John Warburton are in this tale of international intrigue.—War.

P. S.

Bacall just happened to overhear Boyer talking about chess, and couldn't resist hinting that Bogey was a terrific player, too. Boyer immediately challenged Bogey and a tournament was begun which continued throughout the production. The tournament started in Bacall's dressing room, but after the first few sessions, Betty was barred from the games. Perched on the arm of Bogey's chair, her vigorous rooting more than once resulted in an overturned chess board. . . . Jam session deluxe was staged by Director Herman Shumlin and the two stars. After shooting a musical sequence, Shumlin borrowed a violin from one of the musicians and began an excellent rendition of "Humoresque." Boyer, who admittedly hasn't touched a violin for 28 years, borrowed another violin and began to saw away. Bacall felt her presence needed at the piano and decided to accompany them. Upon completion of the impromptu concert, the trio looked around to find the set completely deserted. . . . Each day between takes, Boyer gave his co-star French lessons. Even brought text books for her to study. . . . He also presented her with an old French cook book, brought from France by his mother, and then sat down and translated the more complicated recipes into English. . . . Victor Francen and Boyer have been friends for 26 years. Ten years ago they appeared together in a Paris production of "A Thousand and One Nights." Francen starred as a sultan, and Boyer had the role of a prince. . . . Boyer and Bacall talked for hours about children, new houses, and recipes. They'd greet each other mornings with a new recipe in hand and a cheery, "Look what I found! . . ."

TOO YOUNG TO KNOW

Ira (Robert Hutton) and Sally (Joan Leslie) love each other, but not quite enough. They meet over a drugstore milkshake, and three weeks later they are married. It's one of those just-before-the-war romances, picnicking in the sun, kissing in the moonlight. Wonderful and exciting, sure, but not a sound basis for marriage. Ira knows that Sally has copper hair and sherry colored eyes, and wants to be an actress. Sally knows Ira is tall and broad shouldered, with a swell smile and a stubborn chin. But she doesn't realize to what lengths that chin will lead him. They're

HOLD YOUR SEATS FOR THRILLS THAT'LL CHILL YOU...
HOLD YOUR SIDES FOR LAUGHS THAT'LL KILL YOU...

EDDIE
BRACKEN
VERONICA
LAKE

"HOLD THAT BLONDE"

FOR LOVE THAT'LL FILL
YOU FULL OF JOY!

with
ALBERT DEKKER
and **WILLIE BEST**
Produced by Paul Jones
Directed by George Marshall
A Paramount Picture

He's got a Kleptomania
for beautiful blondes,
and when his ears twitch
his fingers itch — from
then on nothing is safe
in the merriest comedy
you've ever seen!

Veronica's got what it
takes, so Bracken took
it till she turned the
tables with some tak-
ing ways of her own!

Finish the job! Buy Victory Bonds at your movie theatre.

FINISH THE JOB! BUY VICTORY LOAN BONDS AT YOUR MOVIE THEATRE

TIPS FOR FIGHTING COLDS



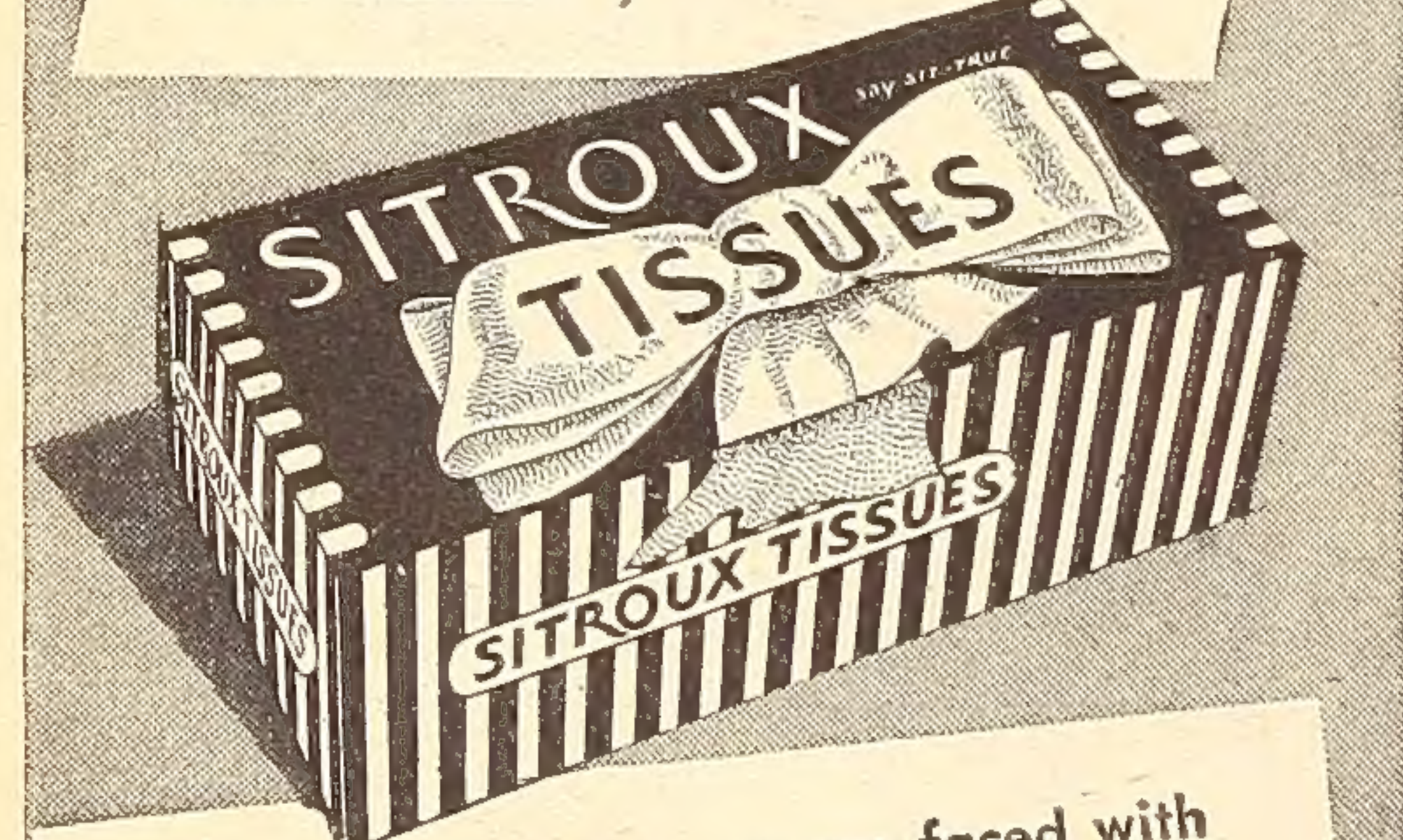
... avoid crowds when you have a cold. Not only do you expose yourself to other germs, you expose other people to yours! If you must be near others, use absorbent Sitroux Tissues for protection.



... eat the right foods! Have plenty of citrus fruit in the house—oranges, grapefruit, lemons. Get plenty of rest, too. Avoid draughts, especially when sleeping.



... use absorbent Sitroux Tissues for "overblown" noses! They're kind to tender skin—more sanitary, because you can so easily dispose of them! Saves laundry bills, too. (Use sparingly, don't waste Sitroux. *)



* Tissue manufacturers are faced with raw material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are doing our best to make the finest quality tissues under present government restrictions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX

SAY SIT-TRUE

TISSUES

just a couple of kids who expect marriage to be all moonlight and stardust, and find it isn't.

Ira gets a job at forty bucks a week, and Sally goes on trying to be an actress. Then trouble starts. Sally's theatrical friends who can sleep all day are apt to drop over for a party in the evening. Ira progresses from cold politeness to downright rudeness. He disapproves of all of them, but of a blonde called Patsy (Dolores Moran) in particular. He thinks she's a bad influence on Sally, and he's probably right. One night he kicks them all out of the house, and—after a spectacular quarrel with Sally—walks out himself. The marriage is over.

Four years later, Ira is a captain in the Air Force. In India he runs into Patsy who's on a USO tour. She tells him that Sally had a baby, but was too stubborn to let him know about it. She gave it out for adoption. The news throws Ira into a tailspin. His son, living with strangers! He wangles a leave and heads for the States, determined to find the boy. It turns out to be complicated. For one thing, he has to see Sally, and that has an effect he had not expected. It seems that the heart he had thought was now as cold and hard as an ice cube is still in working condition. You'll want to see what happens to that heart.

Bob Hutton has one of the nicest personalities on the screen, and this is his best part, to date.—War.

P. S.

Bob observed the third anniversary of his entrance in pictures on February 22. Says he nearly forgot the day also commemorated the birthday of a certain Mr. George Washington. . . . During production, Bob learned (the hard way) how difficult it is to play opposite a youngster. Four-year-old Randy Hairston, with whom he had to do a scene, thought it great sport to grab Bob's nose between his chubby fingers and try to wind it like a clock. . . . Twice previously, Joan has appeared on the screen as a married woman, but this is the first time she portrays a mother. . . . Food For Thought Only Dept.: A total of fifty-five mock hamburgers was used in the beach party scene. In pre-rationing days they would have been real. A total of 18 quarts of water went into the popular soft drink bottles that figure prominently in the scene. . . . One-and-a-half tons of sand were used to make up the ocean-front filmed on the sound stage. . . . Age comes before beauty in Rosemary DeCamp's work. A young, dark-haired woman in real life, she almost invariably spends her working days in makeup that doubles her years!

CORNERED

Dick Powell follows up the detective of "Murder, My Sweet," with a smashing portrayal of an RCAF veteran, bent on murder. The murder is probably as nearly justifiable as murder ever is. The man Captain Gerard (Dick Powell) wants to kill is a French collaborationist who caused the death of Gerard's young wife. The collaborationist, Jarnac (Luther Adler) is, by all official records, dead now, himself. But Gerard doesn't believe official records. He is sure that Jarnac is hiding somewhere, waiting for another war.

His first step is to trace Jarnac's wife. She has been seen in Switzerland. Gerard goes there, to learn that she has left for South America. He takes the next plane to Buenos Aires, and then the chase really begins. But it's an open question most of the time who's chasing whom. Gerard is met at the plane by an odd, vaguely sinister individual named Incza (Walter Slezak). There are various people in Buenos Aires who seem to know more about Gerard than

seems reasonable. Among them are Senor and Senora Camargo, who give sensational parties. Gerard goes to one and meets Santana (Morris Carnovsky) and Dubois and Diego, all of whom take considerable interest in his plans. So much interest, in fact, that they search all his belongings, and finally warn him to stay away from Madame Jarnac.

Gerard smiles at the warning. It isn't a pleasant smile, because he is thinking of the death of his wife. "Thanks for the tip," he says, "but I've thought it over and decided to pay no attention to you." So his hunt leads him to Madame Jarnac, and he finds her young, frightened, and apparently ignorant of Jarnac's whereabouts. But can she be trusted? Gerard doesn't think so. He evades one trap, only to fall into another and be arrested on suspicion of murder. When the police release him for lack of evidence, he finds Incza waiting. And this time the trail leads straight to Jarnac.

"Cornered" is a tense, fast-moving thriller, with an experienced cast. It includes Micheline Cheirel, Edgar Barrier, Anne Hunter and Steve Geray, as well as those mentioned above.—RKO.

P. S.

The scene showing Dick, gun in hand, walking stealthily through the park makes for shivery suspense. But the story behind the maddening crunch of peanut shells underfoot is less dramatic. A fifty-pound sack of peanuts was on hand for the shot. But somebody had to eat the nuts and throw the shells on the ground. Director Dymtryk solved the problem by distributing the peanuts among all members of the cast and crew for immediate consumption. June Allyson, visiting Dick on the set, was among those put to work. After an hour of peanut eating, and throwing shells on the ground, the scene was filmed. . . . Although Dick plans to stay away from musicals, he still cherishes his collection of musical instruments. It's one of the most unusual collections in the United States. For the first time, Walter Slezak's fans will see him as he actually is. In nine previous pics, he wore character makeup, but this Slezak is the real McCoy. . . . Because of Dick's sunburn, Director Dymtryk had to change his schedule for the scenes. Powell was to spend the day seated at a desk—but he just couldn't sit down. It hurt too much. So Dymtryk obliged him with standing scenes.

YOLANDA AND THE THIEF

The new Fred Astaire picture is a honey. Next time your troubles get you down, go and forget them for a couple of hours with this delightful, never-never romance. Lucille Bremer is lovely to look at in Technicolor. Fred is a suave comedian, as well as a personable hero. Frank Morgan plays a genial crook, and, (without meaning any reflection on the Morgan character), he is at his best as a crook. Mildred Natwick plays the screwiest maiden aunt on record.

The plot is probably not meant to be taken too seriously. It takes place in a mythical South American country, which seems to be practically owned by the Aquaviva family. Yolanda Aquaviva is fresh from a convent and scarcely fitted to cope with experienced confidence men like Johnny Riggs (Fred Astaire) and Victor Trout (Frank Morgan). They have come to South America to escape complications resulting from the sale of a gold mine. To the debonair Johnny, Yolanda looks like a new and better gold mine.

At the convent, Yolanda was told that her guardian angel would always help her in time of trouble. She's a literal-minded gal, so when Johnny saves her

(Continued on page 14)

WATCH HER LIPS ANSWER THE CALL... WHEN

Charles

Boyer whistles for Lauren

Ball!

*They're
burning
with
yearning
in
Warners'
Screen
Scorcher!*

**HE'S GOT THAT LOOK
IN HIS EYES... AND
"THE LOOK" IN HIS ARMS!
WHEN SHE KISSES HIM,
YOU'LL KNOW WHY IT'S
STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL!**

**"Confidential
Agent"**



WITH

KATINA PAXINOU • PETER LORRE • VICTOR FRANZEN • GEORGE COULOURIS

DIRECTED BY HERMAN SHUMLIN • SCREEN PLAY & PRODUCED BY ROBERT BUCKNER • MUSIC BY FRANZ WAXMAN

From a novel by Graham Greene

FINISH THE JOB! BUY YOUR VICTORY BONDS AT YOUR MOVIE THEATRES!

FINISH THE JOB! BUY VICTORY LOAN BONDS AT YOUR MOVIE THEATRE

Stop tearing your hair!



**"NOW...I'm curling my hair
the safer, pleasanter way
with 'EASY-LOCK' Curler"**

Now you can "curl up in comfort" with the wonderful new Easy-Lock curler. No snagging or cutting your hair...no tiresome fumbling. Just a twist of the wrist and then snap—it locks almost automatically, one-handed!

Women who do their own hair find it safer and easier with Easy-Lock curlers—and they marvel at the luxurious curls they achieve.

SAFER: No projecting rivets to catch hair. The distinctive open end means no cutting, mashing or pulling of hair.

EASIER: Unique patented feature—snaps closed easily with one hand from any position. When opened, loop is firm, a convenient handle for winding.



"Gayla EASY-LOCK CURLERS"
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS
HOLD-BOB bobby pins • hair pins



Sweet and Hot



BY LEONARD FEATHER

■ This month, I'm feeling good. Generous. I want to put you on the track of a lot of stuff you may have been missing. The Band Leaders Chart, by Harry James, for instance. Got one? If you haven't, and you're wondering about the size, shape, marital or draft board status of one of your favorite baton pumpers, don't neglect to send in.

Seriously, while the chart doesn't deal with childhood diseases, or whose grandmother had six toes on her right foot, it does give you practically all the other vital statistics you're ever likely to need. Also, as usual, you'll find my list of the best records of the month (Feather sticking his neck out again) at the end of this article, for easy clipping and carrying when you're music shopping.

As for the platter of the month, this time you get an extra-special bargain. The best popular tune and the best hot tune are both on *one* Columbia disc. *Put That Ring on My Finger* is the pop side; *Bijou*, the hot. It's a Woody Herman job. Which reminds me that we're devoting next month's whole column to a special feature on Woody. I'd like to hear from any of you who would be interested in joining or forming Woody fan clubs, or from any of you who are already members of Woody fan clubs. How's about it? Now let's get down to business. Record business. Here goes:

Best Popular . . .

HONG KONG BLUES—Tommy Dorsey (Victor), Hoagy Carmichael (ARA or Decca)—This is a reissue of a record made years ago by Tommy Dorsey, featuring Skeets Herfurt doing a pretty good imitation of the original Hoagy Carmichael disc. Hoagy's own renditions are still preferable though. The coupling on this Dorsey record is *You Came From Out of Nowhere* (with the new band, and a vocal by Stuart Foster.) *Hong Kong Blues* makes me think back nine years, to the first time I met Hoagy. I was on one of my first visits to New York, from England, and he and I went up to his place and played old Bix Beiderbecke and Red Nichols records and reminisced about the early hot jazz. Hoagy showed me then the typescript of an autobiography he'd written. He'd really written it, too, alone and unaided. It was an intimate and personal story of his musical background, and he wanted very badly to have it published. I went back to England and tried to interest various people, but so far as I know, to this day, nobody has accepted it. Now that Hoagy's found new fame in the movies, I wonder if a publisher wouldn't like to take it on. It would have to be brought up to date, but Hoagy could still get nostalgic about Bix, and no one would mind.

IT'S BEEN A LONG, LONG TIME—Harry (Continued on page 21)

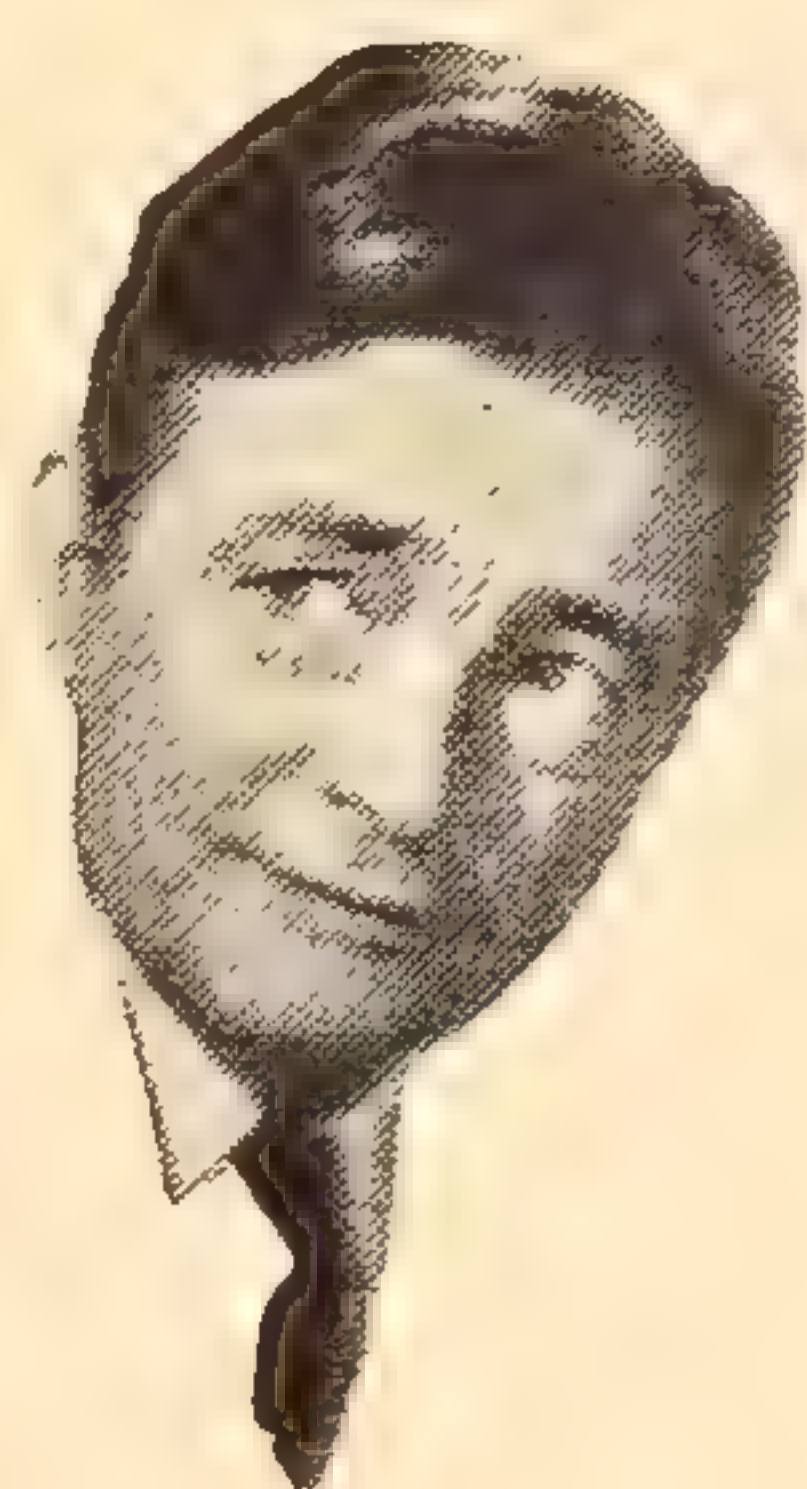
*"Once we were like this...
can we bring it back?"*



The question every woman
asks of her love...the
story most women keep
locked in their hearts.

Universal presents

MERLE OBERON
CLAUDE RAINS
CHARLES KORVIN



This Love of Ours

with CARL ESMOND • SUE ENGLAND • JESS BARKER
RALPH MORGAN • FRITZ LEIBER • HARRY DAVENPORT

Screenplay by Bruce Manning, John Klorer and Leonard Lee • Based upon
the play entitled "Come Prima Meglio De Prima" by Luigi Pirandello
Associate Producer, Edward Dodds • Produced by Howard Benedict

Directed by
WILLIAM DIETERLE
of "Love Letters" and
"I'll Be Seeing You" fame

FINISH THE JOB! BUY VICTORY LOAN BONDS AT YOUR MOVIE THEATRE

How convincingly this simple test reveals the thrilling beauty promise of a

FLOATING FACIAL*



PUT YOUR BEST FACE FORWARD

Remove your old make-up . . . one side with your present "beauty" cream, the other with Albolene. Then wet some cotton and wipe the Albolened side. How clean the cotton stays! Now wipe it over the "beauty"-creamed side. See the telltale smudge from make-up debris, left-on dirt . . .

*ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM LIQUEFIES INSTANTLY

—on application—and a cream must liquefy to float away beauty-blurring facial debris gently, effectively . . .

It's SO MODERN . . . effective . . . thrilling . . . the *Floating Facial*! The specialized cleansing your precious skin deserves, especially in removing stubborn cake make-up. A pure, crystal clear cream that literally floats away stale make-up remnants ordinary creams may not even touch.

See for yourself if Albolene doesn't make your skin look twice as clear . . . if make-up effects aren't infinitely softer, more flattering because your skin is really clean, feeling adorably youthful.

Albolene is *all-cleansing*—free from the water content of most "beauty" creams. Besides, Albolene *lubricates* as it cleanses, a precious quality for dry, flaky skins.

Thrill to a *Floating Facial* today! It costs so little. Although Albolene is the salon-type cleansing cream, it costs only a fraction the price of "treatment" brands. Trial size 10¢, big 16 oz. jar at \$1.00.



—AND McKESSON MAKES IT

(Continued from page 10)

life she's convinced that he is her guardian angel in person. She takes him with her to the fabulous Aquaviva estate. While Yolanda was in the convent, her Aunt Amarilla (Mildred Natwick) had been handling the family affairs. Even Amarilla's pretty habit of handing out mines and oil fields to any good looking young man who came along hasn't seriously depleted the Aquaviva fortune.

Victor is doubtful. He thinks that glazed look that has appeared in Johnny's eye resembles love, and everyone knows you can't mix love with business. Johnny, on his way to see Yolanda, denies this accusation indignantly. "On my word of honor," he says firmly, "I'm only going to steal!" The stealing is almost too easy. But there are certain difficulties ahead. One is the unexpected revival of Johnny's conscience, and the other is a strange little man named Candle.—M-G-M.

P. S.

And what color are your dreams? When it was first announced that "Yolanda" would feature a dream sequence, fans wrote to the studio suggesting that the dream be shot in black and white. They stoutly contended that people do not dream in Technicolor. When the letters were published, another batch of mail poured into M-G-M from people who maintained that they had dreamed in every color in the spectrum. The second flood of letters outnumbered the first so the color dream stayed in. . . . Dancing actually puts pounds on Lucile Bremer's trim figure. During the "Carnival" number, rehearsals—50 hours in all—she gained five pounds. The dancing so increased her appetite she drank an average of four milk shakes daily. Fred practiced the same number of hours, but lost four precious pounds. . . . The faces in the Car-

nival scene may not be familiar, but the clothes will: You'll recognize the gay, pink hoop-skirted frock Greer Garson wore in "Pride and Prejudice," the white brocade and lace Norma Shearer donned for her wedding as Marie Antoinette, Ronald Colman's rich clothes from "Kismet," the tricorn and three-quarter coat Gable sported in "Mutiny on the Bounty." . . . Fred, who reviewed 30,000 feet of film to eliminate any possibility of repeating any idea from a previous dance, came up with something completely different. He'll dance on the head of a pin. How, is a trade secret all his own. . . .

DRAGONWYCK

There's a definite Jane Austen flavor to this romantic tragedy of the 1880's. Vincent Price, Gene Tierney and Glenn Langan form a Victorian triangle, though the setting is New York state. The picture is enthralling.

Dragonwyck—towered mansion perched loftily on the grassy bank of the blue Hudson! Dragonwyck—where the handsome owner, Nicholas Van Ryn (Vincent Price) rules in almost feudal splendor! Dragonwyck—where passions flame as bright as the autumn leaves from the maples on the lawn! It is to this storied magnificence that young Miranda (Gene Tierney) comes as a guest of Nicholas and his wife, Johanna (Vivienne Osborne). Miranda is a farmer's daughter, but her mother is related by marriage to the Van Ryns. The girl has a patrician beauty, and a vivid imagination that has always been discouraged by her father (Walter Huston). Nothing in her dreams, however, has equalled the luxury of Dragonwyck, nor the suave attraction of Nicholas. His wife is interested in only one thing—food, and is too preoccupied with the pastries Nicholas has brought from New York to pay much attention to Miranda.

Let's Finish the Job!



● So your brother fought at Anzio? Clark Gable and Jimmy Stewart and Robert Montgomery and Henry Fonda were in Berlin and Asia and the Philippines. So you rolled bandages in your spare time? Madeleine Carroll gave up her career to help England's blitzkrieg orphans with only a black armband on her uniform to mourn her sister's death. There was too much to be done. So your husband's been overseas for two years? Greer Garson and Barbara Stanwyck and Ginger Rogers put in their long hours of waiting for mail. And you lost a loved one. Well, Joe E. Brown's son died, too—and the next day Joe went out on a Pacific tour to help make our men laugh. Joe didn't feel like laughing. So there you have it; the long, bitter honor roll of movie people who, even as you and I, became heroes and heroines because they had to. They didn't have to make that short, "The Hollywood Victory Caravan" (with Bing and Bogart and Alan Ladd and Bob Hope and all the others) that you'll be seeing at your local theater soon. They don't have to go out on their 80-city "Stars Over America" bond-selling tour. But they're going to. And that's because they realize, and want so desperately to share that realization with you, that the war IS NOT OVER! Not by a very long shot! The movie industry has contracted to sell two billion dollars' worth of "E" series Victory Bonds—to you. To the 65 millions of you movie goers. 65 million Americans who want to make this last, final bond drive bow out with a flourish. Who want to buy bonds to celebrate Victory, to help our many wounded, to re-establish our many veterans. Who want to buy bonds in gratitude as once they lit candles in prayer. No, we can't possibly go wrong—not 65 millions of us. Not 65 million Americans!

Their daughter, Katrine, is an odd, shy child, afraid of her father and neglected by her mother. She takes to Miranda, and they spend most of their time together. The visitor learns some strange things about Dragonwyck. The legend, for instance, that when a Van Ryn dies, a woman is heard playing the harpsichord and laughing wild, lunatic laughter. She also learns that Nicholas can be cruel as well as fascinating. Yet she is dazzled by him, and by Dragonwyck. She has little time for the country doctor, Jeff Turner (Glenn Langan) who has fallen in love with her. Then one night Johanna dies. Later, Nicholas comes to Miranda's room and tells her that Fate has meant them for each other—that they will be married as soon as decency allows. They are married, indeed, even a little sooner than that. But Dragonwyck holds no happiness for its new mistress, while Nicholas lives.—*Twent.*

P. S.

Gene loved her role. The only drawbacks (figuratively and literally) were the corsets she had to wear beneath the period costumes. Unable to stand their squeezing pressure, she had the corsets unlaced between takes, and finally removed them. But not before proving that the whale-bones added the same inches the lacing squeezed in. Victory for Gene—she finished the picture without the feminine Ironsides. . . . For scenes in which Gene was to be shown with a new-born baby, Director Mankiewicz suggested that the star use her own daughter. As an afterthought, he asked the baby's age. Daria was turned down as 14 months too old. Via a raw oyster diet, Vincent Price dropped 33 of his normal 205 pounds before the production began. "One pound less," he observed, "and I'll look like a poor man's John Carradine." . . . Gene roused cast and crew with an offstage performance over the set telephone. After hanging up, she announced, starry-eyed, that Daria had walked for the first time, and had also torn up some of her mama's first editions. . . . "What are you raising, a female Atlas?" Price asked innocently. . . . With his "Dragonwyck" salary, Glenn Langan was able to pay off \$7,000 in debts accumulated during his lean spells; also sent a \$50 thank-you check to New York's Polyclinic Hospital which fed him for a week when he fainted from malnutrition on Broadway. . . . Langan was once a doorman at the same N. Y. theater where Vincent Price was starred in "Victoria Regina."

HOLD THAT BLONDE

Any Eddie Bracken picture is strictly for laughs and this one is no exception. It concerns a rich young man named Ogden Spencer Trulow III (Eddie Bracken) who is a kleptomaniac. Ogden steals everything from municipal bonds to baby's rattles. He always returns them eventually, and while he never gets caught stealing, he frequently gets caught returning. When the picture opens he is in the act of putting back \$50,000 in a large New York bank. In this case honesty doesn't seem the best policy, for he touches off a burglar alarm and before he can say Ogden Spencer Trulow III, he is whisked off to the police station. Of course he is released later, since his own grandfather founded the bank.


This latest experience depresses him, and he consults a psychiatrist in the hope of curing his kleptomania. The doctor thinks an unhappy love affair is the cause, and advises him to find a new romance and everything will be fine. Ogden cheers up considerably at this, and returns the doctor's watch which he has absentmindedly purloined. He

LITTLE LULU

by Marge



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keeps a banana, however, which he swiped from the desk, and when he gets to the street throws the skin away just in time for Sally Martin (Veronica Lake) to slip on it. As Ogden helps her up, he steals her compact. Just an automatic gesture—he has no idea it contains the combination to a safe holding a \$500,000 necklace.

Sally is a nice girl but she has gotten herself mixed up with a gang of jewel thieves. She's got to steal the necklace to get rid of them. She's gone to a lot of trouble to get that combination and wants it back. She follows Ogden to his home and holds him up with a revolver. The sight of the gun scares him so he can't talk. Just as Sally is calling the head of the gang, a detective shows up. His name is Callahan (Albert Dekker) and he's had a suspicious eye on Sally for some time. She hastily introduces the astonished Ogden as her fiancé, and before that confused young man can recover either his voice or his wits, the detective is gone.

The gang plans to toss Ogden into the East River, but Sally objects. Ogden objects, too, and escapes down a laundry hatch. From then on it's a hilarious chase, with the \$500,000 necklace bouncing around like a ping pong ball. As I said before, it's all strictly for laughs.—Par.

P. S.

Albert Dekker is on the law's side both in fiction and fact. He plays a detective in the pic. In real life, he's a California State Assemblyman. . . . Everything for the cause—Veronica came back to work with a temperature of 102°, in order to permit scenes to be shot so Dekker could be present at Sacramento in time for the opening session of the State Legislature. . . . Bobby Watson, last seen as Herr Adolph in "The Hitler Gang," appears in the role of butler in the home of a Long Island millionaire. . . . Boy meets drunk—but not in a conventional place like a bar. Eddie encounters Jack Norron, Hollywood's famous "Number One" inebriate, on the outside ledge of a hotel room twenty-five stories above the street. . . . One of the best known characters in the cast is Daisy, canine member of the Dagwood household. Daisy's ten puppies are also in the pic, though papa's well able to support them. His annual income exceeds \$50,000!

SCARLET STREET

"Scarlet Street" concerns a portrait of a lovely lady. Her name is Kitty March (Joan Bennett). But the story of her relationship with Chris Cross (Edward G. Robinson) and Johnny Prince (Dan Duryea) begins long before the picture is painted.

Chris is cashier for a garment company in New York. It's a dull job and he's had it for twenty-five years. He has a gold watch to prove it. He also has a heart full of hopeless dreams, a nagging wife, and a remarkable talent as an artist. He doesn't realize this last. He only knows that his escape from a futile existence is in painting. His wife, who was formerly married to a detective, likes Chris' painting as little as she likes anything else about him.

One evening Chris is on his way home from an office banquet when he sees a scuffle in the gloomy shadow of the Elevated. A man is striking a girl, and Chris, who has had several unaccustomed drinks, leaps into the fray. The girl, a stunning brunette, sees a policeman coming and distracts Chris' attention so the man can get away. Chris doesn't know anything about women, and he believes her story that she's never seen the man before. He falls in love with Kitty.

Kitty is at first merely bored, although she has misunderstood some of his re-

marks and thinks he is a wealthy artist. Her boy friend, Johnny (Dan Duryea) is more practical. "Get the old dope to set you up in an apartment," is his suggestion. So poor befuddled Chris steals from the garment company, and Kitty has a fine apartment. Gradually, Chris' paintings find a market, but now they are signed "Kitty March." A whole tangled net knits tighter and tighter around the girl and the two men. At last, inevitably, tragedy results, and its consequences are more far-reaching than you might imagine.—Univ.

P. S.

Robinson, lately departed from the tommy-gun type of menace, plays another meek victim of circumstances and a woman's wiles. Perhaps the arsenic deftly employed in Robinson's crime doesn't seem the same without the Brewster sisters, but it has that definite kick. . . . Fritz Lang has always worn a monocle because he's slightly blind in one eye. But he just couldn't take all the kidding received on the set. Now he wears glasses. . . . A stickler for the genuine article, Lang insisted upon Eddie's using a real ice pick as the second murder weapon in the scene with Joan. They placed a pillow in the spot where it was supposed to land. Joan survived without a scratch, but the pillow didn't fare so well. Feathers came flying. At the end of the shot, Robinson was shaking like a leaf. . . . When the temperature shot up to 94°, the crew was pouring ice onto the set to make a Christmas scene. Cast and crew expected mass pneumonia momentarily as they went from the frigid set into the torrid California sunshine, and vice versa. . . . John Dekker, artist and great friend of the late Jack Barrymore, did 12 paintings for the film. One was the portrait of Joan Bennett, supposedly done by Robinson in the pic. . . . Robinson, who has the most impressive art collection in Southern California, has taken up painting—for the fun of it. He loves to do landscapes, and roams the California hills looking for subject matter.

PARDON MY PAST

In my opinion, "Pardon My Past" is a really funny movie. It's founded on the old mistaken identity gag, but it's so shined up with fast dialogue that it has an air of pristine freshness. It also has Fred MacMurray, William Demarest, Marguerite Chapman and Rita Johnson. Plus a couple of excellent character parts, played with zest by Harry Davenport and Akim Tamiroff.

Eddie York (Fred MacMurray) and his pal, Chuck (William Demarest) run into bad luck as soon as they get to New York. They have just been discharged from the Army, and they've saved three thousand smackeroos for a mink farm in Wisconsin. They go to a clothing store to get some "civvies" and are not only insulted by the clerk, but spotted by a gangster and taken for a ride. The ride lands them at the home of super-gangster Arnold, who thinks Eddie is Francis Pemberton. Francis, an alcoholic playboy, owes Arnold money. Arnold takes the three thousand which was earmarked for minks, and warns Eddie to come back with another nine thousand right away.

Eddie and Chuck, disgusted and bewildered, decide to call on the real Francis for help, but find he has been in Mexico for two years. His household greets Eddie, who they think is Francis, with varying degrees of enthusiasm. The secretary, Joan (Marguerite Chapman), is the nicest. But Grandpa Pemberton fixes him with a jaundiced eye and says "I hoped we'd seen the last of you." Francis' little daughter is so pleased to see her "daddy" that Eddie melts completely. To Chuck's intense and vocal disgust, he de-

cides to stick around a while and help straighten out Francis' muddled affairs. The reason they are muddled is Uncle Wills, who is definitely not a nice man. Eddie would like to do something about Uncle. Arnold and his gunmen turn up, still looking for dough. Then the real Francis Pemberton comes home, and nobody has the least idea who is who. What with one thing and another, it's a wonder the boys don't land in jail instead of on a mink farm!—Col.

P. S.

Eight years ago, Marguerite Chapman wrote a fan letter to Fred MacMurray in which she spoke of her own dramatic ambitions. A photo of Fred came in the return mail with the inscription—"I hope you'll go far in your career." She could hardly wait to bring it to the set to show her co-star. . . . Maggie's so happy that she'll be able to wear shoes throughout the film. Most men she's played opposite are her own height or shorter, and she's been required to doff her footwear so that she might appear smaller. Fred's 6 ft. 4 and towers above her. . . . Harry Davenport has a novel way of getting a free meal. The secret of his success is the airpistol and target in his dressing room. His daily shooting matches with Fred and Akim, with a free lunch as a prize, resulted in easy victories for Harry. His opponents paid dearly before learning that "Dead-Eye Davenport" is an expert pistol shot. . . . Unusual pact between director and cast was made by Leslie Fenton and the troupers in the film. Under the agreement, whenever Fenton, a former actor, had a suggestion to make to the members of his cast, he would avoid stating, "I used to be an actor, myself, you know." In event of a slip, he had to buy lunch for the entire company. . . .

THIS LOVE OF OURS

It all begins in Paris, where Karin (Merle Oberon) is a dancer. One day she sprains her ankle, and is pleasantly surprised to find that the doctor who arrives doesn't have a beard like most French doctors. He is a handsome interne named Touzac (Charles Korvin), and by the time the ankle is healed, they are in love.

Karin gives up her career to become the sedate wife of a physician, and eventually young Susanne arrives to complete the household. Their home is a pleasant place, and if Dr. Touzac had had a more trusting character, there would have been no trouble. But one day the doctor overhears a conversation which leads him to believe his wife is unfaithful. There is a scene, and without giving her a chance to explain, he orders her out of the house. Touzac brings little Susanne to America, hoping to forget the past. He tells her that her mother is dead, and as the child grows older she develops a passionate, almost morbid worship of her mother's memory.

When Susanne is twelve, Touzac goes to a medical meeting in Chicago, and there he meets Karin again. She is now assisting a clever caricaturist, Targel (Claude Rains), in his night club act. When she sees her husband, the pain-filled memory of the past overwhelms her. She shoots herself. But the bullet misses her heart, and Touzac operates to remove it. As soon as she is on the way to recovery, he begs her to come home to California with him. Susanne, he tells her, needs her mother. The catch is that Touzac doesn't dare tell the child this is her mother. He explains that Karin is an old friend whom he met again and married in Chicago. Susanne, furious at this slight to her mother's memory, will have nothing to do with Karin. It's quite a problem, and is solved at last, not by

(Continued on page 20)



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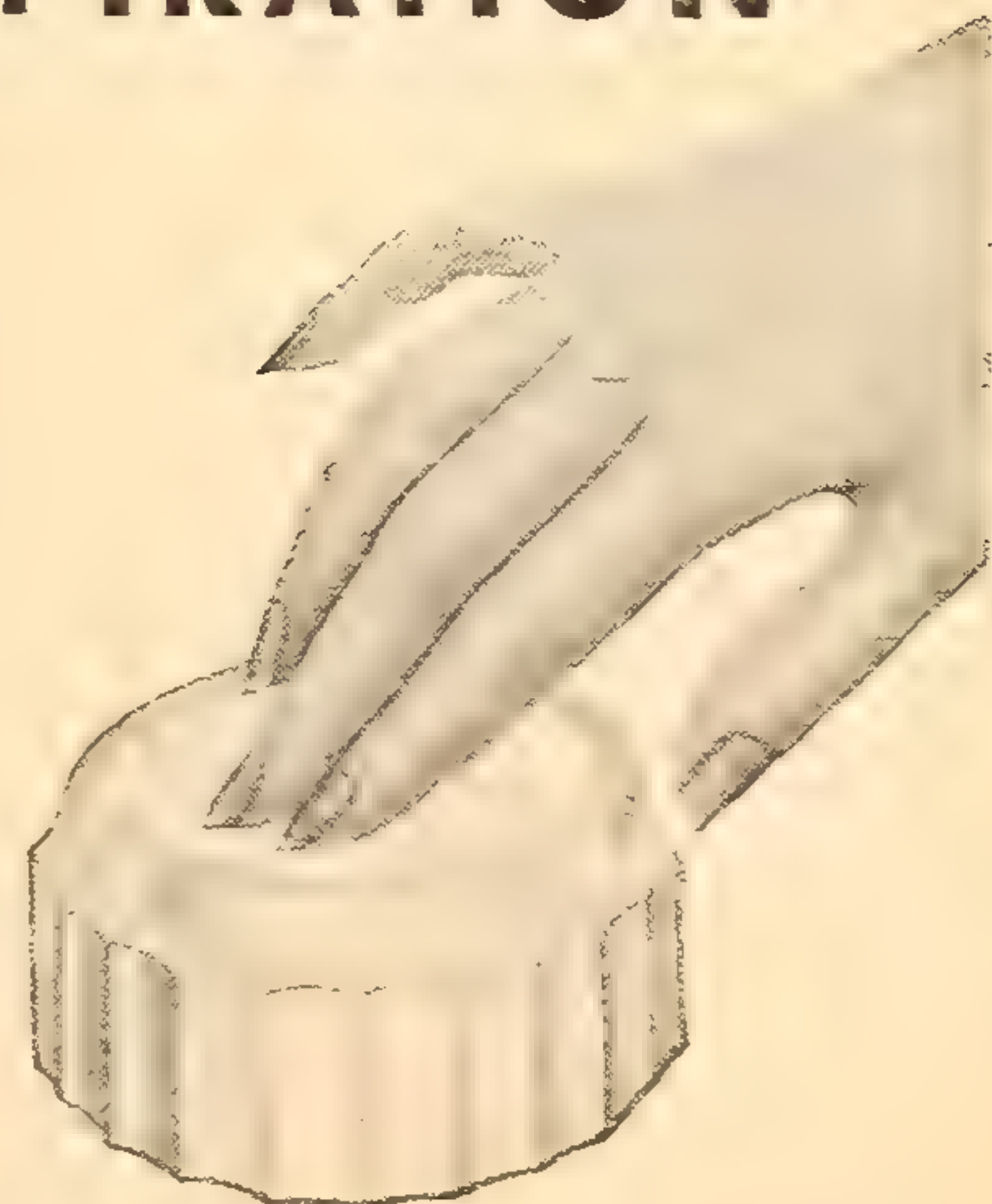
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(Continued from page 17)

Touzac but by the child herself.—Univ.

P. S.

The picture is based on the successful play by Italy's great dramatist, the late Luigi Pirandello. It was first produced in Rome in 1922, and afterward in most of the capitals of Europe. . . . Merle Oberon is the only Hollywood star other than Garbo to enact a Pirandello heroine. Remember G.G. in "As You Desire Me?" . . . It's Claude Rains' first Hollywood production in more than a year. He has been in England playing Caesar to Vivien Leigh's Cleopatra in the film version of Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra." . . . Sue England, who enacts the 12 year old daughter, was a winner over 700 prospects for the ticklish role. She was discovered in Tulsa, Oklahoma, by a U. talent scout when she entered a drugstore managed by her mother. . . . Rains spent several weeks studying the motions of a caricaturist to simulate them for his portrayal of the ironic Targel. His model was prominent sketch artist Wallace R. Stark. . . . Although in California when making a pic, Rains knows down to the last bushel of alfalfa how his 575 acre Pennsylvania farm is doing. . . . Jess Barker fell victim to a temperamental monkey during a party scene. Annoyed at having to do the scene several times, the simian bit Barker's finger. . . . The hat with the bashed-in crown worn by Merle Oberon in one sequence is a copy of the one she wore as the mannish Madame Sand in "A Song to Remember." The crumpled top with an added veil makes it feminine as a ruffle. . . . Travis Benton designed all of Merle's extensive wardrobe, with the exception of the tawdry de-glamorized gown she wears in the Chicago night club sequence. . . . Continental-born Korvin, who renounced the custom of hand kissing five years ago, has grown so rusty in the art that Director William Dieterle had to work with him several hours to achieve the polish necessary for the hand osculating scene with Miss Oberon!

MEXICANA

Pepe Villareal (Tito Guizar) is the Mexican Frank Sinatra. Like our Frankie, he is pursued by crowds of squealing adorers wherever he goes. He can't walk down the street without becoming the focal point of a mob scene. The girls all want to marry him, and Pepe decides it would be a good idea to have a wife to ward off the more ardent admirers. Just a business arrangement, of course! His manager, Esteban (Leo Carillo) approves, but has a better idea. "Why really get married? Marriage is easy to get into, but hard to get out of. We'll tell the papers you are secretly the husband of Alison Calvert (Constance Moore), the U. S. musical comedy star. She is to sing with you at the great Pan-American festival, and it will be good publicity for you both."

The way Esteban tells it, it sounds fine. Pepe figures one girl is as good as another for keeping away the rest of them. He is pleasantly surprised when he meets Alison. She is quite a dish. He is even more pleased when he hears her sing. Alison, however, isn't pleased about anything. Her manager has talked her into this, and she has no use for any Mexican glamor boy. She proceeds to make Pepe very sorry that he ever had the idea.

In this design, she has the wholehearted, if unconscious, support of a pretty dancer named Lupita (Estellita Rodriguez). Lupita has long considered herself Pepe's fiancée, although she doesn't seem to have had much basis for this belief. Anyway, she resents a North American hussy moving in on her territory, and when Lupita resents anything she starts throwing all

the heavy objects in sight. Between the two of them, Pepe hasn't a chance. Even when Alison falls in love with him, it takes several reels to straight things out. "Mexicana" is gay, and slightly scatter-brained.—Rep.

P. S.

Connie Moore went Spanish in a big way. She and husband Johnny Maschio are diligently studying the language and intend to teach it to their little daughter, Gina. Upon completion of the film, Connie and her family headed for a Mexican vacation. . . . Leo Carrillo abandoned pics and his beloved California ranch to play the lead in the revival of the stage hit, "Bad Man." He scored a personal triumph in the original play. . . . Even Mexico has its bobby soxers. In the pic, Tito appears as their idol. During the fiesta scene, he sings and plays behind a barrier of barbed wire. Bet Sinatra never thought of that. . . . Leo was overheard by a couple of chorus girls spending the sum of 15 thousand dollars via telephone. But they soon learned that is was strictly state business. He was just doing some work in his capacity of California State Park commissioner . . . Jean Stevens owes her success to a pink and black striped cocktail gown. Tripping the light fantastic with Sonny Tufts at a recent Hollywood party, her gown caught the attention of Producer Al Santell. When he began casting for the film, he remembered the dress, called the host and asked who had worn it. Jean's still amazed about it all.

PLEASE BEHAVE

How would YOU introduce Greer Garson to Turhan Bey? You'll always be at ease socially if you get "Please Behave," a MODERN SCREEN super chart. See Super Coupon, page 18.

SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 12)

James (Columbia), Charlie Spivak (Victor), Stan Kenton (Capitol)—Look, before I start in on this, I'd like to state in nice black type that I've been a Harry James fan for many years. You can tell from what I've written in the past that I have no personal prejudice against Harry, but—I think he's been leaning much too heavily on the schmaltz side in his recent releases. Harry shouldn't forget that numbers like *One O'Clock Jump* and *Two O'Clock Jump* have been among his biggest hits. Harry used to be recognized as a great jazz trumpet player, so I just don't like to see him spending his talent on a sickly, sentimental style. Since this is my own opinion, however, I leave the verdict up to you. What do you think? Am I right? Am I wrong? Let me know.

JUST A BLUE SERGE SUIT—Vaughn Monroe (Victor)—Irving Berlin's first post-war song, as the title implies. If you're partial to hound's tooth checks, the idea may seem a trifle conservative, but the song's cute. Vaughn Monroe and the Norton Sisters take the vocal.

PUT THAT RING ON MY FINGER—Woody Herman (Columbia)—Here's that record of the month, with the shouting done by Woody. The other side, *Bijou*, is an instrumental number by Ralph Burns, the twenty-two-year-old arranger with the Herman band. He's marvelous; used to be Woody's pianist, but he got so busy Woody decided to let him arrange full-time.

STARS IN YOUR EYES—Frank Sinatra and Xavier Cugat (Columbia)—The other side of this is *My Shawl*, and both tunes are slow boleros. Frankie and

JANET BLAIR AND MARC PLATT IN COLUMBIA'S HIT, "TARS AND SPARS"



**Coaxing, caressing-soft...
Janet Blair's darling hands**

YOU: *How lovely to have soft hands like yours, Miss Blair.*

JANET BLAIR: It's easy—with the right care.

YOU: *What care do you use?*

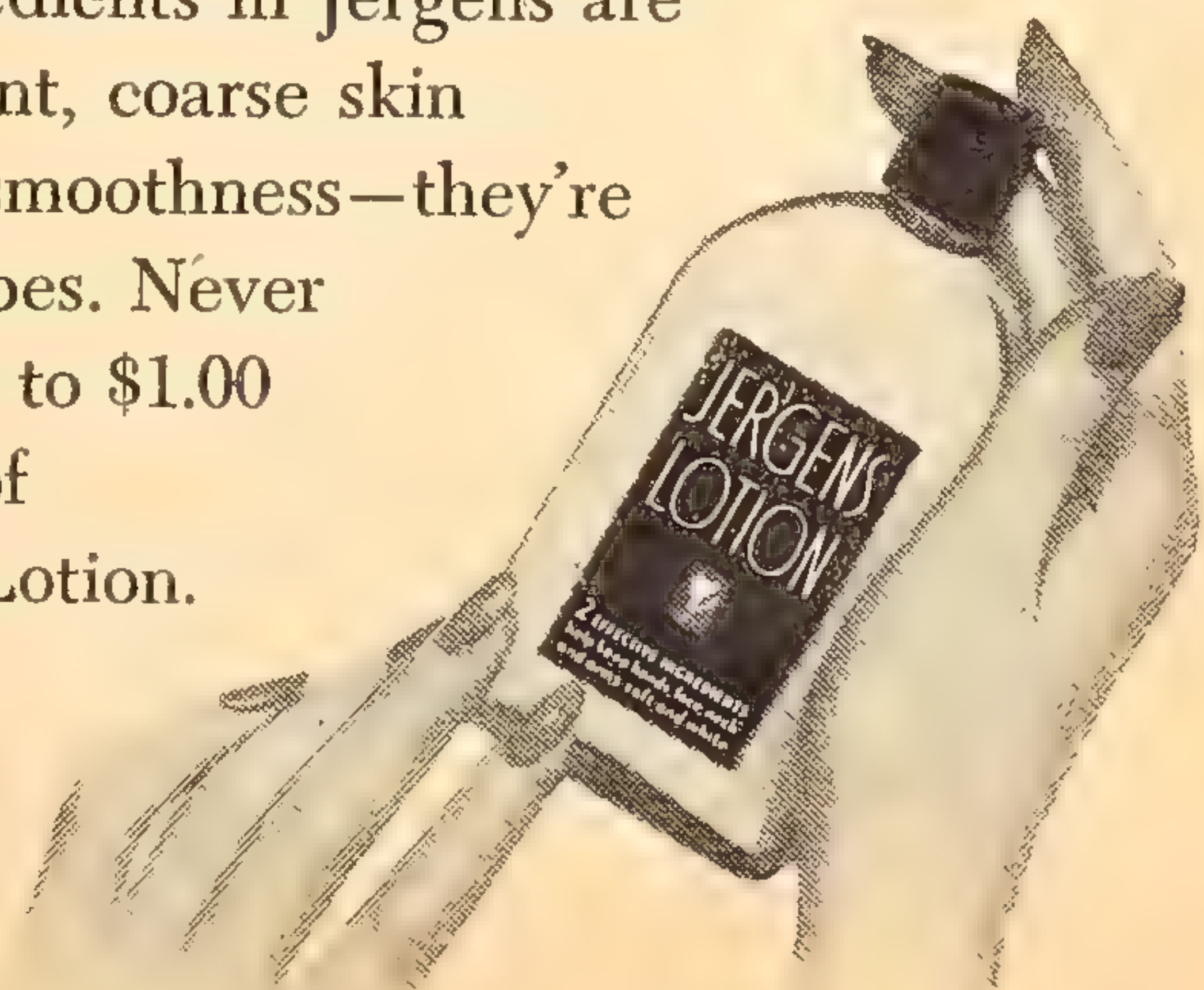
JANET BLAIR: Oh, I use Jergens Lotion.

The Hollywood Stars, 7 to 1, use Jergens Lotion

For good reasons! For lovely protection against rough hands.

Jergens Lotion provides a softness-safeguard for your skin. No girl's hands are "hopeless". Two ingredients in Jergens are so suitable for helping unpleasant, coarse skin toward "sweeter-than-dreams" smoothness—they're just what many a doctor prescribes. Never sticky. None of that oiliness. 10¢ to \$1.00

(plus tax). Use this hand care of the Stars—this famous Jergens Lotion.



**FOR THE SOFTEST,
ADORABLE HANDS USE
JERGENS LOTION**

HOLLYWOOD STARS YOU KNOW

USE WESTMORE'S

Overglo



VERONICA LAKE

Co-Starring in Paramount's
"HOLD THAT BLONDE"

FROM HOLLYWOOD . . . WESTMORE'S SENSATIONAL NEW LIQUID-CREAM FOUNDATION MAKE-UP

NOT A CAKE . . . NOT A CREAM
DOES NOT CAUSE DRY SKIN

OVERGLO has a lanolin and oil base . . . Does not give an artificial masked appearance . . . Overglo effectively hides tiny wrinkles, lines, and minor blemishes . . . Goes on evenly—does not streak. Easy fingertip application—no sponge or cotton needed . . . Gives you a flawless looking complexion and a fresh, well-groomed appearance for the day without constant repowdering . . . Overglo comes in seven flattering skin-tinted shades . . . One bottle lasts for months. \$1.50 plus tax.



WALLY WESTMORE, Director of Make-up at Paramount Studios, who with his brothers Perc and Bud, comprise the famous Hollywood-Westmore trio of make-up artists.

NEW . . . OVERGLO FACE POWDER . . . ONE SHADE FOR EVERY COMPLEXION



A make-up discovery! Overglo Face Powder . . . made in only one *practically colorless* shade which is suitable for every Foundation-Tinted Complexion. Permits your foundation-tinted skin to glow through with *natural youthful beauty*. A powder specially created for use with Overglo or any tinted cake, cream or liquid foundation.

\$1 plus tax.

PRODUCTS OF THE HOUSE OF WESTMORE

Cugat work out very nicely together, and Frank plans to continue with these interesting collaborations. Remember last month I mentioned some things with the Charioteers? Next, he and Woody Herman are going to try a few duets.

THAT'S FOR ME—Jo Stafford (Capitol), Kay Kyser (Columbia), Dick Haymes (Decca), Jerry Wald (Majestic)—This is the best song from 20th Century-Fox's movie, *State Fair*, and there've been about a million records of it. Everybody's doing it. So let's talk about Jo Stafford's interpretation. It's swell. On the other side, she's got *Gee, It's Good to Hold You*, featuring a trumpet solo by Billy Butterfield. As for Jo, her star is certainly in the ascendant. She's on the Ford Radio Show—Sundays, CBS. She starts on the Chesterfield Supper Club, December 11th, NBC, 7 to 7:15 Eastern time, and she's generally all-around popular.

THE BLOND SAILOR—Andrews Sisters (Decca)—The Andrews Sisters adopted this blond sailor. They were overseas a few months ago, entertaining troops, and they heard some of the boys whistling a tune which turned out to be an eight-year-old European novelty waltz. The girls liked it so much they featured it on their radio show when they got back home. The blond sailor is mated here with *Lily Belle*, also a pleasant number.

WHAT MAKES THE SUNSET?—Sammy Kaye (Victor), Frank Sinatra (Columbia)—Sammy Kaye's rendition has a vocal by Billy Williams and the Five Kaydets, if you're interested in this kind of music. I hear that Sammy took his whole band down to Pier 90 to welcome the Queen Elizabeth. She was bringing 15,000 veterans home. Nancy Norman sang *I'm Gonna Love That Man Like He's Never Been Loved Before*, which was considered to be highly appropriate. By the way, there's a funny sidelight on this *What Makes the Sunset?* Why? Because the number on the other side is titled, *I Couldn't Begin to Tell You*.

WHAT MORE CAN A WOMAN DO?—Sara Vaughn (Continental)—Here's my nomination for one of the best singers of the year. In my opinion, Sara sings *What More Can a Woman Do?*—Peggy Lee's own song—even better than Peggy herself did for Capitol. Sara was discovered by Earl Hines, and she worked with his and Billy Eckstine's band.

WHOSE DREAM ARE YOU?—Bing Crosby and The Les Paul Trio (Decca)—The first recording Bing made with Les Paul and his trio. Les Paul's an outstanding jazz guitarist, and the trio has a record by itself which just came out. *Begin the Beguine* and *Dream Dust* on Decca. Les used to be an avid Django Reinhardt fan, and, like so many imitators, he seems to have improved on the original.

CONGO BLUES—Red Norvo and his Selected Sextet (Comet)—This "selected sextet" actually covers up the identity of an all-star band. But I can tell, now. So: Dizzy Gillespie played trumpet, with his old sidekick, Charlie Parker, on alto sax. Teddy Wilson and Slam Stewart from the Benny Goodman Sextet (Norvo is also a partner therein) were on piano and bass, and Cab Calloway's J. C. Heard did the drumming honors. This, with *Get Happy* on the other side, are the best twelve-inch jazz records in many months.

HONEY—Georgie Auld (Guild)—Georgie Auld makes his debut as a vocalist on this revival of the old tune, and he does all right. Versatile Georgie is at his best in *Stompin' at the Savoy* on the other side. There, he plays both soprano and tenor sax. Another good number by the same band on the Guild label is called *Co-Pilot*, and Auld's version of Basie's *Taps Miller*, on the Apollo label, is at least as good as the Count's. He's

got a really remarkable young group.

LOVER—Joe Marsala (Musicraft)—The Joe Marsala Septet has done a slick swing version of the old Rodgers and Hart tune from *Love Me Tonight*. Originally a waltz, it's in four-four time, and coupled with Joe's beautiful theme song, *Don't Let it End*. Both sides feature Adele Girard on the harp. Adele not long ago turned down a very lucrative offer to join the Benny Goodman sextet, because Joe Marsala was ill in the hospital, and she wanted to stay with him. You see, she's Mrs. Joe Marsala.

MAD ABOUT YOU—Ike Quebec (Blue Note)—This record has no vocal, nor Billy Daniels either, but it's a fine twelve-inch Blue Note special which features tenor sax man Ike Quebec, and several of his colleagues from the Calloway band, among others.

MOOD TO BE STEWED—Slam Stewart Quintet (Continental)—Don't take this title seriously; it has absolutely nothing to do with the love life of the apricot. I put it on kiddingly for a Slam Stewart session I got together. I wrote this tune, and the one on the other side, called *Slammin' the Gate*, and I apologize to those who despise the lowly pun. Wanta punish me? To get back, these numbers have Red Norvo on vibes, Johnny Guarneri on piano, and Morey Feld, Benny Goodman's drummer. Plus a talented newcomer I've put on records for the first time, this session. He's guitarist Bill De Arango.

RELAX JACK—Vivien Garry (Guild)—Remember this little combination Diana Lynn got such a kick out of in our September issue? Well, *Relax Jack* is in the best Garry style, with the other side an instrumental called *Altitude*, on which Arvin Garrison, Vivien's husband, does terrific electrical guitar work. I heard the trio when they were playing in comparative obscurity at Kelly's Stable, and I recommended them to Guild Records. Now they're hailed as the best since King Cole.

SALT PEANUTS—Dizzy Gillespie (Guild)—*Salt Peanuts* is coupled with *Hot House*, and then there's a record called *Shaw 'Nuff* that's coupled with *Lover Man*—and they're all by Dizzy Gillespie's quintet. (*Lover Man* has a vocal by Sara Vaughn.) The music on these four sides is the most frantic, super-modernistic brand of hot jazz. Musicians are so crazy about Dizzy that a jazz critic who recently came to New York from the Coast summed up his impression of the music in the East in six words. "Even the drummers sound like Dizzy," he said. On *Salt Peanuts*, he sings a vocal which consists of repeating the title twelve times. That's all the singing he's ever done. *Salt Peanuts*—twelve times.

TIMES A-WASTIN'—Duke Ellington (Victor)—Originally written by Duke's son, Mercer, and recorded by Johnny Hodges with some other of Duke's men for Bluebird, it was known as *Things Ain't What They Used To Be*, and it was a big hit. Duke even used it as a closing theme. Now Don George, who wrote lyrics for *I'm Beginning to See the Light* and *Everything But You*, has taken the tune and written words for it under a new title. Funny part is that this particular recording doesn't use the lyric anyway, so Duke might just as well have called it *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*, which everybody knows it as. Mercer Ellington just became a father for the second time, making Duke a grandpa for ditto. The baby was a six-pound girl. Mercer's first, a boy, was named for Duke—Edward Kennedy Ellington.

PIANO SOLO—Art Tatum (Asch)—Here are six sides to prove that Tatum is still by far the world's greatest jazz

It's fun... it's young... it's meant for You!



Frolic

...by **CHERAMY**



Frolic is a perfume to set your heart a-dancing. A blithe, fresh fragrance that murmurs "You'll remember me!" and keeps on appealing, subtly, for hours.

Perfume, \$6.50; 3.50; debutante size, 1.10.

Toilet Water, 1.75.

Dusting Powder, 1.00. Talcum Powder, 50¢.
(Plus tax)



...Put your
right hand here
...then you be the judge!

If your hand isn't satin-smooth — it's time
to change to *Luxor*

Do you say, "I do my own dishes—and my hands *can't* stay soft and smooth"? Or is it your job that keeps you from having lovely hands?

Don't give up! Change to Luxor Hand Cream and expect to see a *real difference* in your hands.

You see, Luxor Hand Cream gives *real help* to skin roughened by work or weather. For Luxor contains Carbamide—(an ingredient long used by surgeons in the treatment of wounds)—and thus helps to heal tiny cracks

you can't even see with the naked eye—relieves these cracks that make skin *look* red, *feel* rough! That's why the effect is so beautiful and so lasting.

Just one jar of Luxor Hand Cream will show you how easy it is to have softer hands, smoother hands—no matter what you do!



Luxor
HAND CREAM

Not Sticky - Not Greasy

pianist. Latch on to *Sweet and Lovely* or *Danny Boy*, if you've got the vaguest doubt.

TENOR SAX—Coleman Hawkins (Asch)—An album featuring The Hawk, number one tenor sax man, in six new tunes, with Howard McGee on trumpet, and Sir Charles Thompson (as he calls himself) on piano. He used to be plain Charlie Thompson, with Lionel Hampton, but I guess he decided to add himself to the royalty of swing. Unfortunately, what with King Cole, Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Earl Hines, there was nothing left but a baronetcy, so Charlie had to take that.

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

HONG KONG BLUES—Tommy Dorsey (Victor), Hoagy Carmichael (ARA or Decca)

IT'S BEEN A LONG, LONG TIME—Harry James (Columbia), Charlie Spivak (Victor), Stan Kenton (Capitol)

JUST A BLUE SERGE SUIT—Vaughn Monroe (Victor)

PUT THAT RING ON MY FINGER—Woody Herman (Columbia)

STARS IN YOUR EYES—Frank Sinatra and Xavier Cugat (Columbia)

THAT'S FOR ME—Jo Stafford (Capitol), Kay Kyser (Columbia), Dick Haymes (Decca), Jerry Wald (Majestic)

THE BLOND SAILOR—Andrews Sisters (Decca)

WHAT MAKES THE SUNSET?—Sammy Kaye (Victor), Frank Sinatra (Columbia)

WHAT MORE CAN A WOMAN DO?—Sara Vaughn (Continental)

WHOSE DREAM ARE YOU?—Bing Crosby and Les Paul Trio (Decca)

BEST HOT JAZZ

GEORGIE AULD—Honey (Guild)

BARNEY BIGARD—Rose Room (Keynote)

DUKE ELLINGTON—Time's A-Wastin' (Victor)

VIVIEN GARRY—Relax Jack (Guild)

DIZZY GILLESPIE—Salt Peanuts (Guild)

JOE MARSALA—Lover (Musicraft)

RED NORVO—Congo Blues (Comet)

IKE QUEBEC—Mad About You (Blue Note)

SLAM STEWART—Mood To Be Stewed (Continental)

COOTIE WILLIAMS—House of Joy (Capitol)

BEST ALBUMS

EDDY DUCHIN REMINISCES—Piano with Rhythm (Columbia)

COLEMAN HAWKINS—Tenor Sax (Asch)

JASCHA HEIFETZ—Violin Solos (Decca)

MARJORIE LAWRENCE Sings For The Boys (Columbia)

LILY PONS PROGRAM (Columbia)

ART TATUM—Piano Solos (Asch)

"TESCH" (Frank Teschmacher)—Old time hot jazz (Brunswick)

MUSIC FROM CARMEN—Stokowski—New York Symphony (Victor)

PORGY AND BESS—L. A. Philharmonic (Decca)

THE SOLID SOUTH—History of Jazz, Part I (Capitol)

CHRISTMAS COOKIE JAR

■ Of course your friends don't come to your house just to eat! But have you ever had to use brute force to get them to accept some tasty trifle? We thought not. This coming Holiday season will be the happiest ever for most of us—there'll be the jolliest kind of reunions and get-togethers. You'll want these recipes for easily made and delightful "munchables:"



Courtesy: Borden Company

COOKIE QUINTS

1½ cups (15 oz. can) sweetened condensed milk

½ cup peanut butter

Any ONE of the following—

- (1) 2 cups raisins
- (2) 2 cups corn flakes
- (3) 2 cups bran flakes
- (4) 1 cup chopped nut meats
- (5) 2 cups chopped dates

Mix sweetened condensed milk, peanut butter, and any ONE of the ingredients listed above. Drop by spoonfuls on greased baking sheet. Bake in moderately hot oven (375°F.) 15 minutes or until light brown. Remove from pan at once. Makes about 30 cookies

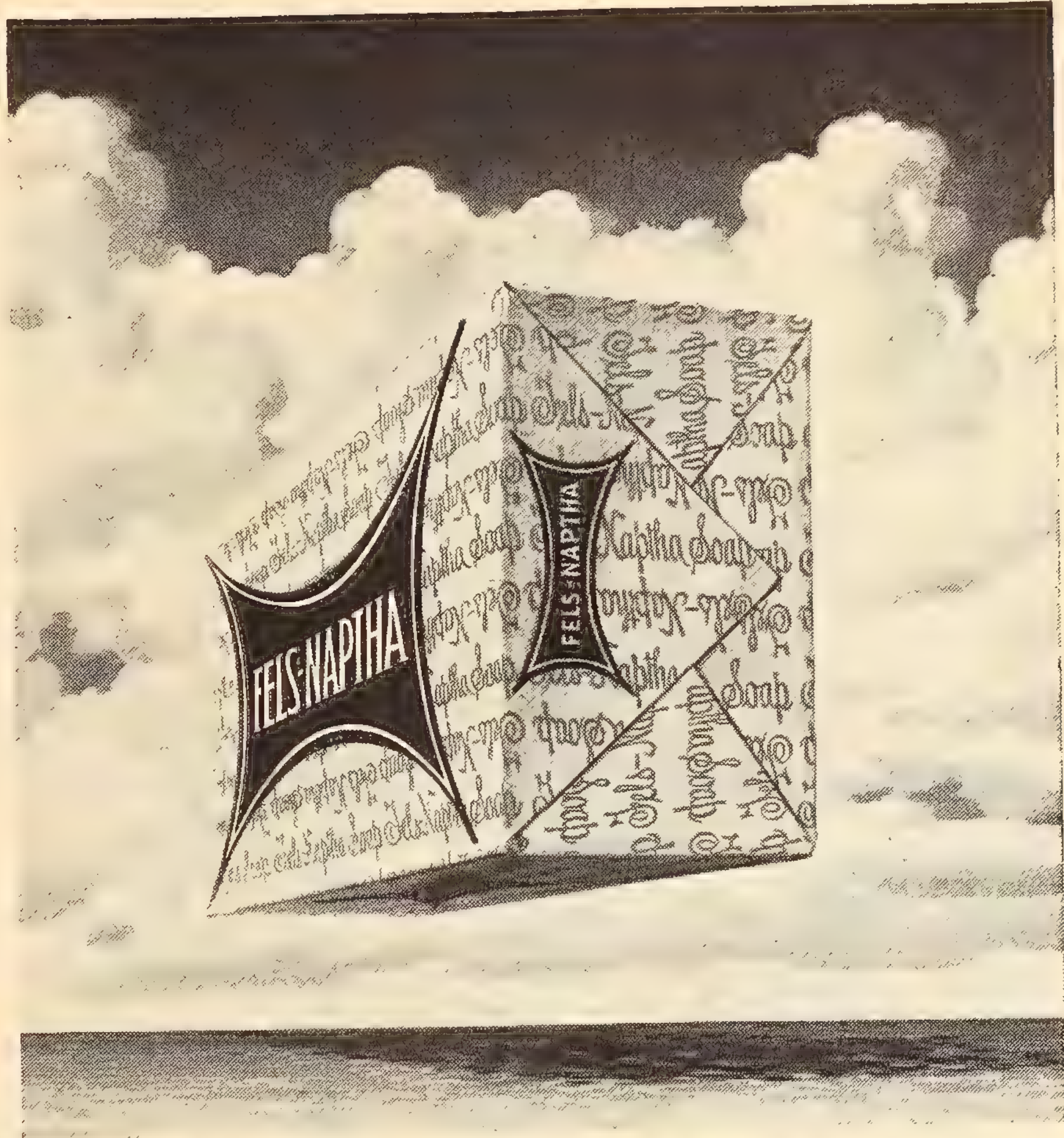
CHOCOLATE NUT CRUNCH

1 pkg. (7 oz.) sweet chocolate bits
1½ cups crisp rice cereal
½ cup chopped nut meats*
1 teaspoon vanilla

Melt chocolate bits over hot water and stir until smooth. Remove from heat, add rice crispies, nut meats and vanilla, blending until cereal is well coated. Pack in greased pan and chill. Cut in squares when firm.

*Shredded coconut, raisins or chopped candied cherries or pineapple may be used in place of nut meats.

By Nancy Wood



Not yet, but —

Much as we'd like to, we can't complete that sentence . . .

Soon!

Yes—we *can* promise it now. Fels-Naptha Soap will be on sale, in generous quantities, *soon!*

It will be the same good golden bar, the same husky golden chips that American housekeepers have relied on to lighten washday labor and to justify their pride in whiter washes.

For the patience and for the loyalty so often expressed—and demonstrated by our good friends—the makers of Fels-Naptha Soap are deeply grateful.

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

CO-ED

Here's stuff on not only **WHAT** to write but **WHY** to write. Like "Thanks for the date," "Get better soon," "C'mon over to my house."

CO-ED LETTERBOX

The boy I go steady with seems to be losing interest. He leaves me at parties, treats me like a sister in front of other people. Should I bawl him out? H. McK., Tiverton, R. I.

Above all things, don't bawl him out. Two things are possible. He may be weary of the one-woman setup and not quite know how to break it to you. Or, he may think you and he have achieved that nice, casual relationship in which each is so sure of the other that minor flirtations are no cause for alarm, and constant public protestations of love are just a little disgusting. You might offer him his freedom, so: "Bill, it's not fair for one gal to corner all that charm. Why don't we break this up and date some other kids?" If he protests, well, dandy. If he doesn't, that's all right, too. At least you'll know what goes, which is what's worrying you, isn't it?

How long must you know a boy before it's all right to kiss him good night? D. B., Franklin, N. J.

It's not so much a question of how long you've known a boy as how well you like him. There'll be a boy now and then whom you'll want to kiss goodnight after one date, and somehow it will be right. There'll be some you like, but whom your intuition tells you to keep guessing a while. There'll be others whom you'll like well enough but whom you could date till Doomsday without wanting to kiss. The old idea of "It's all right to kiss him on the third date" is awfully silly when you think about it. Be discriminating and sincere, and that's all you really need to know about to kiss or not to kiss.

Is there any cure for getting stuck at dances? J. Y., Paducah, Ky.

The best one we know consists of a twofold campaign. 1) Be sure that you look as smooth as you possibly can. Your prettiest dress, (Continued on page 97)



JEAN KINHEAD

■ We've talked a lot in various "Co-Eds" about how you look and how you act, but we haven't said very much about you-on-paper. This month we'll make it all up to you. We'll talk about friendly letters, love letters, thank-you letters, invitations—the whole business, as it relates to men. So settle down and listen—'cause do you know that a well-turned phrase is at least half as effective as a well-turned ankle?

Friendly Letters: These are the casual, merry little notes that smart girls dash off with little or no provocation, and that are worth their weight in date bids. When a lad you know, who's away at school or at work, does something spectacular, drop him a note of congratulations. Good, good, good; that's the gist of it. Who? Him, of course. Start it breezily: "Dear Brainchild," "Hi, Superman." And end it likewise. "See you," "Bye, now." If you're away on a visit, be it ever so brief, you've a swell excuse for dropping a card to a lad you like. "This is a wonderful place. I think you'd like it." (Subtle flattery, that.) "This is fun, but I missed seeing you play last night." If one of the kids you know is ill, whip him off a word of cheer. "We miss you . . . we've been worried about you . . . when you get back the gang will have to celebrate." That's the stuff. Be on the lookout for occasions that warrant these brief, thoughtful notes. There are dozens of them and—as we said—the guys love 'em.

Love Letters: The first important point here is this: It's up to a boy to initiate a schmalzy (Continued on page 96)

The five-letter word that started Broadway howling!

The story of a returned boy-hero whose family still thinks he's a baby!

COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents



A GEORGE ABBOTT PRODUCTION

Stageplay and Screenplay by

LOUIS SOLOMON and HAROLD BUCHMAN

with

ROBERT BENCHLEY · VERA VAGUE

CONRAD JANIS · NANETTE PARKS

JANIS WILSON · JIMMY LLOYD · ENID MARKEY

Produced and Directed by JACK MOSS



Just One Cake of Camay and your Skin is Softer, Smoother!



For romance, win a softer, smoother complexion. You can—with your very *first* cake of Camay—when you change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores and scores of complexions. And the doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one* cake of Camay—had fresher, clearer, softer skin. Even younger-looking skin!

MRS. MORTENSON'S STORY



Rocking chair romance. Engaged, the happy light in Helen's eyes is matched by the glow of her complexion—clear, smooth, radiant. "My skin responds to Camay care," says Helen. "Really, my very *first* cake of Camay brought the livelier sparkle that a girl wants in her complexion."

Singin' in the snow, and planning a "honeymoon holiday" every winter. "Bob and I want to stay young," confides Helen. "I like to hear his compliments—and to keep them coming, my complexion *stays* on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." For *your* lovelier Camay complexion, follow the instructions on the Camay wrapper.



MRS. ROBERT MORTENSON
the former Helen Ann McManus of Newark, N. J.
Bridal portrait painted by *M. Bolegard*



Be saving—with everything! Make your Camay last—it's made from precious materials.

To our Readers...

• A certain little wife of mine thinks my romance with you readers has gone far enough. She may be right. But I'm going to permit myself one last mad fling. I'm going to kiss every one of you on both cheeks and inform you that you are the most cooperative readers a guy ever had! • Thanks to you, angels, MODERN SCREEN'S questionnaire (page 62) has provided us with the basis for a popularity poll that even Louis B. Mayer consults every morning before he counts his money! Henry Malmgreen, who loves figures (the old wolf), estimates that over *half a million* of your questionnaires have been tallied so far. Guys like Alan and Van appeared on your poll long before anyone else gave them any recognition. MODERN SCREEN readers are the finest talent scouts in the world! • Hedda Hopper, who has a seventh sense about movies (her sixth sense is reserved for hats), blew her top when I told her about the half million questionnaires. "Aren't you going to *do something*?" she asked. • And so,



on page 36, Hedda has a fine story called "Watch Peter Lawford!" It's number one in a series she dreamed up. Each month, she will pick up a new name off that poll of yours. Some youngster she thinks will be the Frankie Boy or the June Allyson of next year. • Of all things, she talked the Gruen people into honoring each month's winner with a beautiful *watch*! And such watches. I *do* hope Mr. Gruen knows what he's doin'. • Pete Lawford is beside himself with joy. Of course, he doesn't mind being honored by Hedda and the poll. But it's the watch that kills him. Keeps taking it off his wrist and showing it to everybody. Which reminds me. I'm going out to Hollywood

in a few days now. • And when Pete goes into his thank-you routine, I'm going to tell him who *really* gave him the watch. Not Hedda, not me, not Mr. Gruen. But you who voted for him on the MODERN SCREEN poll. You—the sweetest readers a guy ever had!

Heald

Executive Editor.





'M THANKFUL FOR...

■ When they asked me to write a Thanksgiving piece, I thought, "That's not for me. That's for some guy who knows how to write." But I changed my mind. I figured if you were sitting across the room from me, I'd have no trouble telling you what I'm thankful for this year. So why not say the same thing in print?

Four years ago lots of us took our country for granted. "Oh sure," we said, "I'm an American and proud of it." That was all right as far as it went. But how far did it go?

I know a little more about what it means to be an American now. I'm thankful we weren't bombed or starved or thrown into gas chambers for mass executions. I'm thankful to be a citizen of a country that hates war but can rise grim and tough to its challenge.

I'm not smug about being an American. It could have been my kid and not someone else's lying dead under the rubble of a London house or shot through the head in a Russian village. And so, in a way, every kid is my kid. I know that now. It's a lesson I've learned by heart. It's a lesson none of us will forget. But that's not enough. To keep faith with the dead, we've got to see that our children learn the same lesson!

Above all, I thank God that the war is over and that this year our thoughts go back to turkey as usual and the warm, personal things of life—such as—well, for me, anyhow, Sue and Alana. I hope Sue doesn't see this because she always socks me when I make her blush. For Thanksgiving, I'll say it anyway. I'm thankful to Sue for being the sweetest wife in the world. And I'm thankful to Alana for calling me "Daddy" and for turning our house into a home!

Finally, if I'm going to bring my blessings up to date, I've got to bring you swell fans into this piece. People sometimes (too often) ask, "What's this guy Ladd got?" The answer to that is *friends*. Lots of 'em. To all of you, my love.

Alan

Thanksgiving with Sue



Like all good actors, Alan yearns to cut his own film! Steve Dunhill grins appreciatively as Lt. Holden and Tom Drake kibitz.

The frost was on the punkin', the cider in the jug, and the fun was at the Ladd's.

and Alan

"No, you *can't* wrap it up and bring it home for Peter," laughs Brenda Marshall Holden. Papa Bill wanted drum stick for their toothy two-year-old son.



After dinner, alas, come the dishes. "A toast!" proposes Tom (cagey-like-a-fox) Drake to Alan, "to the Army—and the wonderful, wonderful way they taught you K.P." Alan, the perfect host, says nothing. But if looks could speak. . . .



What's Thanksgiving without chrysanthemums? Alan and Sue dream of the day when their sprawling, Norwegian type house will be built on Holmby Hills, with acres of home-grown posies.

■ Peace, it's wonderful! Makes Thanksgiving mean so much . . . all the fellas coming home, and the food so plentiful. So Alan Ladd bent his blond head to Sue's dark curls and confided he could almost celebrate *twice* this year. "And why not?" asked H'wood Editor Sylvia Wallace. "Then we could photograph one ahead of time. And talkin' turkey, that's the kind of stuffing our readers go for!" So quick like, Sue got busy on the phone. "Like to come to a premiere of a turkey?" she quizzed the Tom Drakes. "*Would* we?" they howled. "It's food, isn't it?" And the other guests accepted with similar reluctance. "Jeepers!" muttered Sue, "they must think the oysters in the dressing all have pearls in 'em!" So it was quite a party—even if the male guests pulled K.P. later, and the conservative old turkey had only two drumsticks!

Thanksgiving with Sue and Alan



▲ Wouldja like to wish on a star? Mrs. Chris Drake preferred turkey wishbone, tried her luck against Mrs. Brenda Holden. Score was tied; wives grinned like Cheshire cats, wouldn't tell wishes!

▼ "Two against one isn't fair!" protested Bob Hutton. "Oh well," he squelched the Don Taylors, "you may be louder, but I'm better!" Song fest ended with light hearts—and sore throats!





▲ Alana sat primly on Brenda's lap; daddy had warned her about the Air Corps! Later on, 2½-year-old Alana, fascinated by shiny lieut.'s bars, toddled to Bill Holden, sighed, "Oooh, soljer!"

▼ Alan bet former schoolmarm Isabel Grey she couldn't stand apple on round end. Fay Holden (left) chuckled as Teacher cut slice off, did trick then told A., "You pulled that on me in school!"



Watch Peter Lawford!

(If you've read "To Our Readers," on page 29, you'll know that this is the beginning of an exciting new series by Hedda Hopper. Every month now, Hedda will choose a young actor or actress destined for stardom. She will base her selections partly on MODERN SCREEN'S poll and partly on her own experienced judgment. To make the award more than just a pat on the back, the Gruen Watch Company is cooperating with her and each month's winner will be awarded a beautifully engraved watch. Hope you like our idea. And we're sure you'll be wild about the winners.—The Editors)

■ I'll have to admit it—Peter Lawford sneaked right up on me and gave me the surprise party of my life.

I was tripping down Peacock Lane one night a few months ago at a Hollywood premiere; "Thrill of a Romance," to be exact. That's a Van Johnson special, as everyone knows, and that's exactly whom I came to see, just like a few hundred other people, including a bleacher full of ardent Van-atics on my right.

"V-A-A-A-A-N," they yelled. "WE WANT VAN JOHNSON!"

I hustled along, grinning gaily at the sights and sounds which never fail to thrill an old Hollywood war horse like me. Crowds, lights, glitter, glamor, excitement. Hollywood heroes strutting before their public like royalty. Famous faces, fervent fans. Fickle as a feather in the breeze, of course. But fickle maybe tomorrow—not tonight.

"V-A-AA-A-N!"

I'd taken only a couple of steps before another shout spun me around like a top. From my left came an answering roar—

"L-A-W-F-O-R-D—PETER LAW-FORD!"

I stared. (Continued on page 85)

**He's the guy born with
a silver spoon, the guy
who's making swoon history.**



It was hard to tell who was the more excited during the presentation ceremony: Hedda Hopper, who made the award, or Peter Lawford, who received the first of the MODERN SCREEN Popularity Awards, a handsome engraved Gruen watch.

by Hedda Hopper



takes time out from work on "Two Sisters From Boston" for some hard Victory Gardening, plus a pause that refreshes.



Gail Russell's the gal, Ciro's the place—and Mr. L's the beau about town. Pete was Pat Kirkland's first H'wood date, Susan Blanchard agreed to triple-date at first sight.



Maggie's the domestic type, loves to sew, cook and dust, would love to be a tomboy but hasn't the nerve, so croquet's her wildest sport.

Sweet Maggie O'Brien

SHE'S SURE GROWING UP, OUR BABY, BUT NOT TOO FAST. NOT FAST ENOUGH TO OUTGROW OUR HEARTS



A follower of the "every-woman-a-wife" trend, Maggie keeps Aunt Marissa petrified by her offers to propose to Marissa's fellas (on Auntie's behalf). For herself, Mag croons "he loves me, loves me not" with only Greg Peck in mind.



An 8-year-old Princess made Maggie a member of her Indian tribe, but family can't pronounce its name! M.'s just learned how to climb trees—now the next step's learning how to get down!



"Lass," gift of Kate Smith, is mentioned daily in M.'s diary—usually in pidgin Spanish! Maggie can sing in Spanish, off key mebbe, but it makes *her* happy. . . . Next pic's "Bad Bascomb."

*It was just the
way it should be—pink
roses and satin,
tall white candles and a
great joy when*

Shirley said "I do."

*J*unior Mrs.

■ The swelling chords swept from the organ as it throbbed into Lohengrin's Wedding March, and music filled the church. Deep pink roses, gathered in bunches at each pew post, the pale pink roses trailing from the high altar, and the banks of ferns, trembled from the triumphant sound.

A great indrawn sigh of the congregation, as from a single exalted breast, caused the banks of tall white candles to flicker with excitement. Anyone who has heard a summer wind rustling through pines has heard the murmur that swept through the church. Translated into words it whispered, "Oh, Shirley! Isn't she sweet!"

"Here Comes The Bride;" shouted the organ. John Agar, waiting beside Jack Temple—his best man—at the altar, quickly bit his lower lip; his eyes were bright with pride in the vision advancing down the aisle.

Shirley was an utterly beautiful bride. Her white satin gown was made with fitted bodice and a sweetheart neckline embroidered with scrolls of



By Nancy Winslow Squire





"Mrs. Temple was the first to greet her brand new son-in-law. Then guests started streaming by the reception line for 2 hours of well wishing."

séed pearls; her swaying Infanta skirt fell over side panniers. The train, ten yards of tulle, cascaded from a coronet of corded satin loops, and her bridal bouquet was white orchids.

On the arm of her father, Shirley approached the nave and there John stepped forward to claim her. She had been entirely poised until that moment, but as she moved forward beside the man who was about to become her husband, she caught her breath and darted a quick, shy glance upward.

The Reverend Willsie Martin stepped forward and smiled from Shirley to John. "Dearly beloved, we are gathered here in the sight of God . . ." he began slowly. And the double-ring Episcopal marriage service rolled out in the cadence of its phrases: "John, wilt thou (Continued on page 102)



Their forms filed at the Glendale License Bureau, John and Shirley discussed plans for their dignified wedding ceremony. Shirley's one fear was that the occasion would turn into a "circus," John's that he'd miff his lines.



Almost five hours before the ceremonies began, mobs of fans crowded the sidewalks before the Wilshire Methodist Church, perching on lamp posts, parked cars and boxes. They were quiet until the couple appeared; then extra police were needed.

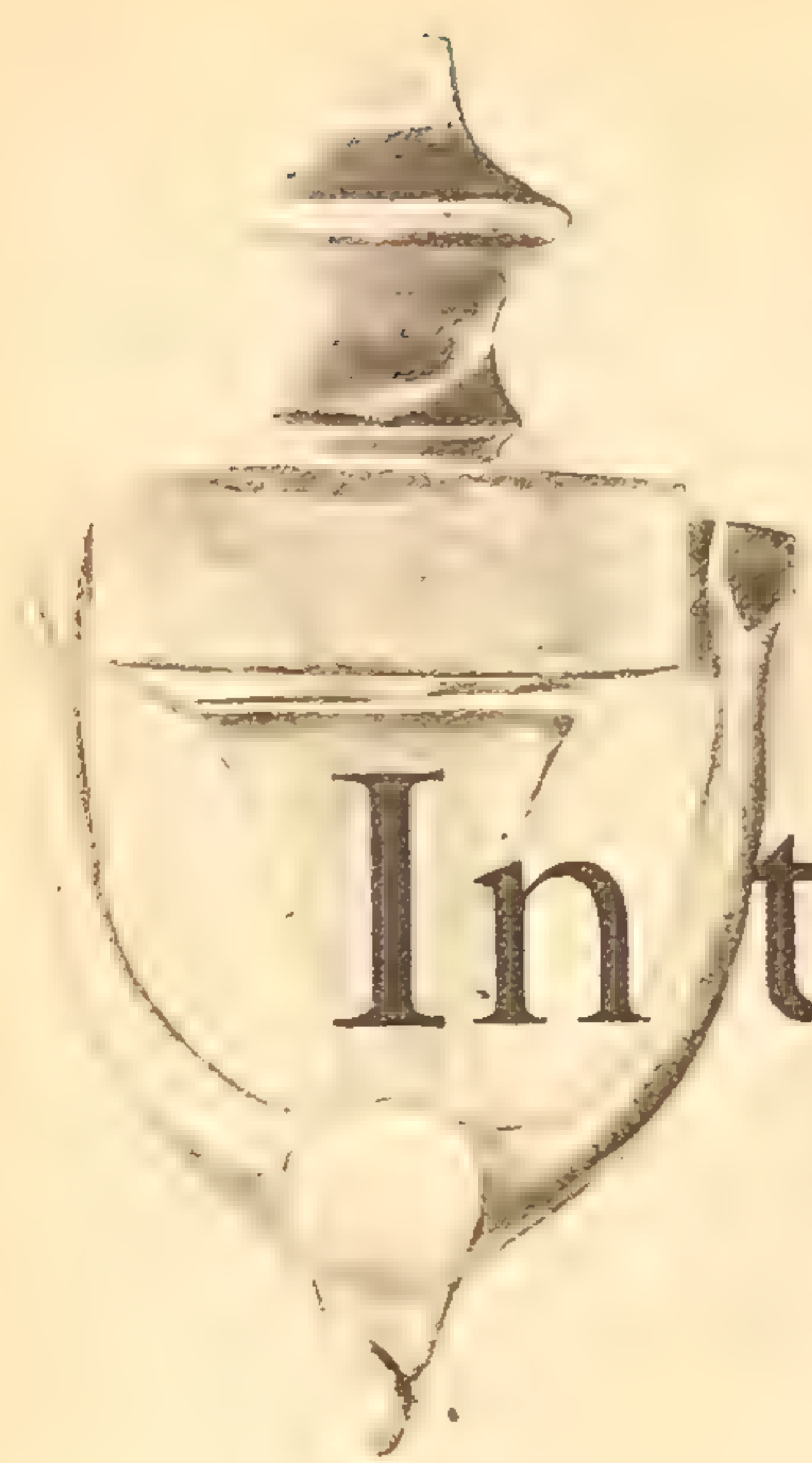
Junior mrs.



The reception was held in a pink rose and fern arbor at Shirley's parents' Brentwood home where very few of the 600 guests ate their portions of triple-decker wedding cake—not when they could be saved as lucky pieces!

As man and wife, Shirley and John left the church, only to be forced back inside for a 15-minute wait while a path to their car was cleared for them through the frenzied crowds.





In the Morgan Manor

'HOME IS WHERE DENNIS' HEART IS, WHERE LILLIAN
CAN MAKE A TIRED MAN REST AND THE KIDS SCREECH "NUTS!" TO
ANY "GLAMOR BOY" ROUTINE. • By CYNTHIA MILLER

Three generations of Morner Men: Dennis, Jim and granddad Frank E. Morgan is just Dennis' screen name, so kids attend school as Morners.





Jimmie's no Olympic swim champ yet, releases his 3-year-old energy by roaming the 4-acre estate and coming in only when Mom clangs a bell. If kids don't answer, kids don't eat—much.



Kris (who's *that way* about Cary Grant), and Stan, the English whiz, share rides on Buttons, their horse, as well as chore of watering livestock—which includes rabbits, cows, 30 turkeys, hundreds of chicks—and a goat!



Stan's hero worship, which includes shaving, extends to practicing on a BB gun and bow and arrow in order to become crack hunter like Dad.

■ Jimmie Morner, son of Mr. Dennis Morgan, is now three years old, and a heartbreaker. His eyes are huge and blue, his eyelashes are strictly Garbo and coal black, and his G.I. haircut is taffy blonde. If the love he entertains for his father could be accumulated in a visual pile, it would make Mt. Everest look like an ant heap—which is to say that Jimmie is nuts about his dad.

Now Jimmie is a gentleman who toys with his groceries. He has been known to clap an eggcup, only half emptied, on his head, and an oatmeal mustache is routine stuff. Despite the watchful eye of the cook, the maid, and his mother, Jimmie sometimes wears his food well. But he behaves astonishingly well when Dennis is around.

Not long ago, Jimmie was hesitating through his luncheon, toying with his vegetables, and turtling through his creamed chicken. Suddenly, on the distant air, there awoke a baritone song. Jimmie's eyes widened. Like a small furnace devouring dried pine boughs, Jimmie consumed his luncheon with a roar. Then he (Continued on page 98)



Lon's got a crusade—Tolerance, tolerance and more tolerance. There's no place for prejudice anywhere, at home or abroad.

High in the sky Lon flew—and learned why flyers say,

"It's sort of like going to church . . ."

Pfc. McCALLISTER REPORTING

By **FREDDA DUDLEY**

■ The war, or the occupational tag ends of it, rather, is not confined to the European Theater or the South Pacific. Everybody knows about them. But there is a huge area, little known and even less publicized, that is covered by American power, which means by the day-to-day courage, the bored, lonely, home-eager devotion to duty of American men: the Alaskan Theater.

You know one of the men stationed in the north: Pfc. Lon McCallister, No. 39725503, Air Transport Command.

It is the ATC and its flying boxcars that supply our far-flung bases; it is the alighting C-47's and C-54's that bring, to those isolated posts, a brief contact with home.

Lon was called to briefing one morning recently, and told that a *(Continued on page 70)*



n's very close to his grandma, is grateful for her sense of fun—her lemon pies—the welcome she gave the Japanese-American school chums whom she tagged "nice Yankee boys."



Studio gave Lon razor and gag-poem: "If the Army makes a man of you, And your beard begins to sprout, And you decide to end it all—This will simply cut your *throat*...."



Mrs. M. treks to N. Y. and shops while Lon binges on the Broadway shows. And 'twas Mom who gifted him with sole book he took overseas, "The Prophet."

"The HARVEY girls"

STORY: On either side the desert stretched to the curl of immense horizons and the town lay under the blaze of the desert sun like an idle piece of driftwood forgotten on an enormous beach. Sandrock was raw, young, untamed in a West that was still frontier, still pushing to the final coast and the Pacific.

The single street ran threadlike through the town and the main item of architecture was the Alhambra: Social center, theater—and saloon. Everything was new in Sandrock, but the newest thing there was a building, just across from the Alhambra. So new, in fact, that there was no sign on it yet. Just now a man was hammering in the final nails to the proud, freshly (*Continued on page 92*)

PRODUCTION: Director Vincente Minnelli, the groom-to-be, was barred from the set when the girls of the company staged a surprise shower for Judy. The girls filled Judy's dressing room with gay decorations and cakes and candies, and then trooped in with dozens of packages. Judy delightedly opened the boxes. The first contained a beautiful hankie. So did the second. And the third. And the fourth. Judy blushed with embarrassment for the guests, thinking they had accidentally duplicated the gifts. Then the light dawned. It was *supposed* to be a handkerchief shower! . . . Byron Harvey, Jr., Vice-President of the Fred Harvey system, went through the M-G-M mill in preparing (*Continued on page 91*)



1. Susan Bradley (Judy G.), waitress at Harvey House, balances shootin' iron and demands that competitors at The Alhambra return stolen meat. Em (Angela Lansbury) is impressed, but Horace McNally knows gun's not loaded.

Ned proposed—and Susan accepted—by mail. So she traveled

2,000 miles—to discover another man had written his letters!



2. After the brawl was over, Susan is left holding the bag, a plaster decoration. War is hell when the ladies at Alhambra tangle with Harvey House girls in a femme free-for-all.

4. No holds barred when Ned finds Judge Purvis (Pres Foster) setting fire to Harvey House. Ned then locates Susan, who's about to leave wild west, persuades her to be his ever-lovin'.



3. Susan's still peeved at Ned Trent (John Hodiak) 'cause he proposed by mail (using another man's name) had her traipse west from Ohio . . . and is a gambler and a crook—she thinks.



*by Maris
MacCallers*



Joe Lucky

■ This Army Air Forces sergeant wouldn't take "NO" for an answer. He told the M-G-M P.B.X. operator that he wanted to see Major Clark Gable pronto, and in person. Unfortunately, he tied into a tired studio hello-gal who'd had her ear half buzzed off with that exact request a few hundred times most every day since old Tall, Dark and Handsome checked back in from the wars.

"Can't we deliver the message, sir?" she asked.

"No, Ma'am," said the sergeant, firmly. "You can't. And please don't call me 'Sir.' I'm just a sergeant."

"Yes, sir," sighed the operator. "I'll give you the front office."

The front office was extremely polite. But Mister Gable was very busy on the set of "Adventure." Couldn't they handle the matter?

"Uh-uh," repeated the sarge. "I got to see Major Gable in person. It's business."

"Oh," said the big-shot's secretary. "I'll switch you to the legal department. One moment, puh-lease."

The sarge progressed up and down through wardrobe, casting, special effects, prop department and carpenter shop. He held his ground through (Continued on page 118)



"Adventure" director Vic Fleming insisted Clark learn "The Trolley Song," so set was barred while he memorized it—via a Garland disc. A double does the whistling—Clark makes noises like a foghorn!



Could be that Mrs. John Lee, Gable's gal at the Coconut Grove's Air Forces Day, will be one of his last dates, because Clark may accept a U.S.S.R. offer to teach the Russians Yankee movie techniques.

**There's still a bit of the Major's
heart winging across Europe's skies, but home
feels so good to Clark Gable.**

by Kitty Baskette



When Dick was in hospital for checkup, J. (who's become a whodunit fan) visited twice daily, cheered him with comics, toys, crayons—and peeled grapes!

June IS BUSTIN' OUT

Her head swims and

her heart turns somersaults

when you call Junie

"Mrs. Powell"

by Abigail Putnam



Weekly anniversary gifts from Dick (he's in "Cornered") include candy and flowers; June (she's in "Sailor Takes A Wife") lavishes books and pipes on Richard because she's too shy to walk into a haberdasher's and ask for men's duds!

■ One night a guy went to see a Broadway show called "Best Foot Forward." A girl came out and sang. She sang so hard that the veins in her throat stuck out.

"Why doesn't somebody stop her?" thought the guy. "Two years of that, and her voice'll be a wreck—"

Later he went backstage to see Rosemary Lane, who introduced him to the little singer. "She's the smallest girl I ever saw," he thought. "With the biggest neck veins—"

She thought: "He looks the same as he does in pictures—"

They said goodbye and went their separate ways—which were destined to meet and join. On August 19th last, little June Allyson and big Dick Powell stood together before a flower-banked mantel, promising to love, honor and cherish as long as they both should live . . .

They were married two days after Dick finished "Cornered" and while June was still making "Two Sisters From Boston." M-G-M did something slightly phenomenal—gave her a week off smack in the middle of the picture. They're living in a furnished apartment till their house (Continued on page 79)

ALL OVER

After new house is built, they'll have a one room building erected as a science lab for June. Dick wants it far away from his billiard room—he's sure she's gonna blow the place up!



by Ida Zeitlin

■ For a time Dana's world held just one bleak, incredible fact. Janet—his wife of three years—was gone. Wherever he turned, it bludgeoned his dazed mind and stunned him again. Without Janet's mother, he doesn't know what would have happened to him.

In the midst of her own grief, there was still something Aggie could do for her lost daughter. She took Dana and two-year-old David into her home. They became her children. The furniture Janet and Dana had bought, piece by slow piece, was sent to storage. All but the music machine. "Take that over to my house," Aggie told the movers. One of these days Dana would need it again.

Always his booster, now she took over Janet's role—encouraging, prodding him gently to get back to his singing and dramatics. "You've got to start building your life up again, Dana—"

Between Aggie and Twomey, he did get started again. One day his backer came over to the filling station where he worked. Besides being a good business man, Twomey was a person of kindness and tact.

"You're worn out," he said. "You're spending too much energy here at the station. I want to put you on salary. Your job'll be to go on with your voice lessons and spend the rest of the day figuring how to get into pictures—"

For the first time since Janet's death,

He thought he'd never love

again, after Janet died. But then he met

Mary, of the gay eyes and warm

heart. (Life Story, concluded)



dana andrews

Dana worked like a dog, finally got huge Victory garden planted. Cathy, 2½ yrs. old, turned on hose and trotted off to play. "Well, we can always use a swimming pool," groaned Dana, surveying floating seeds and soil.



Even with taxes and agent's fee deducted, Dana can still buy plenty of watermelons with \$1,500,000 contract he's signed for seven years with 20th-Fox and Sam Goldwyn. "Fallen Angel's" his latest pic.

dana andrews



Fuzzy Wuzzy was a lucky dog to belong to Dana, whose favorite food is roast beef (rare, please!), which spells b-o-n-e. Amateur photog Dana tries sneaking up on his kids to catch 'em unawares, but rarely does!

Dana's eyes showed a spark.

Twomey pushed his advantage. "How long do you think it should take?"

Giving all his time to it? Six months at the outside. Probably less . . .

The six months passed, and all he had to show for them was his dented optimism. Twomey took him to John Colombo, Russ's brother, for an opinion. "You can get better singers for two bits a dozen," he said. "Why not concentrate on acting?"

The Pasadena Playhouse has a nationwide reputation. Dozens of its graduates ornament our stages and screens. Every Sunday night they hold open readings. Anyone can try out and 150 do. On a certain Sunday night Dana was one of the 150. He read a brief scene from "Antony and Cleopatra," and was one of the chosen called back for a second reading.

This was his first recognition by the world as an actor. His heart soared. "Golly, I'm getting a part, I must be good—"

He did indeed get a part—carrying a spear. But it wasn't too much of an anticlimax. Because here was what the amateur from Van Nuys had hungered for—greasepaint and the thrill of first nights and people who not only loved their business but knew it—in brief, the authentic smell of the theater. He filled his lungs with it, and felt he was breathing at last.

They were running a Shakespeare Festival. In "Cymbeline," they gave him a speaking part that all but finished him. Fiddling nervously with his moustache before curtain time, he pulled the thing loose, and ran downstairs for some spirit gum. The place was pitch black. Instead of being on the stage when the curtain rose, he was trying to scramble out of an elevator shaft.

His lines were crucial to the action. They started a fight between two other characters. By the time he'd battled his way back to the wings, the scene was in full sail, with the other two trying to ad lib (Continued on page 58)



Frances has honey-spun hair, delft-blue eyes—and a “mighty-like-a-rose” complexion.

Prominent Doctor's Daughter to wed Navy Captain's Son



HER RING is an Annapolis “miniature”

*The engagement of Frances Hutchins
to Ensign Allister Carroll Anderson
has been announced by
Dr. and Mrs. Amos F. Hutchins
Stoakley House, Md.*

BEAUTIFUL Stoakley House, where Frances lives, is one of the aristocratic old homes near Annapolis—so it's very natural that she is marrying into the Navy.

She's another engaged girl with that “soft-smooth” Pond's look that just seems to belong to romance.

“I like Pond's Cold Cream better than any I've ever used,” Frances says. “It feels simply *luscious*—and it certainly gives my skin perfectly grand help.”

Here's the way she uses Pond's Cold Cream: She smooths snowy-soft

Pond's all over her face and throat and pats “with good brisk little pats” to help soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues all off.

She *rinses* with *more* Pond's for *extra* cleansing and softening—creaming her face with little circles of her Pond's covered fingers. “This twice-over cleansing leaves my skin so soft and smooth,” she says.

Use Pond's Cold Cream Frances' way—every night, every morning, and for daytime clean-ups. It's no accident so many more women prefer Pond's to any other face cream at any price. Get a big luxurious jar today!

*A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Lady Edward Montagu
Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III · Viscountess Milton · Miss Anne Morgan*

*She's
Engaged!*

SHE'S LOVELY!

**SHE USES
POND'S!**



ANOTHER POND'S “CANTEEN GIRL”—Frances helped organize the canteen sponsored by Ogontz Junior College near Philadelphia. The girls in her college have made it a big part of their own special war work—serving coffee and “snacks.” Volunteer workers are needed more than ever for recreation centers—can you help?





At six months, Stephen sat up in crib for first time. Proud mama yelped for Dana, who was outside, to hustle in and witness great event—but baby fell out on his head at papa's wild approach!



A typical doting father, Dana cornered Jimmy Cardwell (on location for "A Walk In the Sun") to brag about son Stephen, who was born needing a hair cut, and eleven-year-old David, who catches two fish to Dana's one on camping trips.

Shakespeare. Nothing like it had ever been heard on land or sea—

"Methinks I do recall a story of something thou didst in Italy. Do tell about it—"

"Oh no, *thou* tell it—"

Dana listened in frozen horror. There went his career.

Presently he was facing an outraged director. "Where the hell were you?"

Up to that point, he'd been feeling like a worm. But direct attack stiffened him. He had, after all, committed something less than mayhem. "Does it make much difference? I wasn't where I was supposed to be. Nothing excuses that, but if you'll give me another chance—"

For a moment (Continued on page 108)



Real name's Carver Dana Andrews. Extremely clothes-conscious, he loves smooth but conservative outfits like pin-stripe he's wearing at CBS mike.

*dana
andrews*



"It's a Gift!"

*a great idea
for the holidays*

For very personal presents, the kind that says your heart's really in the giving, my mom makes these Karo goodies. 'N then she wraps 'em up with holiday papers and ribbon. You will make anybody happy with a gift like this—even folks who already have two of everything. You are giving something of yourself; something money can't buy.

the KARO KID

© Corn Products Sales Co.

KARO FRUIT MERINGUE COOKIES

2 egg whites
2/3 cup Karo
1/3 cup all-purpose flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/4 teaspoon vanilla

1/2 cup raisins
1/2 cup chopped maraschino cherries, well drained
1/2 cup chopped nut meats
2 cups ready-to-eat cereal flakes (wheat, rice or corn)

Beat egg whites until stiff. Add Karo (Red or Blue Label) 2 tablespoons at a time, beating after each addition. Sift together flour, salt, cinnamon. Fold into beaten egg whites, then fold in vanilla, fruit, nut meats, cereal. Drop from a tablespoon onto greased baking sheet; bake in moderately slow oven (325° F.) 25-30 minutes. Makes 40-50 small cookies.

KARO GLAZE FOR FRUIT CAKE

Heat 3/4 cup Karo to boiling point and brush or spread immediately on a baked fruit cake. To vary the glaze, add 2 tablespoons brandy or orange juice to 1/2 cup Karo; heat to boiling, and continue cooking slowly for 2 to 3 minutes. We suggest Blue Label Karo for dark and Red Label Karo for light fruit cake. Will glaze one large cake or 15 to 18 small cakes.

DECORATION for FRUIT CAKE: Cut candied cherries in half. Slice citron into thin strips. Before glaze cools arrange almonds as petals, and place a half cherry in center. Use citron for stems and leaves.

KARO NUT AND CEREAL BITS

1 cup Karo
1/4 cup water
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 tbsps. butter or margarine

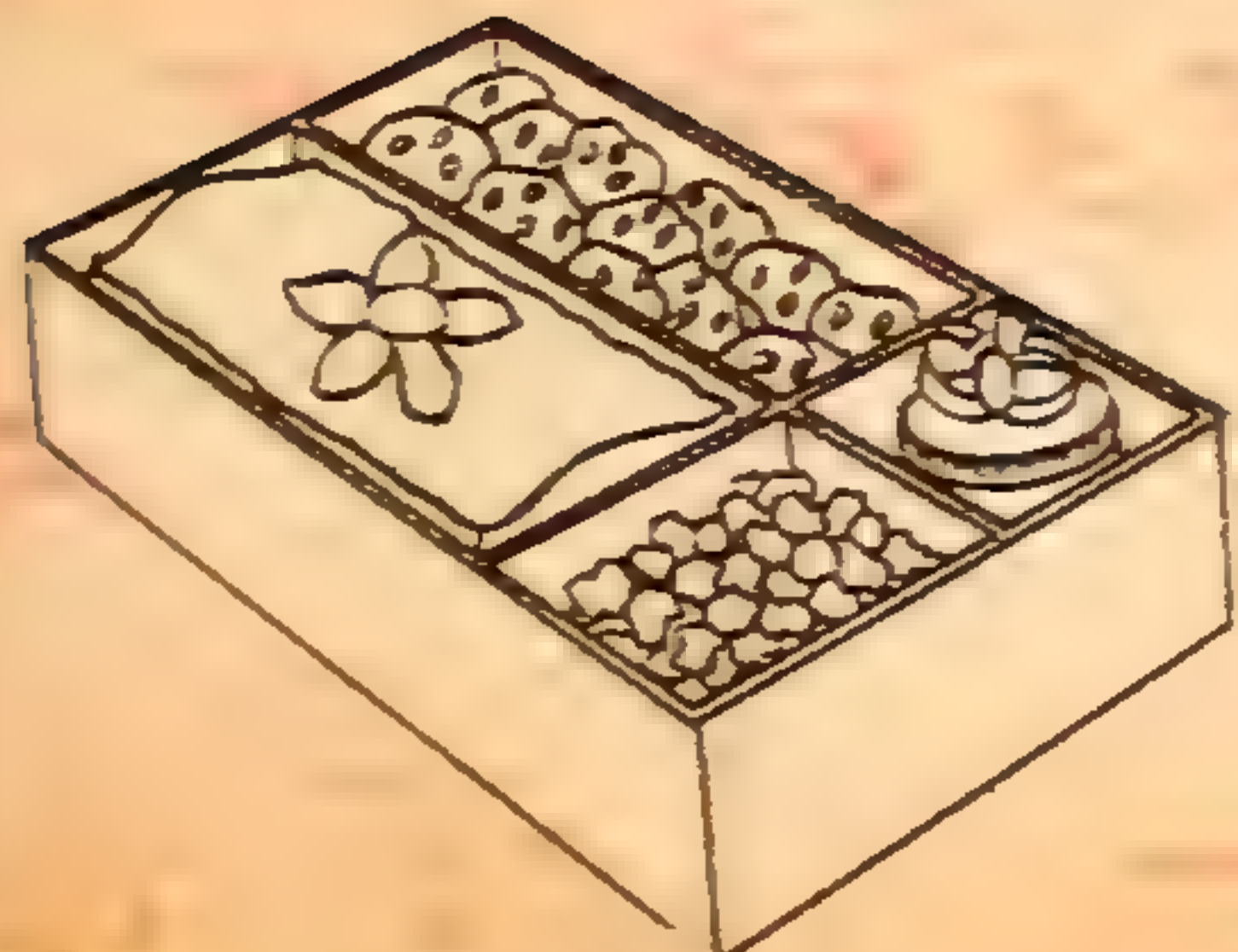
1 teaspoon vanilla
1/2 cup chopped nuts
3/4 cup puffed ready-to-eat cereal (wheat or rice)

Combine Karo (Blue or Red Label), water, and salt in saucepan, bring to boiling, cook over moderately low heat until syrup forms soft ball (230° F.) when small amount is dropped into cold water. Add butter, continue cooking until hard brittle ball forms (285° F.) when small amount is dropped in cold water. Stir frequently. Add vanilla, nuts, cereal. Spread thinly on greased baking sheet. Break into pieces when cool.

KARO AMBER MARMALADE

Peel 1 large orange, 1 large lemon, 1 large grapefruit. Slice peel paper thin. Cut pulp in small pieces. Measure pulp and peel separately. Measure twice as much water as total; add to peel only. Cook uncovered, 15 minutes. Drain. Add same amount of water; cook 20 minutes; add pulp, cook 10 minutes more. Continue as follows: Combine in deep, broad pan: 3c. cooked mixture, 1c. Red Label Karo, 2c. sugar. Cook rapidly, stir often until mixture "sheets" (when small amount is poured from spoon, two drops will come together and break from side); cook 2 minutes more. Stir, pour into hot, sterilized glasses, seal. Cook rest of fruit same way. Makes ten 6-oz. glasses.

Here's a nice way to gift-package the four Karo goodies. Then wrap in holiday paper and tie with a bright ribbon.



Paper by Norcross



GAL *with a* GLINT

Talk about

movie scripts! He saved

her from

drowning . . . so what could

Ella Raines

do but marry the guy?



When husband Kenneth Trout got out of the Army, plans for a zoot suit had to be shelved; tailor told him it'd be two months before he'd get the goods! Result: He's still in uniform!

• It all happened very quickly. Yards of swift, strong ice flying under her skates and then suddenly, a gaping mass of swirling grey water looming up at her. "Oh Lord," she thought, "oh Lord, I'm going too fast, I can't stop, I *can't* stop!" when magically, there was a hand grabbing her arm and swinging her over to solid land, and she was crouching on the old log, hugging herself close and sobbing.

"How was I to know the ice wasn't solid at Mulvaney's?"

"You'd think that after anybody'd lived at Snoqualmie Falls for all of their fourteen years, they'd know by now that the north side doesn't freeze till after Christmas!" Ken's voice (Continued on page 61)



Before Ella and Ken vacationed in Seattle, Washington, last September, divorce rumors flew. Most interesting development: Offers came in from all over the U. S. to buy their fabulous bed; king size, it's 6 ft. 8 by 6 ft. 4!

by Miriam Alberta Chidalia

was gruff and deep with his vast three-years-older superiority.

"Were you scared I was gonna drown, Kenny?"

"That's a dumb question!"

And all of a sudden, fiercer than cold pain or dentist pain, it raced through her. "Why, we're in love! Why—I'm going to marry the boy!"

the kids grew up . . .

Ten years have passed since the "affair of the skating pond rescue" and the girl with the green eyes has grown up into Ella Raines, Hollywood citizen and star. And Kenny? He's now Kenneth Trout, (formerly known as Major Kenneth Trout, U. S. Army Air Corps), holder of the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal, a Presidential Citation, and the very firm conviction that his wife's terrific but that really "it was so hard to be dignified with the men serving under you when they had pin-up art of your wife plastered all over the barracks!"

Because, you see, Ella Raines' one-track mind finally made its destination—she really married the boy!

And to no one's complete surprise. Snoqualmie Falls, Washington (pop. 752; location: 29 miles southeast of Seattle), always figured that some day Kenny Trout, who had a fine purple hatred of clinging vine girls, and pert Ella Raines would "get together." Because it was common knowledge that when Ella's dad got used to the idea of his first-born being a girl, he decided to ease his disappointment by giving her as many of the "manly" virtues as possible. So by the time little Ella was five, she was a swimming champ, and in another five years was joining her father in "roughing" trips to the Cascades where they hunted and fished, skied and climbed mountains, loafed and had long talks by flickering firesides or over sizzling barbecues. To this day Ella prefers the simple life, reading her beloved Shakespeare or George Bernard Shaw, composing sad, wild music on the baby grand piano she bought herself with her first movie paycheck, walking high in the Hollywood Hills where there's no one to talk "shop" at her or babble of studio gossip.

"I used to go in for flurry and bustle," she recalls, "until I was about eight. Then Things Happened." It was right around Christmas and there was that certain feeling in the air, that feeling that transforms all little girls into demons and all adults into avenging deities—with hairbrushes. First there was Miss Daniels' piano recital where Ella, glowing in black patent leather and pink organdie, acknowledged the applause and head noddings of various parents, announced, "And now I will play 'The Happy Farmer,'" spread out her fat little skirts over the piano stool—and promptly gave out with some very fine boogie-woogie! That would have been forgiven eventually, even coming as it did two days after she stuck bubble gum on the seat of the 3rd grade teacher who'd flunked her in arithmetic, but when on Christmas Eve, she interrupted the hymn singing because she spied Santa sneaking in through the vestibule—

JUNE, FRANKIE AND VAN!

Santa Claus is coming to town . . . and he's bringing the Xmas issue to your newsstand on December 11 . . . with your big three—all three—Allyson, Sinatra and Johnson on the cover!

new Film-Finish Powder

"Loveliest-ever shades...finest-ever texture,"
...says exquisite Ella Raines



ELLA RAINES, Universal's lovely star, in "The Strange Affair of Uncle Harry." **WOODBURY WINDSOR ROSE** gives fresh-rose color to her pink-tone medium skin. Fluff it on yours—for vivid glow!

The so ravishing Ella Raines picks Woodbury Film-Finish Powder to carry her smooth, screen glamour into private life, too. That's your cue for a flawless Hollywood "finish."

5-way blending gives loveliest-ever color . . . smoothest-ever texture. New Film-Finish clings longer, hides blemishes best-ever. Never clogs or turns pasty. 8 star shades.

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP \$1. Now, with your big \$1 box of Woodbury Powder, you get your own glamour shade of matching lipstick and rouge—at no extra cost. No change in the box—all Woodbury Powder now on sale is the new "Film-Finish."

Also boxes of Woodbury Powder, 25¢ and 10¢, plus tax.



Woodbury *Film Finish* Powder

with Daddy's pants' legs hanging out over his red flannel suit, well . . .

She was still in high school when she made up her mind; about Kenny, about becoming an actress. Mr. and Mrs. Raines couldn't see it her way. She was too young to know her own mind, the glamor was blinding her, if she went out with other boys— So, ever obliging, Ella bought a car, a '29 coupe with blue lights and a lethal exhaust, boned up on her studies, and attended all the local dances where she invoked the undying hatred of all the girls and the oyster-eyed adoration of all the boys. "I suppose I was the belle of the ball," she reasons, "because in those days fellows were always looking for laughs." But it wouldn't work. Kenny still had the inside track on her heart, theater on her head. And by now she was a woman, wonderfully beautiful in her strong-boned, vital way. Lush-mouthed, hair almost black, almost straight, her cheekbones high and slanty, her nose pert and unbelievable with its tilt, its zany curve. She enrolled at the University of Washington partly because it was near home, mostly because it had such a fine dramatics department. The folks still hadn't understood or condoned when they finally consented one evening to come see her act "in a real show, 'Spring Dance,'" but when they saw her come onstage, with that free-swinging purr of a walk, her head high and her eyes glowing with fulfillment, they gave in—Ella was an actress. Couldn't figure out where she got it from, no Raines ever had been one before, but they'd seen her eyes tonight. She was an actress, all right, no doubt about it. So God bless her.

In her sophomore year Ella won five scholarships and opportunity gave its first timid knock. Would Miss Raines be interested in a screen test at Warner Brothers? They'd pay her fare both ways, if neces-

sary (but with Miss Raines' talent, beauty, wit, etc., surely the return ticket was money thrown out the window? ha-ha-ha . . .) and give her all the time she'd need to get used to Hollywood and movie making before her test came up.

Two weeks later she was at the studio. "Good morning, I just arrived. I'm Ella Raines." (Fanfare, bugles blowing.)

"Oh, good morning, Miss Raines. We've been expecting you. (Ha! and everybody warned me about the brush-off system!) Have you had lunch, Miss Raines?"

"Why, n-yes. Yes, I have. Y'see, I . . ."

"Splendid, splendid. Would you go to makeup then, Miss Raines?"

"But I was told I'd be given time to prepare; why, I just got in on the 10:10!"

"Time? Oh. Oh, yes. Well, tomorrow morning then, Miss Raines. At eight."

durante doldrums . . .

A month later Ella had her test, a you-all, magnolia-blossoms-in-the-moonlight opus with long blonde curls and a powder base that by contrast would've made Camille look like an outfielder.

It was her original fairy godfather, Talent Scout Smith, who approached her with the verdict.

"Before I say anything, uh—definite—may I say on behalf of the studio and uh—myself, that we feel you have uh—pronounced—possibilities."

"Thank you, oh thank you, Mr. Smith. Why, I'm so hap . . ."

"But we also feel that the camera, regardless of the tremendous advances made during the past twenty years, is nevertheless a still imperfect instrument . . ."

"That's interesting, very interesting, Mr. Smith. But about my, uh—possibilities . . ."

"—so we, that is the studio and myself, would like to suggest that—"

Her heart wasn't in it but that night

Ella was telegraphing home:

STUDIO SUGGESTS I'D BE GENIUS WITH NOSE REMODELED. STUDIO SUGGESTS CAMERA IS IMPERFECT THEREFORE DOES PECULIAR THINGS TO MINE. SHALL I UNDERGO PLASTIC SURGERY?

LOVE ELLA

The reply came almost immediately: DON'T BE RIDICULOUS. WAIT UNTIL CAMERA UNDERGOES PLASTIC SURGERY!

LOVE DAD

The folks were waiting to meet her at the station when she returned home, Mom and Dad peering into train windows and vaguely waving; Kenny, off to one side a bit, standing tall and awkward in the evening shadows. She kissed them all, grateful because they were there and home felt good again and Kenny's kiss had been anything but awkward. He took her to a movie that evening, after Mom had shoed them away from the dishes in the sink, and later they went dancing. They were riding home when:

"Didja have fun, Elly out there?" he asked, his voice wobbly.

"Course I had fun, Ken. Dates, night clubs, orchids every night and—Oh, Kenny," she wailed, "I'm such a failure!"

"All right, Elly, cry it out. Sh-sh, everything'll be all right. You'll graduate and then you'll marry me and we'll—"

"But I don't want to marry you and—oh no, Kenny, that isn't what I mean. I mean . . ."

"I know, darling. You mean you like ten-minute eggs and I like three-minute eggs and you're scared we won't get along. But it's still all right, Elly. Marriage is a compromise, y'know and we'll just have to make sacrifices." He sighed, squaring his shoulders decisively. "We'll just have to eat six-and-a-half minute eggs! Okay?"

"Oh you dope, you beautiful, elegant dope—of course, okay!"

Ella's no Pollyanna, but also, she's no dope. So after she took time off to cry her ego back into shape, she went back to school, all the more determined to become an actress. She concentrated, got to know the technique of acting instead of depending on her smile, her walk, her trick of flinging her hair back and smouldering through a role. By now Dad was just as enthused over her career as she and so pleased with her progress—in her Junior year now, she won seven more scholarships and had been elected Navy Queen and one of the U's Cinderella Girls, meaning one of the six most attractive, talented, popular and etcetera girls on the campus—that he decided to stake her to a summer in Hollywood.

narrow escape . . .

She and Virginia Booker, an old friend who'd already achieved some success as a comedienne, took a bungalow at the beach, excitement running through them like quicksilver. A summer was a lifetime, there was no limit to the glories they could perform, today they had Fate in their hands—tomorrow the world! Until Fate decided that the fun had gone far enough. It was Labor Day and the girls were having some of the Little Theater gang up for dinner. Nothing elaborate, a simple throw-together meal. So simple that Virginia, "the cook of the family," shoed Ella off to the beach. "In the first place," she said, "you could use a darker tan. In the second place, you've got three pages of script to memorize before tomorrow night's show. And in the third place, you'd be of as much help in the kitchen as a thirty-nine pound midget. I've got to run downtown for a few hours so I'll prepare all the fixin's and all you'll have to do is pop the ham in the oven. So scat, you gift to the theater, you!"

FREE OFFER!

We just love to know what you think of MODERN SCREEN! And 'cause we do and also just because we love you, we're offering to send 500 FREE Dell mags to 500 of you who will fill out the Questionnaire below and send it to us no later than November 20th! The first 500 letters to come in do not necessarily get the mags, so don't rush! Answer your Questionnaire thoughtfully, send it in after you've read each story. Maybe you'll be one of the lucky 500!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our December issue? Write 1, 2, 3, at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

I'm Thankful For . . .

(Thanksgiving with Sue and Alan Ladd)

Watch Peter Lawford!

Sweet Maggie O'Brien

Junior Mrs. (Shirley Temple wedding)

In The Morgan Manor (Dennis Morgan)

Pfc. McCallister Reporting

"The Harvey Girls"

Joe Lucky (Clark Gable)

June is Bustin' Out All Over (June Allyson wedding)

Dana Andrews' Life Story (concluded)

Gal With A Glint (Ella Raines)

Louella Parsons' Good News

Which of the above did you like LEAST?

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

.

.

.

My name is

My address is City Zone State

I am years old.

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

To this day, nobody knows how it happened. Ella'd come home sand-gritty and dripping with sun tan oil, dying to get under a shower but also anxious to get the ham started. Impatiently, she lighted a match for the oven and ducked her head down to make sure the flame had caught. A split second, and then torrents of pain. And through it all, nothing except the smell of flesh burning and the crackle of burnt hair. And her voice thin and hollow and insistent in the stillness.

quick come-back . . .

The doctors said she'd die. Or be disfigured. Six months later she was back on the campus, eight months later the bandages came off and the campus was sure she'd be all right. Because Ella was calling herself "Curly" and she had no hair or brows or lashes. Because Ella was still determined to be an actress.

She was in her dorm room the night before graduation when the telegram came: **THINK I AM BEING SHIPPED OVERSEAS. CAN YOU FLY? CAN YOU MARRY ME TOMORROW?**

LOVE KEN

She flew. She married him tomorrow. So she wouldn't get her diploma, so what! "You only live once—so love while you can," is Ella's motto. Maybe it was the war—but after being with him for ten years she felt her mind was made up. They had only two days in which to prepare but the wedding was done up brown with 150 formal announcements sent out and orchids and rice and people crying and a three-line notice in the local Palm Beach paper.

But with Ken shipped overseas, Ella was restless, uneasy. Until Dad decided to reveal his plan: He was sending her off

to New York—all expenses paid—with his blessings on a stage career.

So Ella wiped a tear from her eye, pocketed her nest egg, and made for New York—where she promptly entrenched herself at the ultra-swank Plaza Hotel! "Front," she decided, "is what makes the actress—go places. And I'll put up a front if I have to starve doing it!"

But Ella had no sooner decided on one course of action when Fate got pucky and started playing tricks again. Because instead of sticking it out at the Plaza with a box of crackers for the next year, Ella landed a bit part in that hit of hits "Oklahoma!" within three weeks of her arrival East—and immediately took to her bed with a severe attack of ptomaine!

But the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away: A friend of hers who'd learned of her illness at the same time he'd heard that Hollywood agent Charles K. Feldman was in town scouting for new talent, dispatched Mr. Feldman (properly impressed) up to the Plaza. Whereupon Mr. Feldman (still more impressed) met Miss Raines, borrowed two of her photographs and showed them to Charles Boyer and Howard Hawks who were then forming their million dollar B-H producing corporation back in Hollywood. The aforementioned gentlemen took one long look, the kind of look that comes out like a whistle, and sent a telegram. Would she like to sign a contract? She would. (Fanfare, bugles blowing.) So on February second, 1943, Ella arrived in Hollywood, February third she had a screen test. February fourth she started work on "Corvette K-225," the picture Hawks was currently producing at Universal.

A few months later, Universal couldn't take it. They pled, threatened, cajoled, until the B-H corporation saw the light

and sold them Ella's contract outright. All this (she'd already played in M-G-M's "Cry Havoc" and the leads in Paramount's "Hail The Conquering Hero" and "Phantom Lady" with Franchot Tone)—and "Corvette" hadn't even been released yet!

And now with "Tall In The Saddle," "The Suspect" and "Enter Arsene Lupin" playing the neighborhood movies, Ella's just finished "Uncle Harry," the show which Eva Le Gallienne made so memorable on Broadway and which those who've seen the movie version vow marks Ella's final leap to stardom.

But not even stardom can change the girl. Before Ken was out of the Army she lived with him in a tiny bungalow down in Miami, along with the other Army wives, living in suits and slacks, breaking up over Hope's radio shows and anything with Bergen, showing off her Major's decorations till he was red with embarrassment, trying to look penitent when he scolded her for feeding their cocker spaniel, Major Nugget, at the table. Nugget died a few weeks ago, which nearly broke her heart.

Now that Ken is out of the Army, they live in their own, more comfortable home, in Beverly Hills.

Divorce rumors spread through Hollywood after his return, but you can be certain she won't do anything in a hurry. Neither of them will give up without trying everything, but if it does happen, you can't blame Hollywood; it would have happened if they were just Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Trout of Snoqualmie Falls.

No, stardom can't change the girl with the warm, wide smile and loping stride. The girl upon whom the GIs bestowed one of their most unique titles, "The Lady With The Lamps." Otherwise known as the girl with the glint.

MISS AMERICA of 1945

Thanks *Fitch's* for Glamorous, Sparkling Hair

Do as Miss America does! Glorify YOUR hair with fragrant, easy-to-use FITCH'S SAPONIFIED SHAMPOO. It brings out those radiant, natural color highlights of your hair the very first time you use it. Mild vegetable and cocoanut oils are blended into Fitch's Saponified Shampoo, so it will *cleanse your hair thoroughly* without making it feel "dry" or harsh. "Oceans" of rich, billowy lather *loosen and float away* all the dust, dirt and other hair accumulations quickly and efficiently.

CONTAINS PATENTED RINSING AGENT

After the lather has done its work, the patented rinsing agent contained in the shampoo goes into action with the plain rinse water to carry away remaining particles. No special after-rinse is required. Hair and scalp are left immaculately clean, refreshed.

Your hair will be easy to arrange, and when dry, will sparkle with all the glory of its natural color, adding glamour to every hairstyle.

Fitch's Saponified Shampoo is a grand shampoo for regular weekly use by every member of the family. Economical. Available at your favorite drug counter . . . professional applications at barber and beauty shops.

FOR DANDRUFF

ask for and use Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo . . . the only shampoo made whose guarantee to remove dandruff with the *first* application is backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms. No other shampoo can make this statement. At drug counters, barber and beauty shops.



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Bess Myerson, tall, dark-haired twenty-one year old miss from New York City is "Miss America, 1945."



Generous
6 oz. Bottle **50c**
Economy Size
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Fitch's

SAPONIFIED Cocoanut Oil SHAMPOO



◀ She'll look cute as a button in this newest of Harry Berger's darling Tommiecoats. Polka dots trim this cap-sleeved lovely. It's only \$3.50



Perfect type casting . . . a "Sweater Girl" trio of bath oil, cologne and bubble bath for you-know-who! The cover pretends it's a Juke Box. \$1.00



Racking your brain for a charming trifle of a gift? These gaily decorated little jars of jelly will help avert breakfast melancholia! \$1.10



Glitter on her neck and wrist, straight from Christmas tree. Necklace and bracelet, made of gold beads on velvet cording. Set by Coro, \$7.00

MEMO FROM SANTA



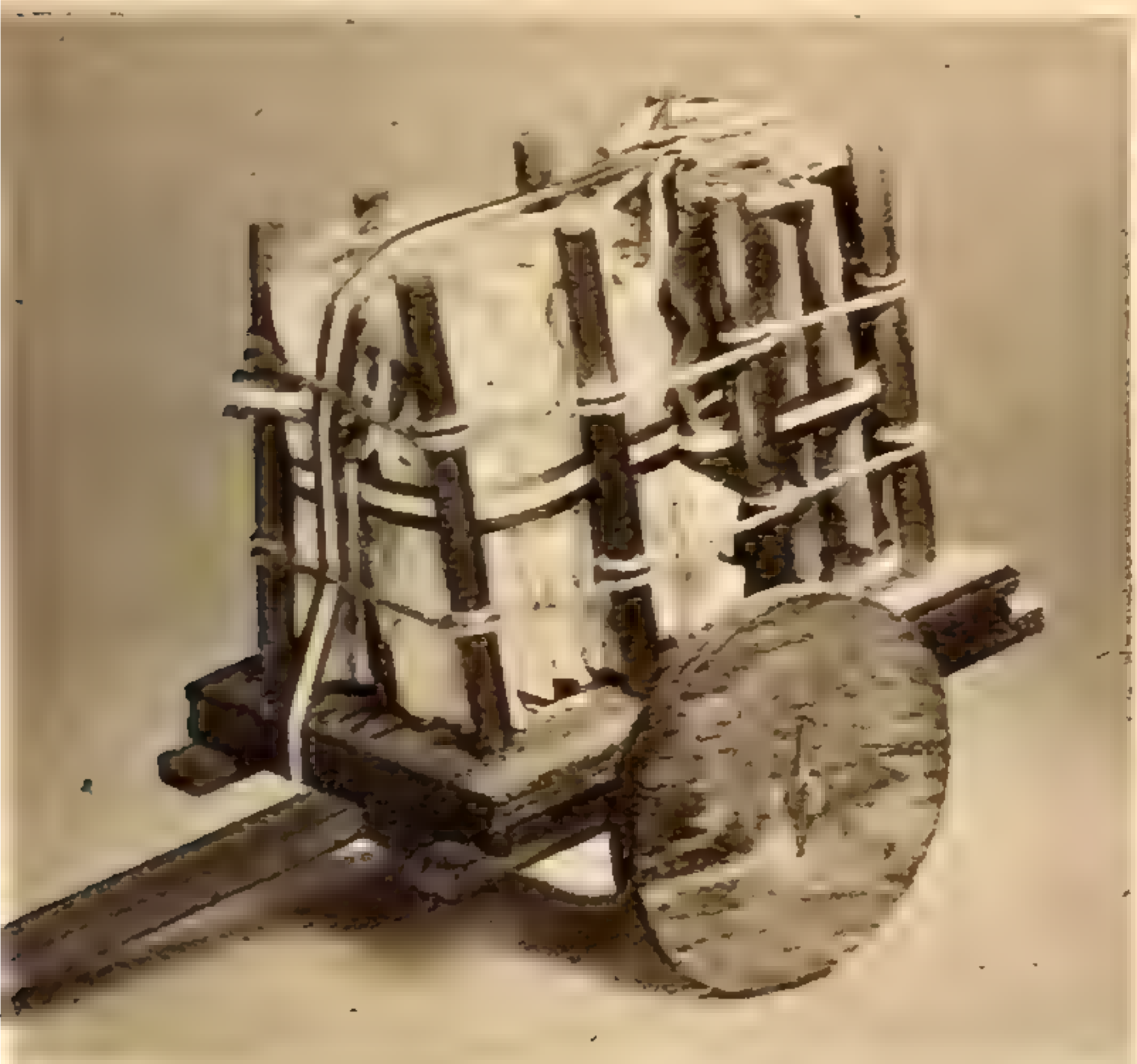
"Holly-Berry Cologne" by Prince Matchabelli is the very essence of Christmas! Looks it, too, in a green and white, be-ribboned box: \$2.00



Very distinguished, the Christmas tree which bears your gift of traditional fruit cake (about \$2.00) or fruit fingers in rum sauce at about \$1 per jar!



Orloff's Attar of Petals beautifiers in hand-painted, porcelain-white jars which can later double as decorator's pieces. \$4.25 the set.



Delicious stick candy in an intriguing sugar-cane cart will charm either child or adult! This same candy comes in other novel packages. Cart, \$1.59



Here's the beautiful, the truly precious gift, for your favorite girl. Give these magnificent Marvella pearls, a single strand for \$18.00



Peggy Sage's Polo Bag is doubly gifted. First, it holds bright polish for her fingertips, then it slips over her wrist, a gay accessory. \$1.50



This intriguing little basket holds 2 bottles herb-flavored vinegar, 1 drum herbs, 1 shaker herb-flavored salt and 3 tubes of herbs. \$3.00



Any host or hostess would adore these for her relish tray: gherkins, 73c; Jerusalem artichokes, 73c; fruit chutney, 70c; watermelon rind, 51c



High school and college gals are mad for this shaggy mitten. Its palm is leather, the back, lamb fur in lush shades. Buy it for only \$5.00



Magnolia

*As smooth and beautiful
as the petals of a flower*

Give new beauty to your fingernails with Dura-Gloss
the nail polish of perfection. Dura-Gloss is
like liquid jewelry. Its beauty and brilliance
come from Chrystallyne, a special ingredient
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dries polish faster. Try it.
10¢ plus tax.

The DURA-GLOSS



Touch!

16 Exciting Shades



For your youngest friends, this sturdy horse,
covered with washable, vegetable-dyed cotton.
Buy him, coy look and all, for only \$2.00



Advance planning goes into this luscious leather
set, consisting of a round cosmetic case, wallet
and cigarette case. The set, with initials, \$7.50



Giving tea as delicately fragrant as these fine
blends is a flattering gesture. There's a half
dozen varieties at about 59¢ per 2½ ounces



Most versatile item in a young girl's wardrobe
is a twin sweater set, sweaters in contrasting
colors. The pullover, \$4.00, the cardigan, \$7



No more color problems! The four different and delightful reds in Rubinstein's "Lipstick Wardrobe" give a girl beauty variety. \$2.50 the set.



Whoa, Donner! Stop, Blitzen! Full stop while we deliver this cookie jar and its crunchy contents! Cookie jar, \$2. and up; cookies, 3 lbs. for \$1.00



Now here's a compact for a girl to whip proudly out of her purse! A jaunty floral design tops this smooth plastic "Compact by Adna." \$2.00



Season's greetings to a gourmet: Edam cheese in sauterne, Roquefort-type cheese in brandy and ever-popular cheddar in port. About 49c each.

*it seems Everybody
wants
Leigh perfume
for Christmas*

*RISQUE Smoldering Amber Musk *DULCINEA Lovely Jasmin Bouquet
*POETIC DREAM Tropic-Floral Fantasy *HEARTBEAT Vibrant Floral Blend

THESE FINE AMERICAN PERFUMES • THREE-FIFTY THE OUNCE, plus tax

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*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

MEMO FROM SANTA



What a luxurious perfume! "Tigress" by Faberge in a tiger-topped bottle. Elegant on your furs, light enough to wear all day. \$3.50 to \$15



A very appetizing way to say, "Merry Christmas"! Highly flavored sea-food and meat pastes for hors d'oeuvres. Price range: 26c-45c each.



Yardley's plump jar of bath salts holds such quantities of fragrant crystals that milady will cherish them long after Christmas. \$3.50



Newest scarf idea by Kimball, French wax printing, giving the texture of precious oil paints. Luscious colors and lots of gift for only \$5.00



Santa visited Hollywood and helped Max Factor whip up this enchanting gift package. Let it brighten your "best gal's" Christmas. \$4.55



Small handbags are news, and here's a honey by Parisian. It's softest pigskin, in high shades and black, faille and satin lined. About \$10.00



"Follow Me" says the lilting, delightful scent of this eau de toilette, so Varva who makes it, wisely called it "Follow Me!" Giant bottle, \$4.50



For that sleek as a bandbox look, Chen Yu has a gay leatherette bandbox filled with everything for lovely nails and hands. Also a lipstick. \$10



"A tisket, a tasket, a Christmas basket!" Coty contributes this gay L'Origan whimsy to make Noel-tide gifting the merrier. Price: \$2.50



"A breath of Old Sweden!" That's what this is. Complete with dancing maidens, Linnea presents powder, cologne, and perfume, boxed at \$5.00



Design for giving: Red and white domestic wine for cooking (about \$1 per bottle) and a copy of "The Wine Cook Book" by the Browns. \$2.50



Christmas is just the time for "Friendship's Garden" to bloom. So Shulton presents toilet water and bath talc in that scent. \$2.00



Wonderful "mistletoe bait" is contained in this Djer-Kiss gift package. Beautiful, isn't it? Check this on your Christmas list at \$5.75



The Mighty Midget Wallet has swept the country and it's easy to see why. It's got everything, plus a four-leaf clover on key chain. Only \$2.25



There's no doubt about it . . . Richard Hudnut has an elegant way of doing things. As witness, this sumptuous "Du Barry" gift set, \$4.25



Some costume jewels look priceless, they're so simple, so right. Jordan's calla lily pin and earring set, the pin \$8.00, the earrings \$2.00



This one's important! Greet the absent darling with something to eat and smoke: Stuffed dried fruit, fruit cake, peanuts, candy, cigarettes



To brighten any girl's Noel morn—this Daggett & Ramsdell enchanting five-piece "Mountain Heather" set of beauty fixings. \$5.50 the set.

PFC McCallister Reporting

(Continued from page 47)

group was to go on tour: to Edmonton, Grande Prairie, Dawson Creek, Watson Lake, Whitehorse, Big Delta, Tanacross, Northway, Juneau, Fairbanks, Galena, Anchorage, Nome. Fabulous names—names from your geography, names from your American and Canadian history.

Lon and the men assigned to the same duty climbed into a C-54 in Edmonton. It was a crisp late summer morning sharp with wind. After the big ship hauled itself onto the highway of the sky, it found the road in need of repair.

Luckily, no matter what happens in an aircraft of any size, ranging from a Piper Cub to a B-29, Lon feels fine. But one fast glance around assured him that his air pattern partners weren't all so lucky. He scurried around; he passed out airsick pills and burp cups.

He got the guys interested in "The Game"—Charades. Somebody did "Off We Go, Into The Wild Blue Yonder," which was fairly easy to penetrate. Someone did "The World, The Flesh, and Father Smith," which caused some trouble. Lon drew Cornelia Otis Skinner's "Dithers And Jitters." Considering the fact that the plane was leaping from air current to air current in the manner of a St. Vitused goat prowling the Alps, this wasn't too tough an assignment to act out.

They landed at Watson Lake, and checked the NCO Club which revealed a frightening deficit: No food. A resourceful group of men, whose identities shall remain unrevealed, rolled their eyes in the direction of the Officer's Club. Said somebody, "Well, why not? If we don't get caught."

Any resemblance of this feat to theft,

either grand or petty, is purely incidental. The food was "liberated." Or "borrowed." And very fine food, too.

The next stop was Fort Nelson in British Columbia. As Lon hopped out of the plane and strolled across the field, he was greeted by a shout of sheer delight. "For the love of Mike—McCallister!"

The two men shook hands violently, and pounded one another's shoulders. Lon's overjoyed friend was Peter Jamieson, the actor who had played the Clarence Day rôle in the Chicago company of "Life With Father."

Lon and Pete went into their brother act; they sang, they did—from memory—scenes from the plays of Clifford Odets and Eugene O'Neill. They coached a group of men based at Nelson, and put on an hour's informal radio program—it was solid stuff and a lot of fun.

But finally, Lon had to leave. "Sure hate to see you go," Pete said.

"Sure hate to go," said Lon, but it was purely a social comment. He looked around. He thought, "God, what an assignment! Sweating this one out really takes guts."

The plane carried them farther north, to Tanacross. There, they staged—for lack of facilities to do anything else—an impromptu pool match. Lon was teamed with one of the fellows stationed at the base. "Gee, you're playing in rotten luck," Lon grinned. "This is only the third or fourth time I've ever had a billiard cue in my mitts. I'll probably flub my shots and ruin your chances of being half of a championship team."

Well, Lon still doesn't know how it hap-

pened, but he and his partner finished a series of matches as the champs. Lon wrote this 8-ball news to a friend, who promptly wrote back, "Until I see it with my own eyes, the rumor of your pool championship simply means to me that you've finally perfected your Australian crawl."

It was at Whitehorse that Lon saw his first Alaskan Theater WAC. He was listening to the music provided by a service band playing for a dance, when a trim, petite creature approached Lon briskly to say, "Please dance with me."

Lon hesitated. He thought, "Look, my pretty pet; I didn't think they allowed half-pints like you to join the WAC." But all he said was, "Er—I don't dance very well. That is, I don't dance at all."

"You'll be okay," insisted the WAC. "You probably know music, and anyone who knows music can dance."

They got along fine. For the first time in his life, Lon really enjoyed dancing.

The following morning Lon met a friend, a pilot, who was scheduled to make a routine flight to Juneau. As Lon was off duty, he agreed to make the trip with his friend; he was allowed to handle the controls during part of the flight. It was a wonderful morning, glistening with sun and the crystalline clarity of upper air. Below, passing on a limitless belt—lay meadows, the azure trickle of rivers, and mountains forever covered with snow.

Said Lon's pilot friend abruptly, "It does a man far more good to fly over country like Alaska, than it does to go to church."

Lon acquiesced with a brief nod and summed this up in a thought: It may sound strange, but if one wants to come



A Gift of Beauty to Thrill
You're sure of success as Santa when you give

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\$1.00 COSMETIC GIFT BOX

Contains lovely, monogrammed plastic compact over four inches diameter . . . and smart lipstick in an alluring shade that stays on and on and on . . .

A treasured gift to capture her fancy. . . . How impressive is the gay, colorful gift box! And what excitement there is as she opens and finds inside a graceful Stadium Girl plastic compact, personal with her own initials or first name on the cover in gold — and a large-size Stadium Girl Lipstick in one of the season's most fascinating shades! . . . Stadium Girl — long worn on many lovely lips — now a smoother-than-ever texture. Attractive, fast-acting, plastic push-up container. . . . Be remembered for your thoughtful gift at Christmas. Give a Stadium Girl Gift Box. Order enough boxes to take care of your gift list, by coupon below. Only one dollar each (tax and postage included) — your choice of popular lipstick shade and compact color. (No C.O.D.'s, please).

ix becoming lipstick shades:

- Cherry Red - (medium light)
- Sunset Pink - (medium)
- Orchid
- Tropic - (medium dark)
- Ruby - (dark)
- Burgundy - (very dark)

Leading five-and-ten cent stores carry Stadium Girl Lipsticks . . . Stadium Girl Cake Makeup . . . Stadium Girl Rouge . . . and Stadium Girl Compacts.

REMINDER: The Stadium Girl Gift Box is appreciated also for birthdays and other gift occasions — and any day, it's a thrilling gift for yourself!

CAMPUS SALES CO., Dept. 1125, 411 E. Mason St., Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin
I am enclosing \$1.00 for each box (in Canada \$1.10), which includes tax and postage in full. I have indicated the compact color and lipstick shade at the right. The letters that I want stamped in gold are clearly printed in the boxes below.

☐ First Initial ☐ Second Initial ☐ Third Initial or First name (PRINT)
 Attach list of first names or initials and color selections for additional boxes.
 Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____

My choice of color for my compact is:
☐ Red ☐ Sunset Pink
☐ Pink ☐ Orchid
☐ Blue ☐ Tropic (med.)
☐ Aqua ☐ Ruby (dark)
☐ Burgundy (very dark)

close to whatever it is that each man is looking for, he should fly between Whitehorse and Juneau on a clear, bright day.

It was in Fairbanks that Lon met his first Russians, who were also based there. They were all in the PX when word was flashed that Russia had declared war on Japan. It was a wonderful moment, and Lon watched the faces of the men as they took in the announcement; from simple perception, their expressions brightened to approval, then pleasure.

Lon wanted to say something. He rushed over, jubilated, "I'm glad you are with us, Tovarich." He realized, a second after he had spoken the Russian word for "Comrade," that he had mispronounced it.

However, one of the Russians who had learned a certain amount of English answered promptly, "We are also glad Tovarich!" He was careful to pronounce the word exactly as Lon had.

"Could you teach me a little Russian?" Lon asked one soldier who was reasonably glib in English. Certainly, the Ivan Ivanovitch said, Russian was very simple.

Lon learned, with hesitations, reminders, and the leaping of mental hazards, to say "Good Morning," "Good Evening," "I am very much interested in Russia," "How are you?" and "I live in Hollywood."

As a token of gratitude, Lon taught them to play The Game. They caught on with speed, and loved to enact the titles.

A friend of Lon's, who is permanently stationed in Fairbanks, wrote recently, "The Russians are still playing The Game, and some of them are still kiddingly pronouncing 'Tovarich' in the American way. Golly, wouldn't it be nice if we could bring Our Brave New World ten years sooner simply by getting together and making friends informally like that?"

It was in Nome that Lon rushed down to the beach to put his foot into the Bering Sea—just to say that he had. He also noticed a group of mongoloid natives, their hair like black glass, their eyes dark and oblique. "What goes on?" he asked.

"Those are King Islanders, natives; they come into the village here every summer to sell their ivory catch. You can pick up some good souvenirs if you have something to barter," answered another G.I.

Lon repaired to his duffel bag and dragged out a Milky Way. From a friend he borrowed a pack of cigarettes. Then he went to town. He came back with a walrus tooth. The boys gave him a bad time over that deal. "Why not a seal-skin coat for the bitter winter months ahead, bub?" they inquired solicitously.

It was in Anchorage that Lon caught up on his movies; he saw "G. I. Joe" and listened to the men's comments. They thought it was superb. They liked Bob Mitchum, too. Thought he had a great future.

They saw "Pride of the Marines," a story that was greeted by silence as the boys slowly left the theater. "What did you think of it?" Lon asked one G.I.

He answered, after chewing his lip thoughtfully for a moment, "Well, Mac, it really has something to say, but I think it tried to say too much. No picture should grind an axe. It should tell the truth and let a man draw his own conclusions."

"Anchors Aweigh" the next night was a solid hit; Gene Kelly promptly became aces, and Sinatra was assayed "okay." The following night, they saw "The Southerner." Most of the boys, including the latter-day Johnny Rebs, agreed that the picture was powerful and that it was absurd to ban it, even in that one Dixie state.

Lon wrote to a friend, "Every person who works in movies should get out of Hollywood at least once a year and talk to people who aren't in the business; find out what the rest of the world is thinking and

(Continued on page 74)

Remarkable new ink prevents most pen troubles!

CONTAINS PEN-PROTECTING SOLV-X

ENDS GUMMING AND CLOGGING

No gumming or clogging with Quink! Here's an ink that gives quick starting, even flow. *Solv-x*, a new protective ingredient, dissolves deposits left by high-acid inks. It actually cleans your pen as it writes. Yet Quink with *solv-x* costs no more than ordinary inks!



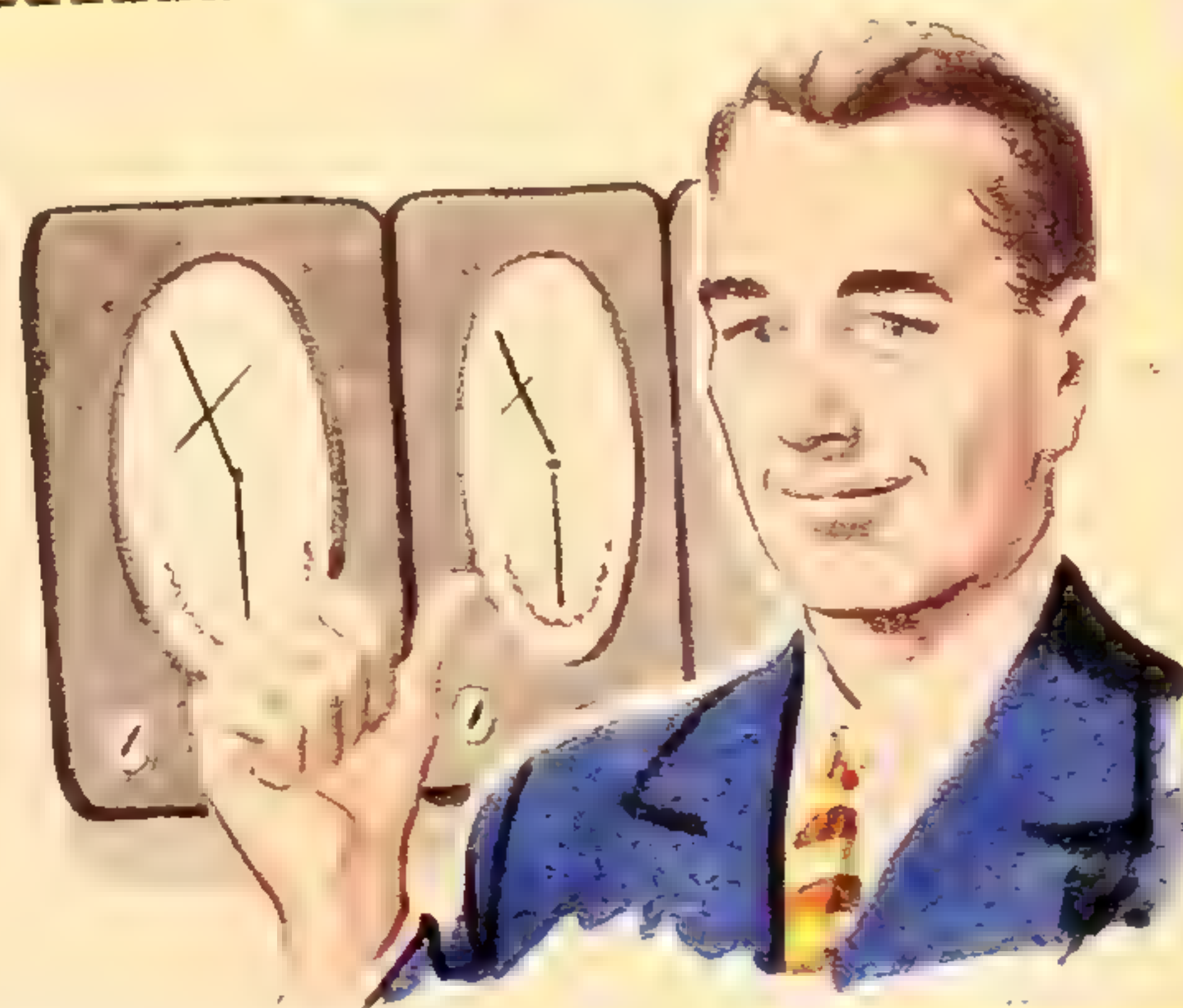
KEEPS PENS OUT OF THE REPAIR SHOP!

Ordinary high-acid inks cause 65% of all pen troubles. They rot the rubber and corrode the metal parts of fountainpens. But Parker scientists now have the answer—a new pen-protecting ink, Quink with *solv-x*! Use brilliant, free-flowing Quink to keep your pen in writing shape!



PROTECTS VITAL PLANT RECORDS

A great industrial plant has found only Quink with *solv-x* can be safely used in its 30 expensive graph-recording machines. In many other big concerns—hotels, hospitals and offices with exacting ink requirements—Quink is first choice. For Quink is the only ink containing *solv-x*!



SOLV-X IN PARKER QUINK STOPS MOST PEN TROUBLES BEFORE THEY START



Every drop of Quink contains *solv-x*... protects pens 4 ways:

1. Ends all gumming and clogging. Gives quick starting, even flow.
2. Cleans your pen as it writes—keeps it out of the repair shop.
3. Dissolves and flushes away the sediment left by ordinary inks.
4. Prevents metal corrosion and rubber rot always caused by high-acid inks.



Copr. 1945 by The Parker Pen Company

Flush and refill your pen with Parker Quink today... the one ink containing pen-protecting *solv-x*! 4 permanent, 5 washable colors. Regular size 25¢. School size 15¢. Also in pints and quarts. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin and Toronto, Canada.



KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS... HOLD THOSE YOU BUY!

PARKER Quink

THE ONLY INK CONTAINING SOLV-X!

LOUELLA PARSONS! GOOD

Temple bells draw 15,000;

Betty Hutton whispers "I do;"

Lauren Bacall's got a new 'look;'

Jeanne Crain dates a Captain;

Joan Leslie's turned blonde.

Whoever said, "Nobody ever sees the groom at a wedding" didn't mean tall, so good looking Sgt. John Agar, Jr. at the Shirley Temple nuptials.

I don't know when Hollywood has met a boy who went so straight to everyone's heart. Elsewhere in the magazine this month you will read all the details of the wedding. But I'm just sentimental enough to want to have my say, too.

This is a fairy tale romance come to life. It has actually happened that a "Little Princess" met and loved a real life Prince Charming. So I am full of orange blossoms! I don't care.

I hate to use the word sweet about a man—but John Agar has that quality in its rarest form. He is twenty-four years old and the son of a very wealthy Chicago family. But he was no playboy before he went into the service for his Uncle Sam. He is as unspoiled and as charming a boy as Shirley is a girl.

I think Hollywood confused him a bit. John "ain't" on to our ways. (Continued on page 76)



Esther Williams dines at Mocambo with Sgt. Ben Gage. Did spinach give her strength for haymaker that cracked Bill Powell's teeth and left him groggy when she socked him for scene in "The Hoodlum Saint?"

"My Heart Belongs To Daddy," sings M. Martin to C. Grant at "Night And Day" rehearsal. Fans won't see Cary when he drives new car; it's fenced in with stare-proof glass!



NEWS



ing and Queen of England saw "To Have And Have Not." Now Mrs. Bort has two new fans. Before marriage, Lauren wore only tailored duds, now surges on clothes so feminine, they've changed her whole appearance.



Bob Hutton, divorced from Natalie Thompson, celebrated Victory Ball with Cleatus Caldwell. Superstitious, Bob cherishes penny he found in H'wood, says Friday's his lucky day.



"Whatta racket!" quips Anne Baxter as she autographs for Bill Self. Anne ferried to Statue of Liberty when in N.Y., thrilled to see its lights go on again.

Gift of Sofskin



*for lovely hands
and skin*



*In star-studded cotton
or crisp rayon taffeta.
\$1.00 Size (Plus Tax)*

*In gay Christmas box.
60¢ Size (Plus Tax)*



Sofskin Creme is a
thoughtful, charming Christmas
gift. Because every woman desires
lovely hands, every woman on your
Christmas list will appreciate your
present of Sofskin for hand beauty.

Gift-wrapped

SOFSKIN CREME

PFC McCALLISTER REPORTING

(Continued from page 71)

feeling and working toward. My army experience has done more for me than I can, at present, compute."

On August 14, at 2:04 P.M. (Alaskan time is two hours ahead of Pacific War Time), Lon was humming "If I Loved You." He was humming with difficulty because he was standing before a small shaving mirror, his face white with lather, with only a towel around his middle.

He had just set down his shaving brush and taken up his razor, when somebody outside began to yell. Grinning, Lon went into the second chorus. Someone else began to yell. Then a third man. Then somebody fired a rifle into the air. Lon went to the door where a jubilant character made a pass at Lon's towel, yelling, "The Japs have tossed in the towel. The war's over. Yippee!"

Lon stood quite still. He thought of his family in Hollywood, of his friends in service, and breathed deep with gratitude. Then he remembered some of his generation for whom the news had come too late.

Swiftly, he washed his face, put away his unused shaving kit, dressed and went to the tiny post chapel. He was entirely alone; no one else had arrived yet, although the chapel eventually became crowded. From a nearby building there came a loud, insistent banging, there was distant hullabaloo, nearby steps.

And then, incredibly, Judy Garland's recorded voice drifted into the church from some jubilant radio. She was singing "The Birthday of a King."

Lon left Anchorage the Sunday after V-J Day, and flew direct to Edmonton where he is permanently based. On his plane were twelve Negro boys who were being returned to The States after a two-year tour of duty on Attu.

All of them recognized Lon, and made friends. One boy in particular talked to Lon during the entire flight; he had some chocolate—which Lon hadn't seen in months—so they divided that. Lon had some gum—so they divided that. Then Lon dragged out pictures of his family, and Mac, and Jeanne. The Negro proudly displayed pictures of his wife and son, so the trip, though rough, was pleasant.

The first thing Lon did when he checked in, was to ask about mail. There was a fat letter from Jeanne Crain. Lon was a very happy guy.

YOU'RE ONLY YOUNG ONCE

Havin' fun, folks? Didja have a good time at that last prom? When you whirled around in your best date dress, did you think of the girls and boys—like you—who have to stay indoors 'cause they haven't any warm clothes to brave the winter winds? JUNIOR RED CROSS wants you to join up and help salvage old clothes for your brothers and sisters in war-stricken countries. High school home economics classes will patch up your cast-off duds and send 'em where they'll do the most good. Join JUNIOR RED CROSS by applying to your local Red Cross Chapter and find out where to bring your old clothes, and what to do with 'em afterwards. Juniors also collect books for distribution to wounded servicemen, fill food boxes, learn first aid, home nursing, nutrition, and help in a hundred ways where too-busy adults can't fill the bill.

FOR A THRILLING DATE WITH BEAUTY

Give Yourself
a Lovely

ENCHANTRESS

COLD WAVE PERMANENT

THE TIME: Only 2 to 3 Hours
THE PLACE: In Your Own Home
at YOUR Convenience
THE GIRL . . . With the Pretty Curl
Is YOU . . . at your loveliest

Enchanting is as ENCHANTRESS does . . . so if you want your hair to be at its enchanting best—give yourself a lovely ENCHANTRESS Cold Wave at home . . . at your convenience. It's so amazingly simple and easy . . . so quick—only 2 to 3 hours . . . and ever so flatteringly natural! Why, all you do is put your hair up in ENCHANTRESS curlers, dab each curl with ENCHANTRESS Quick-Cold-Wave solution, then simply go about tidying up your home or doing other household chores—and in no time at all, the enchantment of lovely, natural looking curls and waves is yours to enjoy for months to come! And when your friends exclaim, "How exquisitely lovely! Is that a \$20 permanent?" you can say with real pride, "I did it myself!"

★

Pure, mild ingredients enable Enchantress to provide waves and curls suited to safeguard the youthful softness of your little girl's hair.



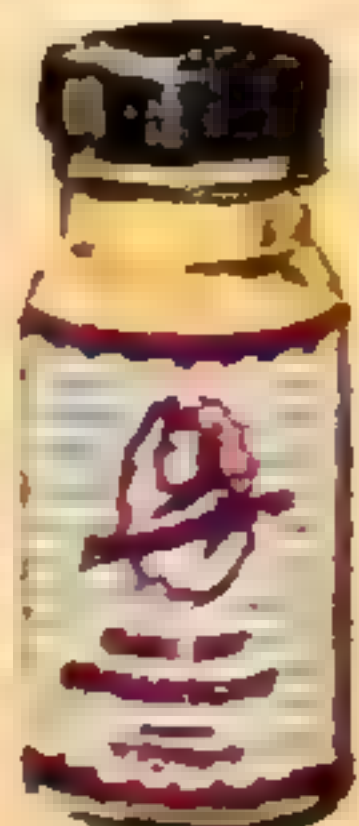
Enchantress Home Wave Kit Includes Everything You Need from Start to Finish

all for \$1.98
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"You Must Be Thrilled With Results"
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- ★ 60 Enchantress DeLuxe Curlers
- ★ Enchantress Wave Set Concentrate
- ★ Enchantress Creme Shampoo
- ★ End Tissues
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Your ENCHANTRESS Home Wave Kit is in a class by itself! It's a truly professional-type home-kit . . . the only one which includes every cleansing and beautifying aid important to perfection in hair grooming . . . from shampoo to wave set in addition to Cold Wave Permanent ingredients identical to those used by better beauty shops and cosmeticians for expensive Cold Waves.



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608 So. Dearborn St.—Chicago 5, Ill.
Please rush my Enchantress Cold Wave Permanent Home Kit.
If I am not delighted and thrilled with results my money will be
refunded. I understand price already includes tax which you pay.

CHECK ONE

- ☐ I am enclosing \$1.98 for payment in full. Send My Enchantress Kit Postpaid
- ☐ Send My Enchantress Kit C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.98 plus postage

Name _____

Please Print Clearly.

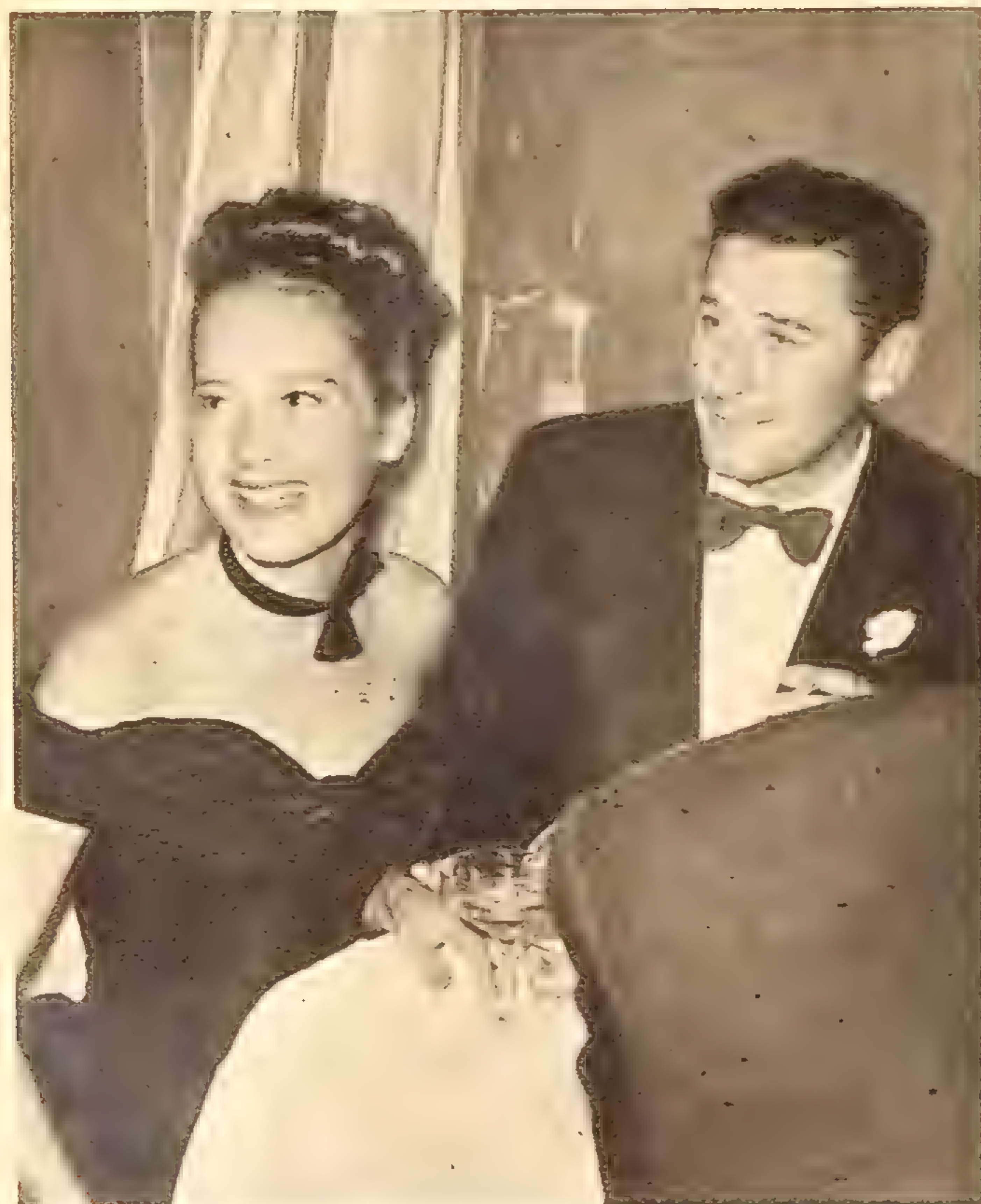
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MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

White organdy over taffeta, orange blossoms and lace veil, and a groom like Pat Nerney... no wonder Mona Freeman's breathless. And Paramount's lifted her option for another year!



Errol Flynn (with wife Nora) gave such a convincing performance in "Objective, Burma" that he received a letter from West Pointer congratulating him. Writer was son of General Patton!

LOUELLA PARSONS! GOOD NEWS



Too bad that GIs can't see the swooner, the crooner, and the Colbert broadcasting to them overseas. On European tour, Frankie kidded himself: He moved his lips as if singing, but the mike picked up Crosby recording!

For instance, it was just a few days before the wedding and someone remarked to him, "Young man—do you realize that you are marrying an American INSTITUTION?"

JOHN LOOKED AT SHIRLEY WITH ADORING EYES AND SAID, "YES, I KNOW. AND BELIEVE ME, I'LL NEVER DO ANYTHING TO REFLECT DISCREDIT ON IT—I MEAN," HE GASPED, THOROUGHLY FLUSTERED, "ON HER!"

Shirley's sense of humor continued to bubble over even during the long two-hour wait at the church, previous to the ceremony, during which time the bridal party rehearsed and rehearsed while the mob of onlookers milled and shouted outside.

Howard Greer, who designed her beautiful wedding gown, said, "My God—there must be at least 5,000 fans out there!"

"Hnnnnnn," replied the bride with that pout-and-dimpling-smile, "there were 10,000 at Jeanette MacDonald's wedding. Guess my box office is falling off!" (Continued on page 115)

How come so many Ivory Babies
end up Pin-up Gals?

... ASK JEAN ROMAINÉ,
FAMOUS MODEL,
SHE WAS THIS IVORY
BABY IN 1927



Look at Jean Romaine Today!

You've seen her radiant face on many a magazine cover.

Jean sings and dances, too. But what makes her "tops" as a model is her lovely fresh, clear complexion. (She calls it that Ivory Look!)

"Mother got me off to a good start," she says. "I was bathed with Ivory Soap as a baby, and I use it for my beauty soap today."

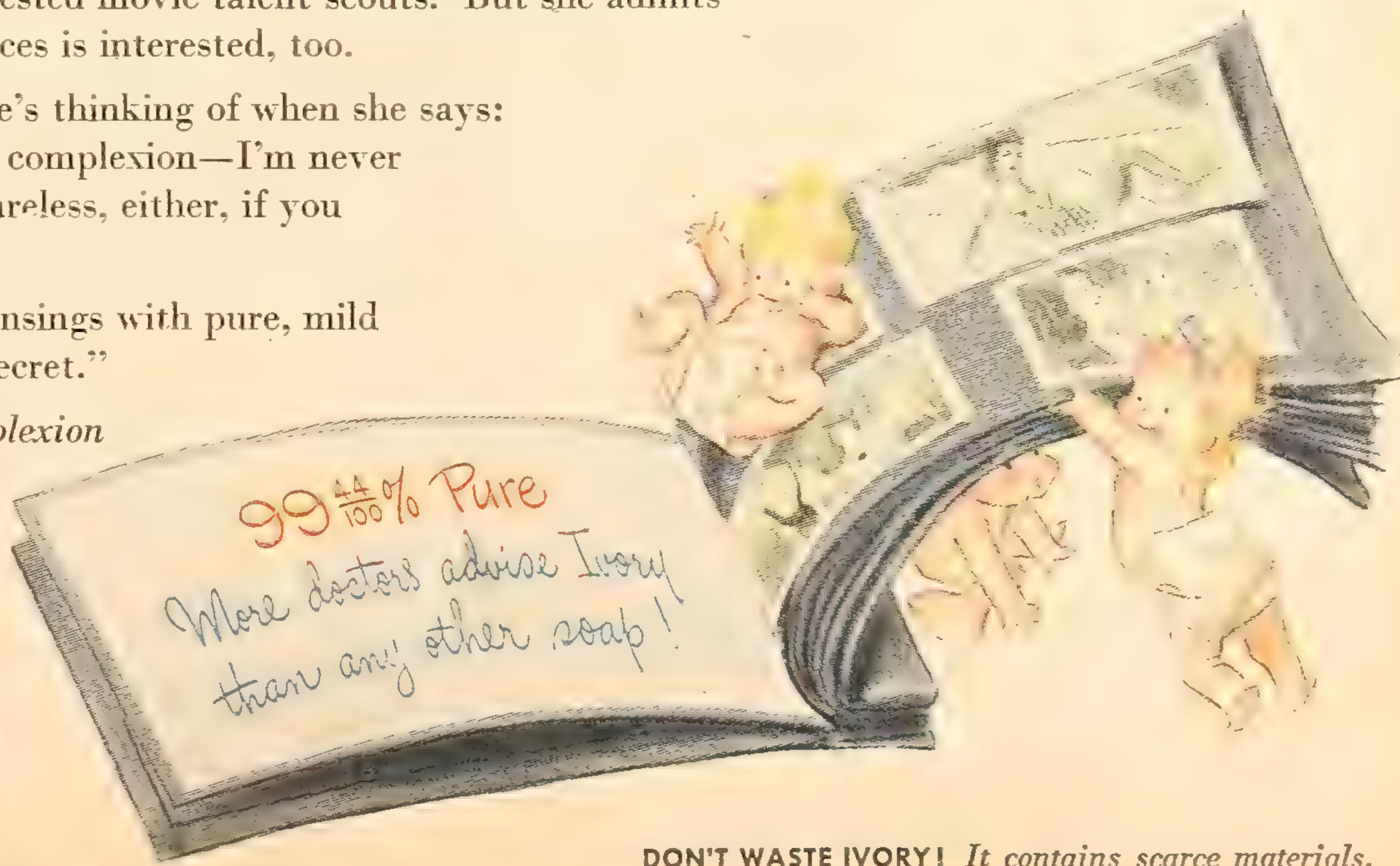
A Hollywood Career . . . or Marriage?

Jean's beauty has already interested movie talent scouts. But she admits a certain flyer in the Army Air Forces is interested, too.

So it's anyone's guess which she's thinking of when she says: "I have lots of reasons to baby my complexion—I'm never careless about *that*. Don't *you* be careless, either, if you want to be somebody's pin-up girl!

"Change to regular, gentle cleansings with pure, mild Ivory Soap . . . that's my beauty secret."

Try it . . . then watch your complexion become softer, smoother, lovelier.
It's that Ivory Look!



DON'T WASTE IVORY! It contains scarce materials.

New Color Cake

Tints Hair Luxuriously



As it Shampoos.

LEAVES YOUR HAIR ITS SOFTEST, MOST LUSTROUS, EASIEST TO MANAGE

Dull, drab-colored hair will never help you kindle that special gleam of interest in his eyes. That's why smart girls everywhere are changing to this remarkable discovery, Tintz Color Shampoo Cake, that washes out dirt, loosened dandruff, grease, as it safely gives hair a smooth, colorful tint that glows with life and lustre as it shampoos!

Gleaming Hair Without an Extra Rinse!

Don't put up with faded, dull, off-color hair a minute longer, for Tintz Color Shampoo works gradually—each refreshing shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lovelier, softer and easier to manage. No dyed look . . . always bright, smoothly natural-looking!

Shampooing Spreads Tint Evenly!

Each tiny, separate strand of hair seems to leap to radiant life with just an added hint of natural-looking color! Will not hurt permanents . . . and never leaves the dull soap film on your hair to steal its natural lustre and beauty. Today, now . . . get richer lathering Tintz that gives fresh, glowing color to your hair so easily, safely! Seven lovely shades. Only 50c or 2 for \$1.00 plus tax.

Tintz
Color Shampoo

You Now Can Get Tintz at Most Drug and Cosmetic Counters—or Mail Convenient Coupon Today!



SPARKLING, GLAMOROUS HAIR
Achieved with a Whisper of HENN
... helps you make the most of those dramatic moments when a first impression means temptation! TINTZ' new shade Henna for all shades of hair.



New Creme Shampoo Instantly Makes OLD Hair Look YOUNG Again

Youthful, natural appearing hair can now be yours in New 22 minute home trial. Tintz Creme Shampoo Hair Coloring instantly re-colors gray, graying, burnt, off-color hair to any of six beautiful shades—leaves hair lustrous, soft, easy to manage. No dyed look. Caution: Use only as directed on label. Satisfaction guaranteed. \$1.00 plus tax at drug or department stores or use convenient coupon.

TINTZ COMPANY, Dept. 3-G, 205 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.
Also Dept. 3-G, 22 College St., Toronto, Canada

- ☐ Send TINTZ COLOR Shampoo Cake in shade checked below:
☐ 1 cake 60c (incl. tax) ☐ 2 cakes \$1.20 (incl. tax)
☐ Send TINTZ Creme Shampoo Hair Coloring for \$1.20 (incl. tax) in shade checked below.

On arrival, I will deposit amount ordered plus postage with postman, on guarantee if I'm not entirely satisfied I may return empty carton in 7 days and you will refund my money.

(If money with order TINTZ pays postage)

Name.....
 (Print Plainly)
 Address.....
 City.....Zone.....State.....

Check shade.
☐ Blonde
☐ Auburn
☐ Henna
☐ Light Brown
☐ Medium Brown
☐ Dark Brown
☐ Black

7 day trial

CREME SHAMPOO
HAIR COLORING

JUNE IS BUSTIN' OUT ALL OVER

(Continued from page 52)

ready. A poster's tacked to the mantel—big red letters splashed against white—**AIN'T IT WONDERFUL!**" Bill Grady of M-G-M sent it over. As a slogan for the married state, June and Dick find it adequate. They think a new word ought to be invented. . . .

They act like newlyweds the world over. She's happiest with her fist tucked beside his paw. When she gets up, his eyes follow her 'round the room. Leaving each other, they keep their fingers crossed till they're back together again. She's openly adoring. Being a man, he tries to cover up, and you'd have to be all of three years old to see through him. He calls her "Doll" and "Stinky," "Blurp-ice" and "Flat-top." But their favorite names for each other are Husband and Wife. Every two minutes, her bliss spills over. "Come here, Husband. Just because I'm your dearest wife, I'm going to let you kiss me—"

You belong to my heart . . .

Under the surface run deeper currents. Neither June nor Dick entered lightly into this marriage. Both looked its problems square in the eye. Indeed, when they first started going together, it was Dick who urged June to date other men, too. And when a friend offered to bet they'd be married by September 1st, Dick took him up on it and lost.

"See how he loves me!" crowed June. Instead of waiting a few days, he throws the money right out the window—"

The second time they met was at "Meet the People." Having no scenes together, they saw little of each other. But Dick was professionally interested to note that the veins no longer stuck out when the little girl sang.

June and Nancy Walker and some of the other kids were sent to New York for personal appearances at the Capitol. One day they were lunching at Toots' when Dick came in and sat down at their table. June's heart went out to him because of his recent separation from Joan Blondell. If Joan had walked in, June's heart would have gone out to her. He's a warm heart, sensitive to the hurts of an, woman or four-footed beast.

The kids asked him to drop in at the Capitol and watch their act, about which they were far from happy. When it was over, Dick came sauntering back.

"Just watched your sterling performance," he announced gravely. Nancy was eyeing Dick. "Pretty awful, huh?"

"Well, I don't want to depress you—" "Go ahead," said June. "We're depressed so low, there's no room to depress us into—"

So he un-depressed them—said it wasn't their fault, that the straight man loused them up. Which may not have been true, but it made them feel much better.

You won't get the true story of how it began from Dick.

"She flirted with me," he'll assure you. "Only the shoe was on the other foot. We sat there playing bridge with Bess, and flirting with me—"

Back in Hollywood, June fell ill with pneumonia. One day the phone rang. Mess Van Dyke, June's housekeeper, came to report. "That was Dick Powell. He said to be a good girl and get better soon and he'd take you out to dinner—"

How come Dick had called? "How come anything? You sit down at the phone, you think who's the cutest girl in town, and who could it be but June Allyson? So

you go up and bring her a red rose—"

He brought her a box of roses. She was sitting up and a lot of the kids were there, so he played bridge with Bess and you can take your pick about who flirted with whom. Like a good girl, she got better and he took her out to dinner, then he took her out to dinner again. Then he took her down to his beloved boat, the "Santana."

"It was a great help when I found she liked boats—"

"Till the day I hit one—"

The only trouble with June on a boat was an overactive sense of confidence. She kept wanting to take the wheel. When Richard said, "You do thus and so," she'd get very dignified—

"Please. I can run this thing—"

So he'd turned the wheel over to her while he dropped the sails, trying to keep one eye on each. June caught sight of Humphrey Bogart and Lauren on the "Sluggo," and headed toward them. Next thing Dick heard was a wild "Hey! What do I do now?"

A little blue boat had slipped between them and the "Sluggo." "Hit it," said Dick. There was nothing else to say.

Obediently, she hit it.

June likes to top that story by telling how Richard fell overboard with all his clothes on when he tied the boat up.

"And both times he didn't get mad. My husband's a man who never loses his temper—"

Losing your temper, says Dick, is wasted energy. June flares up once in a while—for about three seconds. It starts with a warning tap of the foot, and Dick has a surefire way of stopping her. He eyes the foot with exaggerated interest. "Got plenty of shoe stamps, Doll?"

no thought of marriage . . .

At first it was just that they liked being together, laughed at the same jokes, enjoyed the same people, always had plenty to talk about, felt comfortable with each other. But they weren't thinking of marriage. To June, with her hands full of career, marriage was something misty in the middle distance. As for

I SAW IT HAPPEN



One Saturday afternoon, I was standing in front of the New York Paramount. The place was jammed, as usual. Finally, I saw my girl friend, and started to hurry towards her. Then I tripped, and would have fallen flat on my face if a pair of strong arms hadn't caught me. I looked up into the face of a handsome Marine. He asked me if I were all right, and I replied, "Fine, thanks." Then he asked me if he could get me anything or do something for me. I said no, thanks, and he walked away smiling.

I noticed my friend staring after him dreamily, and it wasn't until he was two blocks away, that I realized who it was. My rescuer had been none other than Tyrone Power!

Elaine Oleck
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dick, he wasn't even legally free. And though this is guesswork, what he probably needed most at the time was a quiet interval for readjustment.

Most of the time they'd just go out to dinner. June was jumping from picture to picture, and when you're up at 5:30, you've got to be in bed at 9. She'd drive Dick frantic with her passion for Chinese food. He tolerates it, but prefers Italian. So they compromised. For every two meals at "The Tropics," one at "Chianti."

He'd take her to all her previews, and got a terrific bang out of watching the kids adore her. One minute she'd be trotting beside him, next minute she'd be an island entirely surrounded by fans. There was one little fat girl who always dropped cigarettes into her pocket.

"Where does a child of fourteen get cigarettes?" he'd demanded severely.

"Swipes 'em from her family, doubtless—"

"Aha! A receiver of stolen goods. Just hand 'em over to me and I'll take the rap—"

"My hero—" sighed June.

Time went by, and what had started as comradeship struck deeper roots. Dick says he proposed several times. "Finally I took her by surprise—"

"That's a big fat lie. I just liked to hear his proposal, so I made him say it a couple of times—"

"And her answer was, 'Well, if you insist—'"

"If you want the truth, I was terrified that he'd never ask me again. I couldn't wait till Bess got home to be a witness—"

Except for a few intimates, no one was told. With Dick's decree not final, they felt that a public engagement would have been pretty tasteless. They couldn't help being seen together. They hadn't planned to fall in love, but since it had happened, neither were they going to skulk around in corners. When the press clamored for a statement, they kept their mouths shut. The most they'd say was that they had nothing to say.

One person June told was Bunny Green, Johnny's wife. The girls had known each other in New York, and had grown to be close friends on the M-G-M lot. In fact, Bunny acted as June's model for "Music for Millions." June was supposed to be pregnant, and Bunny was. She studied Bunny's every movement, made her walk up and down, sit, stand, and think of the baby, "so I can see the kind of expression you get on your face."

Now Bunny said: "Would you like to be married at our house? Johnny and I were married at a friend's house, Junie, and it's so much friendlier than going to a Justice of the Peace—"

change of pace . . .

June thought that would be wonderful, but so many things were happening that it slipped to the back of her mind for a while. There was her own work keeping her pretty busy—and the pride and excitement of Richard's winning a single-handed fight against type casting and zooming through now to acting honors in "Murder, My Sweet." That picture made lots of people happy. Richard was undeniably pleased. But June went whirling round the house like a dervish, yelling her head off.

Then she made the acquaintance of Richard's family. Joan's always been generous about the children. Dick would take them out to dinner and down on the boat for a long sail. Before meet-

ing them, June was a little nervous. . . .
"D'you think they'll like me?"

"I've never yet found anyone who doesn't—"

They liked her, all right. The conclusive evidence came in a drugstore one evening when Norman bought a book and presented it to her. Little Ellen's financial resources don't match her brother's, but she wasn't going to be outdone. Disappearing for a moment, she returned with a flat package. "I bought you a book, too." It turned out to be "The Adventures of Superman."

And of course she met Pops. Richard's father was old and ill, and his memory wasn't all it had once been. He'd greet June with unfailing courtesy, and unfailingly he'd inquire of Dick next day: "Son, who was that little girl you had in here yesterday?"

"That's the girl I'm going to marry, Pops—"

"Oh yes. She's a nice girl. Very nice—"

Afterwards, Dick wondered whether Pops hadn't been playing a little joke on him. His dad died while he and June were on their honeymoon. Going through his wallet, Dick found it stuffed with pictures of himself and the nice girl, clipped out of magazines.

One morning they'd gone down to Newport Beach, expecting to spend the day on the boat. But a tooth of June's started jumping, and they had to dash back to town and the dentist. While she was in the chair he disappeared, and she soon found out why, because when Richard has something to give you, he can't wait. Under an old dead tree outside the office, he fished the ring out of his pocket and said, "stick out your hand—"

It was a stunning star sapphire, sort of caught between the swirled ends of the band. From a mouth numb with novocaine, came her low moan. "Oh, honey, it's gorgeous, I'm mad about it but take it off quick. You've got it on the wrong finger—"

Dick's had a lot of experience buying, improving and selling houses. June's had none. She's always lived in apartments. "As long as it's a house and you like it," she told him, "and you'll build me a cabinet for my pig collection, that's all I care about—"

The one they finally bought is an English country house in Brentwood Park. It needs lots of remodeling, but that's half the fun. First thing they'd grab from the Sunday paper was the American Home Section.

"Doll, I just found a thing where they

have a little flagstone wall in the living room—"

"Honey, I saw it. I was just going to call you—"

June was still quivering with excitement over the house when she got her wedding present. She got it way ahead of time because, as we've said, Dick can't keep a secret. . . .

This night Bess had fixed dinner at the apartment. "There's a man coming in tonight," said Dick.

"What for?"

"Oh—kind of a surprise—" And he wouldn't say another word.

Till ping! went the bell and in came the man, toting a huge box.

"What is it?" June quavered.

Dick was grinning all over his face. "Open it and see—"

Well, it was a mink coat and June went out of her mind. Dick said: "I know I should have waited. Summer's no time to give you a fur coat. But I thought you might like to wear it twenty minutes before you put it in storage—"

The coat's still out. She refuses to store it or even part with it long enough to have the shoulders fitted. For a whole month she kept it on a hanger over the fireplace, and spent all her leisure time adoring it. Friends were invited to look but not allowed to touch. Last September "Her Highness And The Bellboy" was previewed in the midst of a record breaking hot spell. Mrs. Richard Powell attended in a mink coat.

wedding plans . . .

There was the night they were talking wedding plans. Neither wanted a big wedding. They both hate show. "Why don't you get married right here in the apartment?" asked Bess.

Something clicked in June's memory. She ran to the phone and called Bunny. "Remember what you said?" Bunny knew right away what she meant. "Do you still want to do it?"

"We certainly do. Just tell us what you don't want and leave the rest to us."

"All we don't want is a fuss or for the press to find out—"

. . . And the day Mr. Mayer asked who was giving her away.

"I don't know," said June. "I've never even been to a wedding. I guess someone'll have to give me away, or I won't be married—" And Mr. Mayer said he would, which she thought was so terribly kind.

. . . And the time Richard walked in with his hair crew cut for "Cornered." June took one look and started strangling.

Dick ran for water. "I know what I'll do," gasped his hysterical bride-to-be. "Put an old potato sack over your head for the wedding."

. . . And then the moving. Morgan Maree, Dick's friend and business manager, had found them an apartment to live in till the house was ready. Meantime Dick sold his own house, moved June and Bess into the new apartment so Bess could have a decent bedroom instead of sleeping on a couch, and himself took possession of June's little place.

The wedding was on Sunday. On Friday, Dick was at Newport Beach, doing the final water shots for "Cornered." In the uniform of a Royal Canadian flyer, a wool packet tied round his neck, he had to swim a hundred yards through surf against a heavy undertow and flop on the beach exhausted. When he finally flopped, he wasn't kidding. Moreover, he'd caught himself one heck of a cold. Since June was working, he stayed at the beach Saturday, trying to get rid of it.

That evening he called her. "I'm hungry—"

"Bess says I'm not supposed to see you till the wedding—"

"But I've got to eat—"

"The poor darling's got to eat. Bess says that's different. Oh honey, c'mon over—"

So the wedding day dawned. It was also the day set by President Truman for prayer and thanksgiving over the war's end. Dick's broadcast was cancelled. Luckily. Among other things, he prayed he'd be well enough to go to his own wedding. Between aspirins, he went over to see the children and his father, who wasn't well enough to attend the wedding. He also called June and June called him, but not more than a dozen times—

"Hello, baby, how are you?"

"I'm fine. Are you nervous?"

"Mm—a little maybe—"

"Not me. I'm not nervous a bit—"

She wasn't nervous, only she couldn't sit still. Bess and Jane and Arleen had their hands full, trying to keep her in bed for the morning, at least. Finally Arleen stuck a mystery book under her nose. "Now don't you budge till you find out whodunit—"

For one thing, they wanted her out of the way while they packed her bags. Jane had heard her tell Dick, "I'll die if I don't have rice at my wedding," so they were pouring it in among the white silks of her trousseau. Everything was white and everything was tailored, except for one beautiful chiffon gown with robe to match. June had never owned anything like it, and Jane had to talk her into ordering it.

"But that's for a princess—"

"Every girl's a princess when she's getting married."

The wedding was scheduled for seven. Around one, June thought the girls ought to start dressing, but they squashed that. She herself was going to dress at the Green's. Around five she was helping Jane, the maid of honor, into her gold suit and pinning to her shoulder the orchids Dick had sent. Bess couldn't find her pearls, so June fastened her own string round Bess's neck, where they stayed till after the honeymoon because Bess didn't know how to work the clasp.

They left the house at six, June at the wheel in a little blue seersucker dress. No, she wasn't too nervous to drive. And all the way to the Greens she kept yipping: "Out of my way, folks. This is my wedding day—"

Those angels, Johnny and Bunny Green, had worked like mad. They had no help, only the baby's nurse and she was busy with the baby. Bunny'd cleaned house and Johnny'd made trays full of delicious little sandwiches. Now Bunny was in a dither, because the flowers hadn't

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of MODERN SCREEN, published monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1945.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of the MODERN SCREEN and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Editor, Albert Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Managing Editor, none. Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her

(Signed) HELEN MEYER, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1945.

(SEAL) JEANNETTE SMITH. (My Commission expires March 30, 1946.)



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AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

come and the photographers had. Somehow the news had leaked out and they'd arrived in force. She'd herded them all into the patio, promising they could take pictures when the cake was cut. She still had herself and little Babbie to dress.

twinkleface . . .

"Get along, Twinkleface—" (that's her own perfect nickname for June). "The flowers'll be here any minute, and I won't have you see them before they're fixed—"

Upstairs, June paced. "I know Richard'll be late. He's *always* late. He says, 'I'll come at seven,' and doesn't get there till eight, and says, 'Sweetheart, I just don't know how it happened—'"

Jane opened the door a crack, and Dick's big voice rumbled up from below. June's face was transformed. "Crazy thing, what's he doing here? He's not supposed to come for half an hour. Oh, Janie, run down and see how he looks—"

"He looks fine," Jane reported back.

"What's he doing?"

"Leaning on the piano for support—"

June was all ready. Gray shoes, and nylons. She'd kept the nylons in the frigidaire since Christmas and had to wash them to get them warm. Her gray suit had been made by Adrian. Richard was wearing gray, too. She'd asked him to, because that's what he'd been wearing the first time she saw him. Gold bag and gloves lay on the dresser for later. No hat. She's never worn a hat in her life and can't make herself wear one. Ethel Neefus from the studio had come over to do her hair.

Something old—the St. Christopher Bunny'd worn at her wedding. Something borrowed—the bracelet she'd given Jane. Something blue—the bow on her undies. In her hand, a white prayerbook from Bess with Richard's gold and green orchids between the pages. And a dime in her shoe for luck. . . .

Downstairs, everyone was ready, too. Dick and his best man, Morgan Maree, and Mrs. Maree. Mr. Mayer, Johnny, Bunny in a beige suit with orchids from Dick, Babbie in a little white pinafore. Edward Dmytryk, the director, and his wife. Bess and Arleen and Ethel had come down—and Myrtle, another friend from the studio—leaving June with her maid of honor.

But Judge Edward Brand was late, and the bride was going to pieces. Every two minutes she'd run to the window. "Maybe something's happened. Why doesn't he phone—?"

"Take it easy, Junie. You know he had a couple of other weddings first. You can't figure those things to the minute—"

"Tell me again what I do when I get down there—"

"You take Mr. Mayer's arm—"

"Oh Janie, don't talk to me, I can't stand it—"

A car rolled up the drive. "He's here, he's here," squealed Jane, and turned to see June's face going chalk white.

help wanted . . .

You've known for a long time that you're going to be married. You've been counting not only the days, but the hours and minutes. Then suddenly it's here, and panic takes over. Your head spins and your knees turn to jelly and your heart cries wildly, "What'm I doing?!"

The door stood open. Up came the soft, slow notes of the wedding march, played by Johnny Green. Jane turned to throw June an encouraging look and, at sight of the other's face, her own heart sank. Would she ever be able to make it? "Just follow me," she said softly.

But June couldn't get any farther than the landing. Below her the curving stairway yawned like a dragon's maw. Down

there Mr. Mayer waited. "Please come up," she whispered desperately through the bars. "I can't get down alone—"

As they turned from the hall into the living room, her throat tightened. The fireplace was an altar, all white gladioli, lighted by tall white candles in twin candelabra on either side of the mantel. So beautiful, the tears stung her lids. —Oh, don't let me cry—!

And then there was only Richard smiling at her, and herself moving toward him—"like a little frightened antelope," he said later, "eyes four times bigger than her face and grabbing my hand before the judge ever told her to—"

It was Judge Brand who brought her out of the coma. He made a mistake. Up to that point she hadn't heard a word. But then he asked, "Do you take this man to be your lawful wedded wife?"

"Huh?" said June, and then she laughed out loud. So did everyone else, the judge included. From an automaton, Junie was restored to cheerful life. "Yes, indeed I do," she chirped to the corrected question. And when the judge said, "Repeat after me," and she wasn't sure which of the two he meant, she inquired with perfect savoir faire, "Who, me?"

Richard's eyes crinkled in a grin. You could tell he thought he'd copped the prize of the world. He slipped the narrow band on her finger—the band inscribed with her name and his and the date and "I love you."

wedding cake and candlelight . . .

The dining room was candlelit, too. In the center of the table rose this beautiful four-tiered cake—a surprise from the Greens—with a little bride and groom on top, a picture of Dick's boat iced on one tier and, just above it, "Sailor Takes A Wife." Before they'd recovered from that, little Babbie stepped up.

"I'd like to serenade you," she piped gravely. Standing there in her white pinafore, never once taking her eyes from them, she sang "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning" and "Many A New Day," while June clutched Dick's hand and didn't even try to keep the tears from coming. . . .

The rest is a kind of kaleidoscope—laughter and toasts and pictures being taken and rice being thrown and Jane running upstairs for a bagful she'd forgotten, and June standing obligingly in the hall to have it emptied over her head.

And the wedding supper at LaRue's, with June cutting the cake—"my first wifely duty—" And going home with Richard and laughing over the cowbell some kind friend had tied to the door—

The apartment has two doors, with an entry between. The advantage of that was that Richard had two thresholds to lift her over.

He'd suggested the Great Lakes for a honeymoon.

"You know where I'd like to go? On the boat—"

He started to beam, but suspicion hit him. "Not just to please me—?"

"Oh no, darling. We'll only have a week, and what could be better than the boat? No phones to bother us, we can anchor in the middle of the bay, and maybe there'll be a great big yellow moon—"

There was a great big yellow moon. Richard served June breakfast in bed, and did all the cooking except for one night when they invited the cruising Bogarts over. Lauren brought a cake for dessert, and June showed what she could do with ham steaks and French fries. And Dick let his beard grow, which he enjoys very much. So does June, even though it sticks her. . . .

But they didn't have a week. Word came that Pops, who'd been ill so long,



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Hinds for Hands

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was dying. They arrived just in time. Pops knew Dick and smiled at him. But half an hour later he was gone.

They hope their house will be ready by the end of October. Dick's promised June a special place to dig in, about 6 x 6. So she can say, "Husband, will you please come and spade up my 6 x 6?" There'll be lots of dogs and especially a cocker spaniel, in memory of June's beloved Winsocki who went out looking for her one day and was never seen again. Bess'll run things and kind of teach June how to run them. She's never been too domestic, but with her own house, it'll be a different story. There's room to build on a nursery when the time comes. Gloria De Haven, with a baby due in December, thinks June should have one right away, so she can wear all of Gloria's clothes. But June thinks she'll wait a while.

Meantime she discovers new talents in Richard daily. "He can even fix the vacuum cleaner—"

"My wife does a good job, too. Says 'Husband, what're you going to do now?' while I haul another box to the garage—"

"Well, I follow you. I walk just as much as you do. I say, 'You're doing fine, honey.' I admire you—"

"As an admirer, you're sensational. Can you sew on a button, too?"

She can and does. It's her first button. Richard examines it. "A mighty fine job, my pretty little buzzard—"

"Dear, what sweet names you call me!"

Though she's small and looks fragile, June's always been self-reliant. She's had to be. For most of her life, she's looked after herself. One of the loveliest things about marriage is being looked after. Like a kitten on the hearth, she basks in her husband's tenderness.

Richard won't let her drive alone at night. When she had dates with girl friends, he'd always call for her. She drives a closed-top car now, because Richard thinks it's safer. He's trying to fatten her up, and she's down to three cups of coffee a day. He makes her drink milk, which she loathes. She used to wear lots of black. That was a hangover from the days when she had no money, and discovered you could buy a little black number for ten dollars, that looked much nicer than a light one at the same price. Now she wears peasant clothes because Richard likes color.

Richard once said: "I never remember birthdays and anniversaries, and you mustn't get mad at me—"

"Oh, honey," she mourned, "you must try to remember. It's so sweet and nice—"

He's never forgotten one.

We've quit making prophecies about Hollywood marriages, but we'll say this much. No two people were ever more deeply in love. June's mature beyond her age. She spent five years in an iron brace. A difficult childhood taught her the meaning of pain and loneliness. Dick's had his share of tough breaks. So far as it lies within their power, each is passionately resolved that the other shall never be hurt again.

pretty baby . . .

June has one quirk. She thinks she's not pretty. That's no come-on but a real conviction, and it doesn't bother her at all.

At least it never used to. Now she sometimes gets a little wistful about it. "I'd like to be pretty for you, Richard."

That's one of the few things he won't kid about. He takes her face between his hands. "You're awful pretty to me, Wife. And inside, you're beautiful—"

Every night June prays that nothing will happen to Richard. "Or to me, because that would make him sad. Please, God, give us a long long life together—"

We say amen.

WATCH PETER LAWFORD!

(Continued from page 36)

Peter Lawford? I knew the name, of course, and I remembered a handsome English youth who'd pleased me in "White Cliffs of Dover," "Mrs. Parkington" and "The Picture of Dorian Gray." But he wasn't on my star list. Just another young actor, and Hollywood was jumping with those these days. Come to think of it, I hadn't ever met him. I stood rooted as the stars swept past. The rival stands were going at it, back and forth.

"VAN JOHNSON!"

"PETER LAWFORD!"

It was like a Yale-Harvard football game. And I didn't get it.

I spied an old friend of mine from the M-G-M publicity department. He was perspiring. I increased the heat. "Hey," I demanded, pointing to the boiling bleachers—the Lawford side had an outraged, insistent tone by now. "What is this? Where does Peter Lawford come in?"

"He doesn't," he moaned, "it's all a mistake. You see, we published the list of M-G-M stars who'd be here tonight—and included Peter Lawford."

"Was that all?"

That was all, he explained. Only Peter didn't know anything about it. He was down at Laguna, surf-boarding. They couldn't get in touch with him. Now the fans were sore.

"But he isn't even in the picture," I kept insisting stubbornly. "Just a name along with other names in the paper! Did that do *this*?"

He shrugged and tottered away. And as I whipped out the little red notebook I use to tickle my memory, I thought of the old cigarette slogan, "Such popularity must be deserved." On the spot, I scribbled in very large print, "WATCH PETER LAWFORD!"

So that's exactly what I've been doing ever since, and by now I'm prepared to stick my neck out of my dime-store diamond dog collar and pass on the tip. Watch Peter Lawford. He's going to be more than a "Swoon"—and soon. He's going to be a very big star.

long ago, far away . . .

It was only a couple of days after that puzzling premiere that I made up for lost time. I walked in the door at a Hollywood party. That is, I tried to. The door was blocked with our best local glamor girls fluttering like butterflies. "What's the attraction," I asked, "Errol Flynn?"

"Oh, no," one giggled, "Peter Lawford."

"Let me know when my turn comes," I said. Pretty soon someone brought him over.

I told him about the battle of the bleachers. "What I want to know," I demanded, "is how we missed connections up till now."

"But, Miss Hopper," he smiled—and what a smile—"I've known you for years. We met when I was making my first Hollywood picture, 'Lord Jeff.'"

I couldn't believe it. Here was this tall, smooth, fascinating Englishman and into my memory—like a lap-dissolve—flashed the picture of the British boy, about thirteen I think he was, that I saw way back when Freddie Bartholomew was young and still cute, and Mickey Rooney the same. And that had been the trouble: There was room in Hollywood for only one boy star from England, and Freddie was it, had been ever since "David Copperfield." Good gosh, I had even plugged this boy—because he'd struck me even then as a dreamboat—but they'd just laughed at me at Metro and said, "That's like having two Shirley Temples"—and

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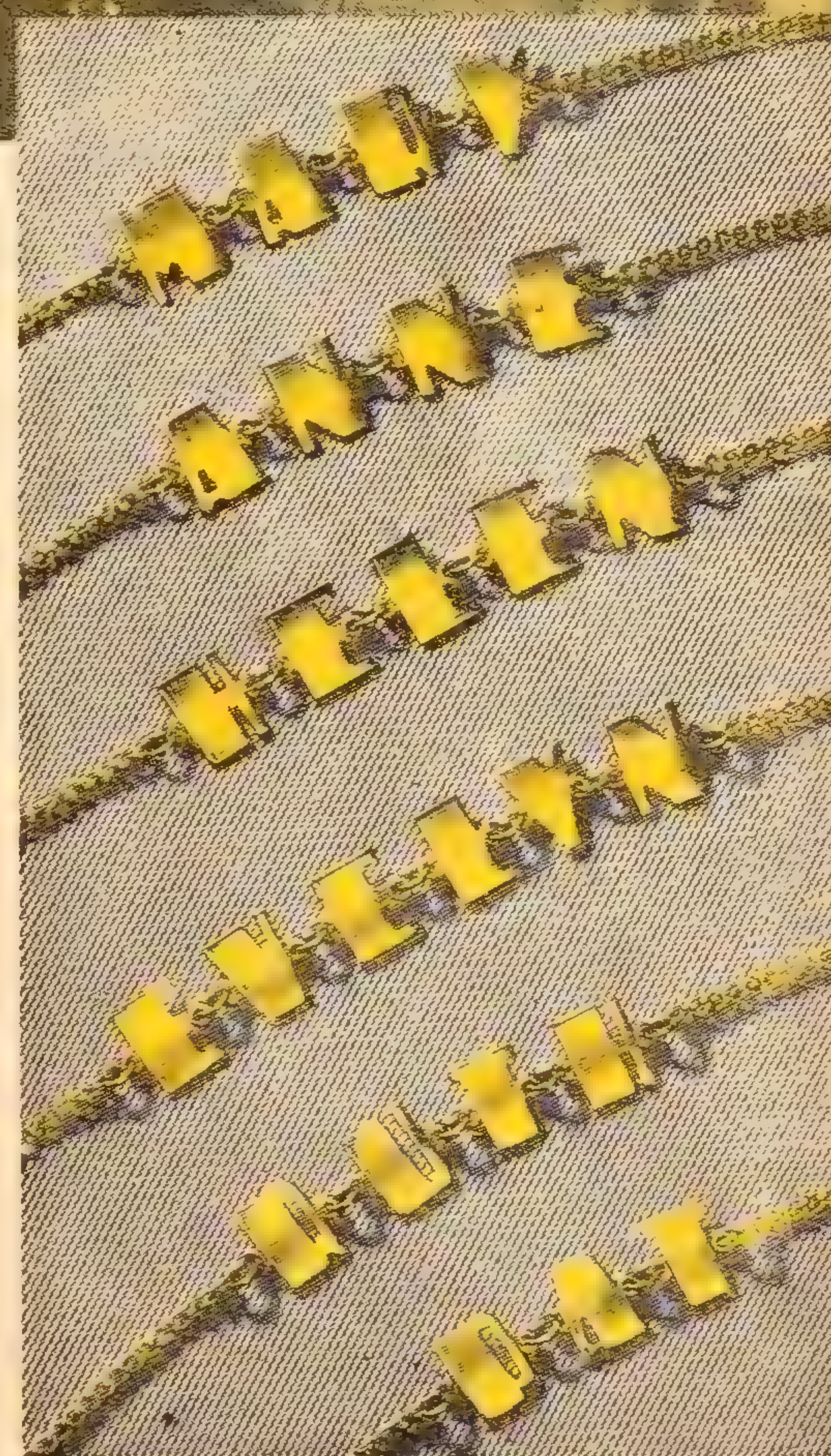
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I knew they were right. Besides, right after that, Master Peter Lawford's voice broke up into those weird adolescent sharps and flats that killed any possible career deader than a duck.

Pete's handsome. That won't make him a star—but it won't hurt, either. The only man it ever really hurt (and he whipped it in the end) was Bob Taylor. But Pete isn't as pretty-handsome as that. You could never call him "Pretty Pete" and make it stick like they did that phrase which haunted Taylor—"Beautiful Bob."

His face is long—like Jimmy Stewart's. The thing that smacks you first is the merry look that wrinkles his long lashed eyes when he spreads that ivory flash across his tan with a smile. The next thing you notice are the heavy, beetle-brow eyebrows that give Pete an intense, questioning, impatient look—the look of ambition you've got to have to pay the price Hollywood demands in work and courage for success. But topside is the payoff on Pete: There his chestnut hair sweeps out over his intense face in a rebellious, mocking, untamed whirl that seems to say, "Hey, wait a minute! You're no man of the world, yet. This is the flag of youth."

yankee date-bait . . .

That's the way Pete stacks up in the looks department to me. A contradiction of poised manliness and prankish youth. Busting with promise, reflecting background and breeding and that whatever-it-is English gentlemen have that is catnip to the kittens in the good old U.S.A.

Luckily, Peter Lawford couldn't be better prepared for his break if he'd been born with a signpost to Hollywood tattooed on his chest. In fact, no English actor ever stepped into Hollywood stardom with the background Pete has. He's the real deal. If you know anything about Pete, you know he's the only son of Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford, who live with him in Hollywood today. Sir Sidney was General Lawford and he won his title from the king by distinguishing himself on the battlefields of the first World War. Pete grew up in an atmosphere of wealth and top British society. He absorbed all its graces and manners like a dry sponge, and when his typically Empire-minded parents hauled him along on their travels all over the world (Pete made the complete globe circuit twice in his kiddie days) they hauled private tutors along, too. Pete never went to a school, public or private, in his life. But he was a cosmopolite from the minute he could crawl. He speaks French with the right accent and a mile a minute. He's expert at all games, tennis, swimming, and the social sports. All that hands Pete a natural grace and bearing, manners, presence, and a poise that he couldn't lose by now if he took lessons.

One night, not long ago, I walked into a studio preview at the Village Theater in Westwood, out from Hollywood, and spied a sample of this. Oddly enough, the Village is the very movie house where Pete ushered in his impecunious days when the war stopped all his family's money from flowing across the sea and left them flatter than flounders. But this night he was on the other side of the fence, definitely. In fact, as he came in to catch the M-G-M show, they had the ropes up and the cops out. Two policemen were walking up the aisle, one on each side of Pete, when I arrived. Then I saw this spunky little girl sneak under the ropes and fly at Pete, clutching her autograph book.

The police intercepted her first try and shoved her back in the crowd. But out she came again, undaunted, and this time when he stopped her, she kicked one cop in the shin. I had to laugh. Since the old Christie comedy days, police of-

ficers, perversely, have been funny to me, especially when the tables are turned. And this fearless moppet wasn't going to be denied. The other cop grabbed her and—she butted him in the stomach!

By that time the crowd was having a wonderful time cheering her on and the Mistery John Law were pretty sore. The third time the little girl came out, arms flying, one bluecoat unsnapped his handcuffs and said, "Come on, Sister, you're going with us!" He meant it, too. That's when Pete stepped in and handled the situation perfectly. "May I talk to her, Officer?" he asked politely. They had to grumble consent.

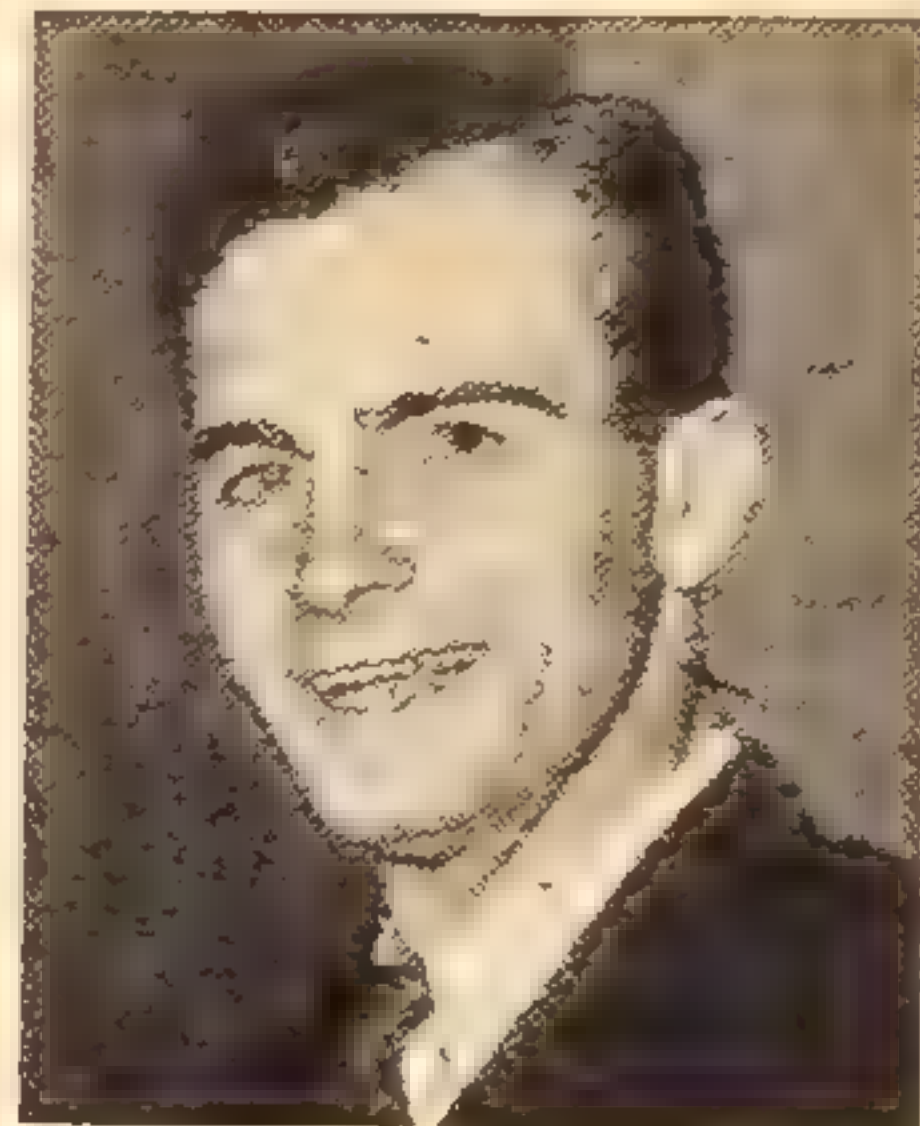
First off, Pete scribbled the desperately desired autograph to soothe her. Then he took the little girl into the lobby with him and gave her a fatherly lecture. "You mustn't hit policemen, ever," admonished Pete, "because you'll get into trouble. Now," he promised, "if you'll promise to be good we'll sit together and see the show." Naturally, that girl was in Seventh Heaven and when the cops cooled down they were thankful Pete hadn't let their tempers run away. What would the newspapers have said about pinching a twelve-year old movie fan?

Pete's a gentleman, and he handles himself as a gentleman should. I know about a certain director who had Pete in a certain picture. Being nobody much himself, this unpleasant guy delighted to pick on Pete in front of the whole company. Pete didn't mind. When he made his mistakes, he said, "I'm sorry," and tried to do better next time. But there was no pleasing this tyrant. Finally, in one scene which the director loused up with his own blunders, he tried to make Pete the whipping boy. But he went too far.

"You blankety-blank so-and-so," he bawled, "you ruined that scene!"

Pete turned pale. "No," he said quietly. (Pete has the lowest, softest voice in the world most of the time and it sinks even lower when he's serious). "I didn't. You did." And that, he knew, was the truth. So did everyone else on the set. But that stung our unpopular friend into a fury. He slammed all the low-down cuss words he could in Pete's direction, and if Pete had wanted to, he could have slammed them right back, or what would have been far more satisfactory, knocked this little Napoleon for a row of pins. But he

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Recently, Helmut Dantine made a personal appearance in Philadelphia. Being an ardent fan, I took my friends and ran around to the stage door in a little dark alley, which we knew Mr. Dantine would have to pass through on his

way back from lunch.

We had waited there a while, when a 12-year-old girl came running up to us "Has he come? Has he come?" We assured her he hadn't.

When he did come, she ran up to him and when she saw his good looks, she seemed stunned.

"Gosh, you're cute," she said admiringly.

The quick-thinking Mr. Dantine answered, with a slight grin and a touch of Viennese accent, "You're cute, too."

Carole Johnson
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

just ignored the insults and promptly walked off the set. Not until the director came and apologized did he come back. I have a friend in Hollywood who has been around here a long time. Maybe too long. She gave a large party the other evening. Pete was among the many guests, and I ran across the hostess the next day. "The strangest thing," she bubbled. "Look—" and she showed me a note from Peter Lawford. It thanked her for the lovely evening. "He sent flowers," my friend said coyly. "What do you think it means?" "Nothing," I told her. "He's just being polite." But when I left she was still convinced, I know, that Pete was making a romantic advance. She wasn't used to that kind of good manners.

Our manners in Hollywood are notoriously sloppy. That's why at every party, where I've encountered Pete he stood out like a light in a mist. And already he's one of the most popular young stags in Hollywood and his date book is as crammed as a debutante's—because Pete's the courteous, thoughtful kind of spare man who's welcome anywhere and in any circle. He hates name-droppers and poseurs. More than once I've watched a Hollywood professional pal, guy or gal, who just met Pete call him by his first name and chum up like a poor relative. And every time, too, I've seen Peter suffer. He still calls me, "Miss Hopper" (maybe just respect for my age) and it took Pete a solid year to melt to the point where he could call two of his good friends anything but "Mr. and Mrs. Cooper."

Finally Gary requested tactfully, "Peter, we'd be very pleased if you'd call us Gary and Rocky." So he agreed.

Now, of course, being a gentleman and having a swell set of manners is no ticket to Hollywood fame and fortune. The Lord knows enough of our best stars have gone

right to the top pushing grapefruits in girls' faces and grinding out cigarettes on Oriental rugs. Like mere good looks, it's not enough—but it helps. Particularly for a Britisher it helps in Hollywood. We've had some of the King's subjects on our hands who weren't gentlemen—just snobs. They've left painful memories; and our Hollywood skins aren't so thick as you'd think. But this guy Lawford simply can't miss when you analyze him on any handicap angle. The boy's as British as roast beef—right—but still, he's so Americanized that he can make it seem like hamburger. So take your choice.

british bostonian . . .

Pete's playing a Yankee in the picture he's making now, "Two Sisters From Boston." Now, like I said, I'm one of those (not the sister—the Yankee), so the day I watched him at work I bent a critical ear. Oh, I caught a limey lilt to a few phrases, all right; some A's that were too broad for Boston. But it got my okay and it will yours, too. I asked Pete how he managed it. "Really, Miss Hopper," he smiled. "It would be harder for me to do a British accent than an American! After all, I've been all over the U.S.A. I've been here most of the time since I was fourteen—that's eight years."

Now, most teen agers have a strong herd instinct. What the gang does is absolutely required. Anybody knows that. If you want to Americanize anybody quick—get 'em in the early 'teens and toss 'em in with a bunch of Bobby Soxers and Jaloppy Joes. They'll learn—but fast! That's practically what happened to Pete. World War II stranded him over here and his liberal education began. I shudder to think what would happen to Lawford if Fate plopped him back down for keeps with a bunch of Etonians and Harrovians

in Jolly Old England again. By Jove, Sir, the things Pete would do just wouldn't be done—really! Jumbo malts, mile high cokes, drive-ins, burgers and fries, jack-rabbit jalops, scooters, jive jumps, swing swoons, jitterbugs, and rat races—Odds Bodkins and Forsooth!

All Peter's best pals in Hollywood—as they've been wherever his U.S. rambles have taken him—are strictly local yokels. Mickey Rooney, Keenan Wynn, Van Johnson, Bob Walker—among the names you know—and a lot that you don't. It's the same way with his girl friends. Pete's taken them all for a whirl one time or another—Judy Garland, Lana Turner, June Allyson, Gail Russell, Marilyn Maxwell—you've read about them. But you don't read about the plain janes Pete has always connected with on the campuses of U.S.C. and U.C.L.A. He's been in solid along sorority row for years.

There's no tight little, right little Island set of Peter's age either, to bend him back on the British beam. The only bit of England he encounters daily is the old folks at home. Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford, however, as I pointed out, are not the provincial country squires that are forever England. They've been out and around all their lives and they're broad-minded.

So far I've been ducking the \$64 question on Peter Lawford, because when you get down to cases on careers and start taking talent apart it's likely to wax dull and dreary. But let's tackle it:

Can Pete Lawford act in the star league?

We've got a little postwar reconversion of our own to do in Hollywood—and soon. I'm no Calamity Jane, but it stands to reason that sooner or later the honeymoon is going to be over for a lot of these brand new stars who have just shot up. Ever think how we've had a new male rave almost every month in Hollywood for the

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and shining lustre. And Colorins won't wash out—though it's easily removed with shampooing. Remember," she added, "there's nothing that makes a girl more attractive than glamorous hair."



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past three years? Let's face it: The War.

They went away—the old familiar faces. And now they're back or coming back. Clark Gable, Jimmy Stewart, Tyrone Power, Hank Fonda, Bob Montgomery, Doug Fairbanks, Bob Preston—gosh, this is almost a roll call! What will their return mean to the morning glories that popped out of every picture—the Dick Jaekels, Farley Grangers, Bob Mitchums, Dick Cranes? Yes, and the Tom Drakes, the Van Johnsons, Turhan Beys, Dane Clarks—yes—and the Peter Lawfords?

no substitute for experience . . .

I've already given you some reasons why I think Pete Lawford's here to stay. But let's get to solid facts. I'm an old trouser off the boards myself and I think there's only one way to learn how to act. That's to act. Experience—the smartie who said there's no substitute for it wasn't just smacking his lips. And here again Little Lord Lawford tied into luck built for a horseshoe. When he was only seven, Pete got a taste of what it was all about. You've read about the visit to Elstree, the British Hollywood, and Monty Banks snatching the boy Pete off the sidelines for "Old Bill." That led to six other British kid star pictures and that tag they used to hang on him, "The Jackie Coogan of England." Nothing so unusual about that—there's been a Jackie Coogan of every country, I dare say. The amazing thing is that it ever happened to an Old School Tie boy like Peter. But it did—and it made him an early veteran.

Then there was the Hollywood hiatus with "Lord Jeff." So Pete's budding manhood did crack his voice and send him back to the showers—so what? He added another service stripe. Back East, he tackled radio in New York. And I wonder if you know that Pete Lawford has made himself exactly fourteen pictures since he returned to Hollywood. And that each part has been bigger and more important than the one before. That's slow seasoning but the kind that sticks.

What's Pete doing about it now? That's the first thing I checked on when I wrote "Watch Peter Lawford" in my little red book. Lillian Burns, M-G-M's drama coach, calls Pete her personal "ha'nt." He won't let her rest a minute. Every new script he draws he brings to Lillian and they dissect it like a surgeon before he's satisfied. The exhibition booth operators at M-G-M are threatening to strike soon if Peter Lawford doesn't stop begging them to run off old pictures at all hours of the day. He studies older stars and what they had and his favorite job is Bob Montgomery in "Night Must Fall"—remember? "That's for me in about ten years," dreams Pete. He's that wrapped up in his work and serious about it. His pet envy in town is Keenan Wynn, because Keenan knows 90 plays by heart from his stock days at Skowhegan and summer points in the borscht belt. When Keenan organized a Hollywood stock company of young players to do USO shows at the army camps, Pete was the first to join. Not only because he felt guilty about being a 4-F and wanted to do his bit, but because he grabbed right on to Keenan's theme for a private slogan—"just pictures aren't enough." Which is so-o-o-o right.

But even when Pete was still green on his deeper dramatics, he came through like a champion when the chips were down. That was in "White Cliffs of Dover" where Clarence Brown astounded everybody at M-G-M by picking 19-year-old untried Pete for a five-minute soldier death scene with Irene Dunne which could have wrecked a very fine picture if it flopped. But Clarence is a canny picker "You can do it," he predicted, "if you work." So Pete worked—and under pres-

INFORMATION DESK (Questions of the Month)

By Beverly Linet

You asked for it . . . and so you're going to get it. I mean the answers to the query as to who I think is the best, prettiest, etc. in Hollywood. It's sticking my neck out, I know, so if in some way we don't agree, or if I don't mention your favorites, pul-eezé don't hate me forever. Okeh?

Acting: Orson Welles—Margaret Sullivan
Looks: Pierre Aumont—Vivien Leigh
Cutest: Van Johnson—June Allyson
Dancers: G. Kelly, Billy Daniel, G. Rogers—Val Valentino
Singers: NO FAVORITES
Best Pix '45: "G.I. JOE," "ANCHORS AWEIGH"
Most Fascinating: Bob Mitchum—Lauren Bacall
'45 Performances: Bob Mitchum in "G.I. Joe," Jennifer Jones in "Love Letters"
Comedians: Danny Kaye—Keenan Wynn
Best pix of all time: "Wuthering Heights"—"GWTW"

There you are. Send your questions and a stamped, self-addressed envelope (with your zone number) to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N.Y.C. 16, N.Y. Best luv—Bev.

Edith Pell, N.Y.: . . . HOW DO I WRITE TO STARS LISTED AS "FREE LANCE" IN THE SUPER CHART? "Free Lance" is not an address, but means the player listed as such is independent of any studio. Write to such stars at the firm that produced their most recent film.

Marie Protano, Pelham, N. Y.: . . . CAN I HAVE INSTRUCTIONS ON STARTING A CLUB OF MY OWN . . . AND ALSO THE ADDRESSES OF THE CLUBS LISTED BELOW?

For complete details on starting fan clubs, drop me a note with a self-addressed, stamped envelope. This applies to EVERYONE interested. Keenan Wynn Club: Pat Bemis, 15 N. Raymond, Pasadena, Calif.

Farley Granger: Glo Neal, 107-09 Monterey, Queens Village, N. Y.

Bob Mitchum: Freda Renner, 247 E. 122, N.Y.C.

Ida Musilli, St. Albans, N. Y.: . . . TELL ME WHO WAS STEVE IN "WITHIN THESE WALLS?" ALSO GIVE SOME INFORMATION ON VAL VALENTINOFF, NEW DANCER AND FILM DISCOVERY. 'Twas Mark Stevens as Steve, and you can write to him at RKO. His next pic is "From This Day Forward."

Val Valentino was born Bill Daixel in N.Y.C. on Mar. 23, 1919. Has hazel eyes, black hair, and is 6'2, 185 lbs, unwed. Because of his sensational success in the Ballet Russe, he's being considered for the title role in Republic's "Nijinsky" for which he is so ideally suited. For a stunning photo, free, drop him a line at 44 W. 52nd St., N.Y., and incidentally let him know what you'd think of him for the above part.

Adele Uberman, Bklyn: . . . MAY I HAVE A LIST OF SONGS FROM "STATE FAIR?" "Our State Fair," "It Might As Well Be Spring," "Grand Night for Singing," "Isn't It Kind of Fun," "That's For Me," "Iowa."

sure. His first Hollywood contract was running out and his option came up the week after he shot his bolt. No one had to tell him he'd be dropped like a hot rock if he didn't come through. But after it was over, Clarence told Pete, "You can be a star if you want to." And that's what I mean—Pete wants to—very much.

If Pete makes himself \$10,000 a week, I don't think it will turn a hair of his level head. He's got an advantage that way over most young stars who come up from humble beginnings.

Pete's been used to money ever since he bit into his sterling silver baby spoon. He grew up with English "Nannies" and French tutors who followed him around wherever he went. The Lawfords had a flat in London and a country place in Berkshire, besides a villa at Monte Carlo. When they traveled they stopped at the best hotels. Pete was scheduled to enter Wellington and wind up like most wealthy British boys of family—in the army, his dad's old regiment, the 41st Royal Fusiliers. But persons propped in the lap of luxury like that often turn out to be the best sports when hard times come knockin' at the door, (as they sure did in Pete's case), I've noticed, and they've certainly got gilt-edged insurance against running wild with a sudden checking account.

no spendthrift . . .

Of course, Pete's not exactly getting rich—not yet. But already he's shown a caution about his dimes and dollars that would do credit to a Scotchman or even Charlie Chaplin. He's hired a Scrooge of a business manager who doles him out \$25 a week—and whenever he gets a fat raise at the studio, this guy gets big-hearted and slips Pete another five. The rest goes into a savings account and bonds. You can trace Pete's studio prosperity right along with his snappy buggies. First M-G-M contract, he bought a motor scooter; the first raise, he upped that to a motorcycle. Third lift, Pete splurged on a Ford convertible—and the fourth one, which ought to come any day—well, he sighs he'd like a Cadillac—but knows he'll never buy it. He'd feel guilty.

Last winter, Frankie Sinatra, who's one of Pete's good friends, had to make a personal appearance trip to New York. He asked Peter to do the town with him.

"I'd love to, Frankie," Pete sighed, "but I can't possibly afford it."

"Don't be silly," said Frank. "I invited you. The trip's on me." He said they'd stay at the Waldorf and paint up the town. "Thanks," declined Pete, "but I still can't afford it." Pete has been on trips; he knows what they cost. He also knows you always have to keep up your own end of a thing like that or it's no fun.

If you call clothes an extravagance, then Peter Lawford's guilty. He dresses with Hollywood's best dressed men right now, although he's only 22. Has his suits and shirts tailored, buys imported shoes—when he can get 'em—and always looks like a London fashion plate wherever he goes. But to me that's a good sign. Give me an actor every day in the week who's vain about his appearance. It's a part of the glamor business and a flair for duds is a wonderful weakness. I only wish some of our Sloppy Joes in Hollywood had more style that way. Sun or no sun, I'm a little tired of seeing stars disillusioning their public going around like scarecrows because it's comfy.

There aren't very many Hollywood pitfalls of success that can trap Pete Lawford, if he's the boy I think he is. Alcohol won't—he's a typical British drinker with a whisky before dinner and maybe a brandy afterward. But he's never been "tight" in his life. Women? I'll say! Pete

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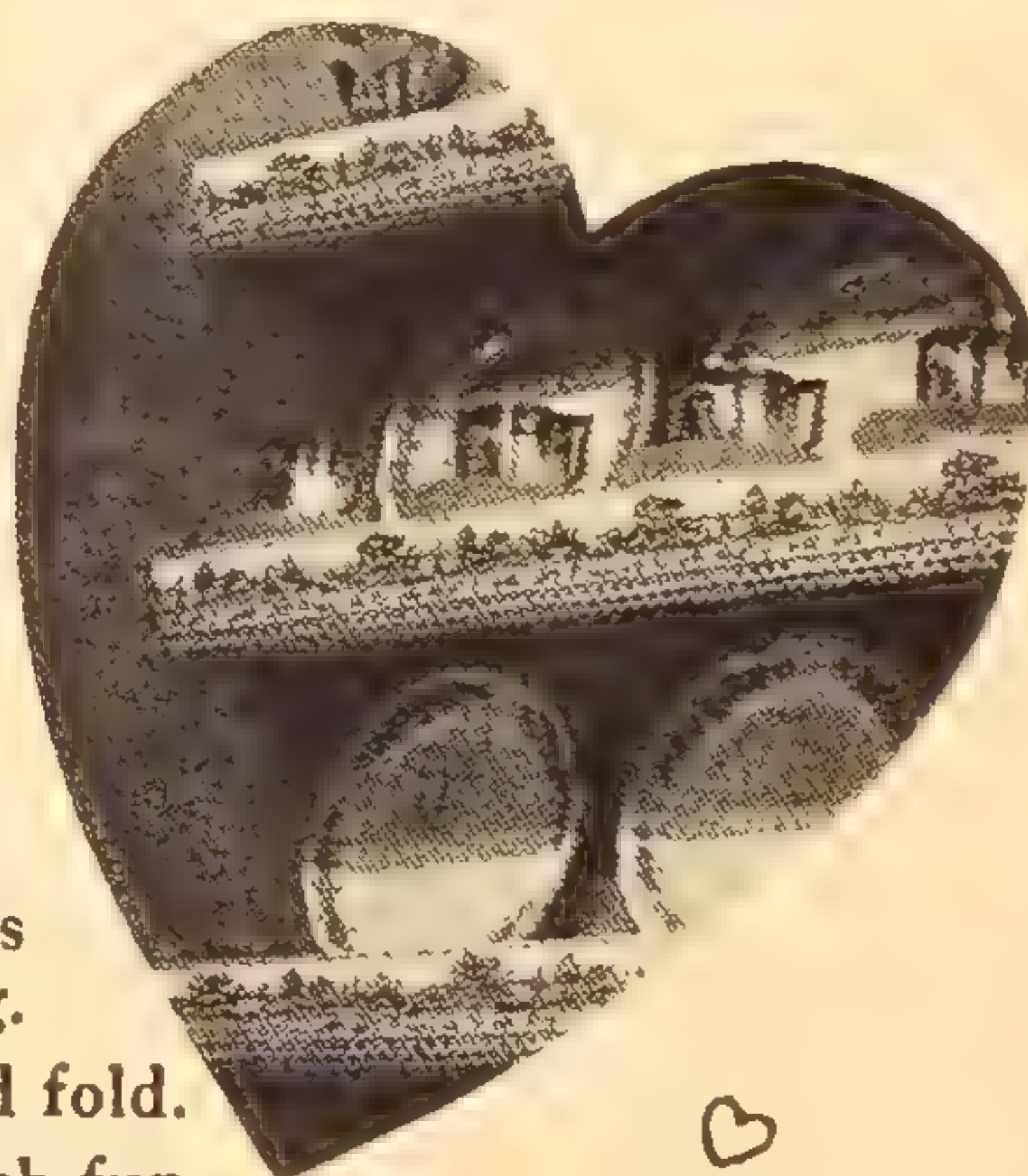
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SHELVING

has given every glamor girl in Hollywood a flutter at one time or another. But unless my crystal ball is out of order, he'll never get his career tangled up in skirts like—well, say like Errol Flynn.

But being an Errol Flynn takes a special talent—either you have it or you haven't; and Pete hasn't. He hasn't had much of a chance yet! After all, he's lived with his mom and dad ever since he hit town—which probably has kept him out of some mischief. In fact, if you asked me to dig out the dent in Peter Lawford's armor on his quest for great stardom I'd fall back on the old but true standby: He could stand some emotional experiences. Yes, indeed, so far real love hasn't come into his life. In fact, Pete's been content to catch his crushes in between loves—their loves, not his.

Physically, Pete can afford to take his time reaching the top. He's got a lean, strong body that he's built up with swimming in Tahiti and sports all over the world, and he treats it well. That bad arm won't bother him unless he tries to play Tarzan. He's lucky, too; he has the sort of face that won't change much with the years and so far it hasn't even needed a dab of makeup. I was worried for a while whether Pete had a sense of humor, an ingredient I've always given a Triple A priority to in this crazy, unpredictable town. But even on that score I'm inclined to think Pete's not too British.

I was congratulating him the other day on his step up to stardom in "A Star From Heaven." That's the great animal picture M-G-M's to make from the true and marvelous story of the Marine Corps' famous flying horse, "Foxhole."

"Thank you very much, Miss Hopper," replied Pete, courteously as ever. "Yes, at last I feel I'm making progress. I played leading man for a dog in 'Son of Lassie.' I think a horse is a step in the right direction, don't you?" asked Pete drily.

But Pete Lawford's own private joke is tied with the career which is never out of his mind for a minute, make no mistake—

He went to a soiree one night where a certain big producer was staggering around, very much in his cups. After making the rounds, he came to Pete.

"Who're you?" he demanded.

Pete smiled. "I'm Peter Lawford."

The man rolled it over in his foggy brain. "Peter Lawford," he mumbled. It didn't register. "Well," he wheezed, "Peter Lawford, we have yet to hear from you!"

Whenever Pete starts to get too pleased with himself, he cracks, "Peter Lawford—we have yet to hear from you!"

And so we have, say I—that is, in a big way. But I predict that we will—and soon. And Heaven help Pete if he lets me down!

NOTE FROM HEDDA HOPPER

Dear Readers,

I think you know what fun I've been having writing for MODERN SCREEN these past months, and it hits me hard that something I've written upsets some of you. The article in question was entitled "Hedda Hopper's Secret Memoirs." I enjoyed writing it because I felt the anecdotes were so off the beaten track and so real you couldn't help sharing my pleasure. However, I made one terrible slip. This particular anecdote dealt with the filming of "Intolerance." I told the story exactly as it had happened, never dreaming that every word I wrote had a sacrilegious sound. Nothing could have been further from my intent. I am heartbroken, and to those whose religious feelings were wounded, go my profoundest apologies.

THE HARVEY GIRLS

(PRODUCTION)

(Continued from page 49)

to become an actor. He appears in one of the film's dining room sequences. Young Harvey, grandson of the founder, wanted to work in the pic for sentimental reasons. . . . "Harvey Girls" features the hottest fire scene ever to sizzle the celluloid. The set was blocked off and barred to all visitors. The instant a take was completed, firemen rushed in with wet blankets, fire spray tanks and chemicals to extinguish the flames. . . . It was after such a fiery episode that Preston Foster and John Hodiak retired to the sidelines for a chat. Foster reached in his pocket, pulled out a cigarette, and lit it. A fireman was on hand immediately. "Sorry, sir," he said, "but smoking is not permitted here." . . . Also worth watching is the roughest feminine brawl ever screened. Angela Lansbury, as queen of the dance hall beauties, mixes with one of the demure Harvey waitresses, and the rest of the girls pile in. One phase of the struggle won't be seen on the screen. As Angela and the waitress tangled, the waitress grabbed Angela by the hair. A sharp scream followed. But it didn't come from Angela. It was the actress who stood horrified, gasping at the mass of false curls dangling from her hand. . . . Marjorie Main was the first to report back to the set the next day. She grabbed a frying pan, took her position on the stage and prepared to go into battle. "Now let's see," she muttered, "just what *were* we fighting about?" . . . Chill Wills stuck his head out the dressing room door to discover the cause of his short-lived popularity. The former occupant's name was still on the door—"Van Johnson." . . . No one laughs when John Hodiak sits down to a card game. For a "Maisie" film, he received instructions from a card expert in the art of dealing stacked poker hands, and as a gambling house proprietor in his latest pic he learned to roll dice for a straight succession of 7's. . . . During an entire morning of rehearsals, Virginia O'Brien complained that the nightgown she wore didn't fit. She pulled and jerked and rearranged, without satisfactory results. Finally the wardrobe department was called and arrived on the set with scissors, needle and thread, etc. But it all proved unnecessary. Virginia, they discovered, was wearing the gown back to front! . . . For the real thing in the fight scene, John Hodiak spent evenings under the tutelage of a professional boxer. Foster found out about it, so he, too, hired a coach. But the script writers are on John's side. He HAS to win, for the sake of the story and Judy!

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I was in New York City and walking down Fifth Ave., when I bumped accidentally into an elderly man. My books fell on the sidewalk. He picked them up and apologized. "My," he said, "you look like Elizabeth Taylor." I laughed and said, "Well you look like Monty Woolley." "My dear girl," said he, "I am Monty Woolley!"
Miss Gail Kramer
Meriden, Conn.

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THE HARVEY GIRLS

(STORY)

(Continued from page 49)

painted board that was to hang over the main entrance.

Harvey House.

Judge Purvis eyed the sign distastefully from the saddle of his horse. He reined in, called to the hammering man.

"Mighty fine sign," he said.

"I think so," Jed Adams agreed.

"Hope it stays up there," the Judge said. "Ned Trent see it yet?"

"Trent runs the Alhambra," Adams said shortly. "I run the Harvey House."

"Your girls come in yet?" the Judge asked.

"The Harvey Girls are coming in on the next train."

"You sure set a lot of store by a bevy of hash slinging waitresses—"

"They're the backbone of the Harvey Houses," Adams retorted. "We serve food—and only food—and we serve it clean, fast and with a smile."

"You got something there, Jed," the Judge said gravely. "They're gonna need their smiles—"

Five miles out of Sandrock, the Harvey Girls began to gather their things together on the train.

Susan Bradley watched them. One of them swept by her and said: "Sandrock, just around the bend!"

"That's where I'm headed," Susan said.

The girl turned to her excitedly: "Do you know Sandrock? Do you live there?"

"No," Susan said.

"Going to work there? That's what we're going to do. We're Harvey Girls. We're going to open the new Harvey House in Sandrock."

"No," Susan said. "Not exactly."

"Then why on earth?"

"I'm going to get married," Susan stated calmly.

Of course it sounded very fine, saying it that way, and Susan told herself that's exactly what it was—very fine. Ohio was nice enough in its way, but it was such an old-fashioned place, so settled and smug. It wasn't anything like the West. What did the letter say: ". . . there is a dream here in this great land that not everybody sees. Mountains and sunlight and the cleanest wind in the world . . ." It was the letter, really, that finally decided her. You could be happy with a man who wrote a letter like that, you could marry him without a second thought . . .

Even if you never saw him.

That was the only little thing that could possibly be wrong with the whole idea. And it's worth the gamble, Susan said to herself; he'll be big and browned by the sun, with sandy blonde hair and steely blue eyes. H. H. Hartsey . . .

So she met H. H. Hartsey at the station.

"Mister Hartsey?" she said. Are you sure you're Mister Hartsey?"

"Guess I am," he said.

They walked to the end of the platform.

"Disappointed?" he said.

"Mister Hartsey—" Susan began.

"Guess you got a right to be," he said.

"Fact is, I figured you older than you are. And heftier. And not so pretty. Guess we're both disappointed . . ."

"Are you really?" Susan said quickly. "I wouldn't want you to marry anyone you were disappointed in."

"M'am," said H. H. Hartsey, "it's not you I'm disappointed in. Fact is, you're too good for me. If I married you, every son of a gun in this neck of the woods would take a sudden and powerful dislike to me. They'd know I never could have

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got you fair and square—"

"Mr. Hartsey," Susan said, "now I know how you could write those wonderful letters. You've got a beautiful soul—"

"Fact is," said H. H. Hartsey, "I never did write those letters. Feller did it for me. Guess he thought it was kind of a joke—"

"A joke!" Susan exploded. "I've come two thousand miles for a joke. Who did write those letters, Mr. Hartsey?"

"Now, Miss—"

"Who wrote them?"

"Feller named Ned Trent," said H. H. Hartsey.

Ned Trent was drawing to an inside straight when Susan Bradley entered the Alhambra. He was peacefully figuring his chances of bluffing the company when the storm broke.

"Mister Trent?" said a female voice just behind him. "So you're Mister Trent! I don't know what a skunk would look like out here—but you look worse. You're a scoundrel, Mister Trent, and what's more you're just about the lowest thing I ever heard, saw or read about!"

She was on her way out when he caught up with her.

"Whoa," he said.

"Get out of my way!"

"What's it all about, Miss?"

"The trouble with our schools," Susan said bitterly, "is that they'll teach anybody how to write."

"Write? What's that—? Wait a minute. Wait a minute!" he said. "The letters. You're Hartsey's—"

"In person."

"I never thought—" he began. Then he scooped in his pocket, came up with a fistful of greenbacks. "Here," he said. "Go back. I'm terribly sorry. But nothing's happened except you've had a trip—"

"That's what you think, Mister Trent," Susan Bradley said. "No one's going back. I'll stay here and make you swallow every last chuckle you ever had over those letters you wrote. I'll make this the saddest joke you ever tried to tell!"

And five minutes later, across the street, in the neat, red painted building, there was one more Harvey Girl.

That was how Susan Bradley came to Sandrock and became a Harvey Girl. That was also how she met Ned Trent.

He came into the Harvey House one evening in his quiet way, his eyes slowly sweeping around the room until he found the table he wanted. He pulled up a chair gravely and waited for Susan to approach him. She didn't notice who it was at first and she swept the menu before him, smiling in the Harvey manner.

"Your order?"

"Steak."

"And how do you want it—" Then she saw the small smile on his face and her head came up in a quick sweep: "Mr. Trent! Welcome to Harvey House!"

It wasn't until she was back in the kitchen that she knew why he had come. Sonora Cassidy, cook extraordinary, was holding her head, moaning: "Steak . . . steak. There's no meat in the house at all. Gone . . . disappeared. It was here when I last looked and now . . . gone!"

"Wait a minute," Susan said. "You mean we had steaks and they're gone now?"

"Kidnapped!" Sonora said.

Susan looked thoughtful: "I think I know where they are . . ."

She was across the street almost before she knew where she was going. And before she herself knew what she was doing, she discovered two curious iron objects, one in each hand. She looked down at them curiously. Guns. Six shooters. Then she pushed open the doors into the Alhambra.

"Stick 'em up!" said Susan Bradley, late



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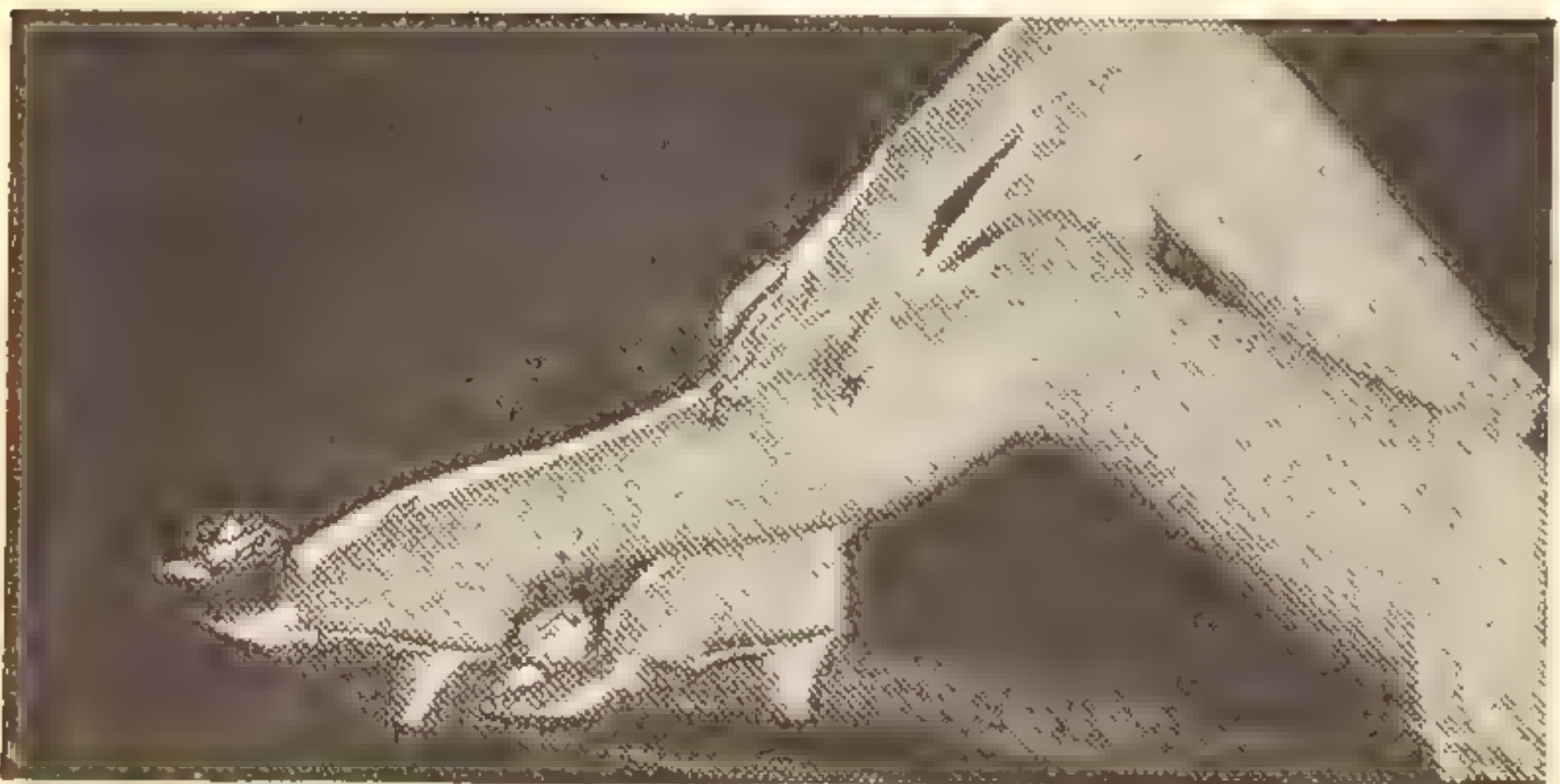


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of Ohio.

A cowboy looked at her curiously; there was a gleam of amusement in his eye. He turned gravely to the crowd.

"The lady says stick 'em up," he announced.

"Now, look," Susan said, "I don't want any trouble. I'm from the Harvey House and we have a lot of hungry people in there. Some snakes have gone and lifted our meat. And I'm snake hunting now."

She pushed through to the back room. Sure enough, the meat was there. She poked her head through the door.

"I'll need some men to help me carry it," she said grimly.

The cowboy turned to the crowd: "Guess she's got the upper hand, men," he said.

So Susan Bradley, brandishing two long wicked guns, guarded three cowboys as they carried the meat back to the Harvey House for her.

"All right, men," Susan said coolly. "You can go now."

As they went out, the big-shouldered cowboy turned to her.

"Next time you go huntin', Miss," he said gently, "load your guns . . ."

The next day Susan Bradley was striding across the dirt road that separated the Alhambra from Harvey House. She pushed open the doors of the saloon.

It was dim inside, and empty. She didn't see the girl standing against the piano on the bare stage of the Alhambra: Em, who from one point of view was the chief attraction in Sandrock.

"Looking for somebody?" Em said.

Susan whirled: "Who . . . ? Oh, I didn't

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see you. Yes, I'm looking for someone. Ned Trent."

There was a glint of anger in Em's eyes.

"Why don't you leave Ned alone?"

"Leave him alone?"

"Don't fool yourself. Ned doesn't go for you personally. It's just some fool idea he's got in his head. I keep telling him to let Purvis do whatever he wants to get you Harvey hussies out of town—"

"Purvis?" Susan said. "Is Purvis the one who's been doing it? Not Trent?"

"Ned?" Em laughed shortly. "He's fighting Purvis tooth and nail. But don't be getting any big ideas from that. That's just Ned Trent—"

But by that time Susan was gone.

There was a place just out of town where she went when she needed a little space to think in. It was high on a plateau that stretched to the rims of the hills beyond. There was something about the valley, almost familiar. It was as if she had seen it before. She liked it there.

"Looking for something?" a voice said. She almost jumped. He was stretched on a ledge just below her. His eyes were smiling a little. She smiled back and then clambered down beside him.

"So you know this place," she said.

He nodded.

"I wondered why it was familiar to me," Susan murmured. "This is the valley in the letters, isn't it?"

"They were just a joke—the letters," he said. "Let's leave it at that."

"The man who wrote those letters," Susan said softly, "wasn't joking. Maybe

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he thought he was, but he wasn't."

He didn't say anything, but his eyes held her, very serious now. They were suddenly very close. It didn't seem as if he had moved, but in one movement quick as the streak of light or the skip of a heart-beat, he was holding her, his eyes probing deep. And then he kissed her.

"You learn that in Ohio?" Ned Trent said.

It didn't mean anything, Susan told herself later. It just happened and that was all. There was always stories about Ned Trent and some girl. Wasn't Em, at the Alhambra, one of . . . his girls? As far as she was concerned Ned Trent was just another man.

She really believed that. So it made no difference in the fight between the Alhambra and the Harvey House. She fought the Alhambra even though it meant fighting Ned Trent. It was Susan's idea to have the dance. And it was really the dance that made the first big crack against the monopoly of the Alhambra. Even Ned Trent had to admit that—

Funny that they found themselves on the same high mesa overlooking the valley, the night of the dance. Only this time she saw him before he saw her.

"Lose something, Mr. Trent?" she said.

He didn't answer for a moment. Then he shrugged: "Yes, as a matter of fact. I lost the first fight in my life. I'm moving the Alhambra . . ."

"Moving?"

"The works. To Flagstaff. The Harvey Girls win, Miss Bradley."

"Good," Susan said. "You should have packed and gone long ago."

"Maybe you're right," Ned Trent said softly. "I should have gone the minute I laid eyes on you."

"It would have been better for me," he said slowly, "if I'd never met you, never seen you at all. I wouldn't have any memories then . . . or any dreams. And I'm a guy who doesn't like bittersweet memories, or hopeless dreams."

She never knew what would have happened then. For it ended there. It ended with a sudden explosive puff of something red and flaming below them. It was a moment before they realized it was Sandrock. And then Susan suddenly knew it was the Harvey House.

Susan worked desperately on the bucket line, tried to get the valuables out of the Harvey House before it tumbled. It seemed she moved in a steady nightmare of action. And Ned Trent was forgotten.

"Ned?" someone said. "He's beating the daylight out of Purvis for settin' the fire . . ."

The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé curves away from Sandrock north to Flagstaff. Susan Bradley sat in the coach car feeling the heat broil down through the roof of the car.

"What are you doing on the train?" someone said.

She turned.

Em stood in all her finery, turned out as if for a ball. Em, looking like a Christmas gift, in this dreary, wasted country.

"I'm going to Flagstaff," Susan said.

"You don't say."

The chin lifted; her eyes flashed. "I'm going to Flagstaff to get Ned Trent," Susan continued. "And no one can stop me. Or stop me from trying, anyway."

"You don't say," Em said again.

"I'll do whatever he says. I'll be whatever he wants. I love him," she said simply.

"Sure enough," Em said. "I think you do."

Susan said challengingly: "And he loves me, too. What do you know about that?"

Em said thoughtfully: "I think maybe he does. At least that's what he said when he told me he was staying in Sandrock . . ."

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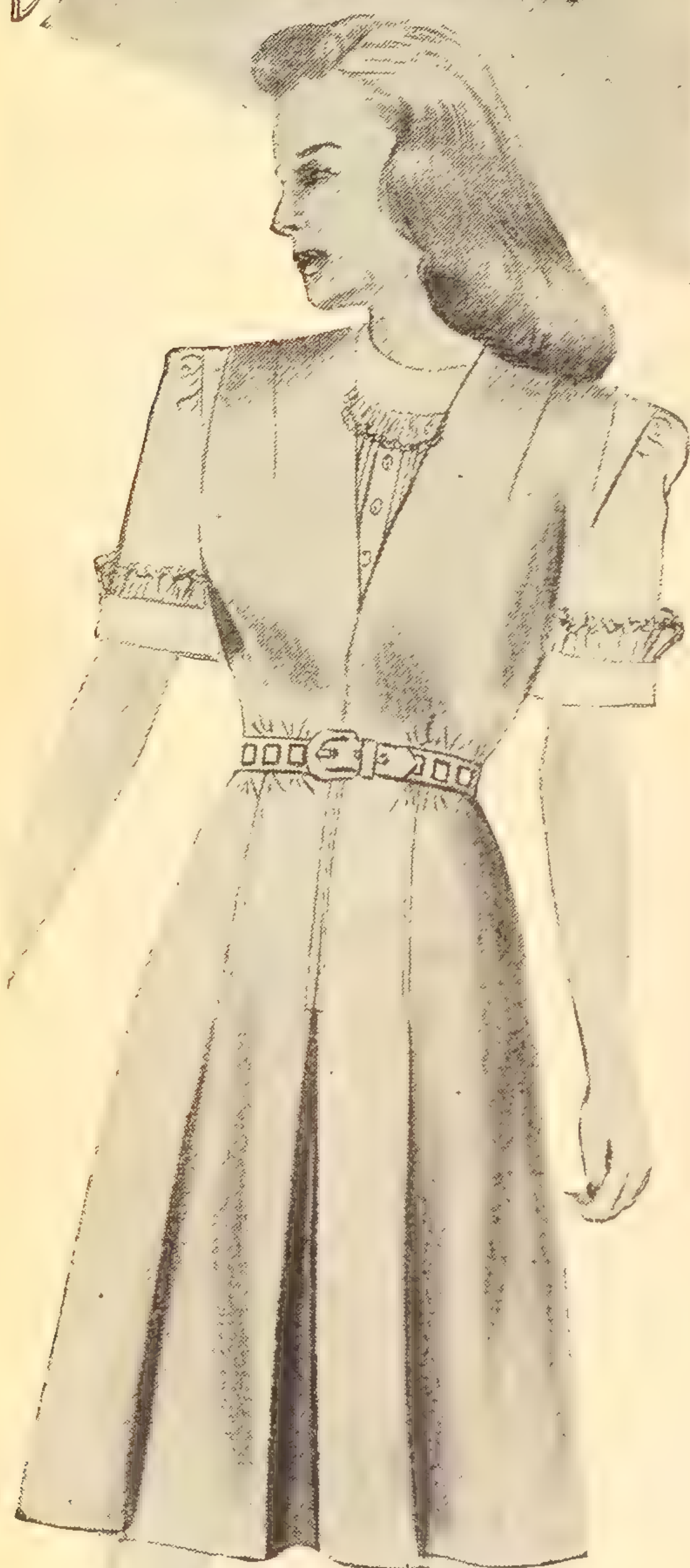
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head when the Flagstaff train jolted to a stop on the open desert. There seemed to be no good reason for stopping and yet the emergency brakes were screaming and the whole train slid to a slow halt. . . .

A horse and carriage swept past, pulled up beside the train.

Susan tumbled out, started to run to where Ned Trent was pulling the carriage to a stop. She ran breathlessly, her eyes finding his, calling welcome. And then she stumbled against a desert root and rolled across the small space to the foot of the carriage. And in a moment Ned had her in his arms, lifting her gently.

From the train window, Em watched. She turned and shrugged.

"It's the new style," she said. "The bride wore sand."

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Judy Garland.....Susan Bradley
John Hodiak.....Ned Trent
Ray Bolger.....Chris Maule
Angela Lansbury.....Em
Preston Foster.....Judge Purvis
Kenny Baker.....Terry O'Halloran

CO-ED

(Continued from page 26)

correspondence, so never take it upon yourself to sling the first mash note. Also, even when the correspondence is under way, take it easy. Steer clear of the too, too purple stuff. The best love letters are warm but not sizzling, sweet but not ickey; newsy, intimate, nostalgic. Unlike us gals, who are inclined to swing from one "Darling" to the next when reading a letter from our love, boys look for encouragement, flattery, humor and gossip in your notes.

Invitations: The way you ask a guy to your club dance or roller skating party sort of sets the mood for the date itself. A frightened, faltering invitation on the phone can get things off to a grim start, whereas a few well-chosen words on paper can do wonders. All you need is a penny postcard and a little imagination. "Be a good skate and come roller-skating with us. The time: Saturday at eight. The place: Jane's house. The girl: (That's you). We've got Goodman, Dorsey and Shaw. All we need is (his name) to make our party lush. Can come? Then pick me up at eight o'clock on Saturday night." Sorta corny, but nice and informal. And that's what little boys go for.

Thank You Letters: These are the ones that so often go unwritten. "Thank you for a wonderful evening." "Thank you for that super corsage." "Thank you for saving my face the other night." There are so many things we should say thank you for, and we let the moment pass without doing anything about it. Obviously, you won't sit down and write the boy next door a letter every time you have a date with him. But if the boy is from out of town, why sure! And if—now and then—there's an evening with a local boy that is utterly out of this world, why not?

Just notes: Have you tried the dynamite of a short note surreptitiously passed in class? Forbidden but fun. When a lad gives a brilliant recitation, you pass him a note that says, "Nice going!" with your initials under it. Or maybe you'll write one to another chap that says, "Mow 'em down in the game tonight." Make them feel that you're one understanding, appreciative female in a million.

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City..... Zone..... State.....

CO-ED LETTERBOX

(Continued from page 26)

prettiest hairdo, and natch, your best face forward. 2) Instead of sitting in terrified silence all the way to the dance, enlist your little man's aid. Tell him frankly that you'd die if he got stuck with you and that you're not too proud to have him drum up a little trade while you're leaving your wrap. He'll think you're a good egg, and he'll do all right by you. Wait and see.

I just haven't a line like most girls. Please tell me how to go about acquiring one. T. H., Redwood City, Calif.

A stereotyped line isn't the most desirable thing in the world, you know. So instead of memorizing a lot of pat phrases, why not concentrate on broadening your horizons? Know something about politics, music, sports—you'll find that when you've got something to say you won't need a line.

My family makes me be in by eleven. Isn't that awfully early for a high school senior? B. C., Jacksonville, Fla.

"Early" is such a relative thing. What is the average curfew time in your town? If it's midnight, try to get your family to conform. If you just can't get them to see it your way, use your wits. Why not have your hamburger and coffee at this end of the evening instead of that? You could make supper out of it then, and get your date under way by 6:30 or 7. Very grown-up and lots of fun. There are ways and means, so don't despair.

There is a very cute new boy at school. How can I bag him before the other girls do? L. C., Grosse Point, Mich.

Be friendly with him, without forcing yourself on him. Speak to him in class. After you've made friends, invite him to your next party and be extra thoughtful about putting him at ease. The fact that you took the trouble to befriend him when he was lonely and sort of scared will give you the edge on all the other gals—then you take it from there.

* * *

If you're dying for someone to talk over your troubles with, why not try us? We'll listen carefully and sympathetically, and we promise to help. Want a personal, strictly-between-us reply? Then be sure to give us your full name and address. If you'd like your letter answered in MODERN SCREEN, just initials will do. Here's where to write: Jean Kinkead, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Last summer I had the pleasure of touring M-G-M. After visiting many sets, we were surprised to learn from our guide that we were going to see Frank Sinatra make a scene for "Anchors Aweigh."

This special scene takes place in a hotel kitchen. A girl is putting an apron on Frank. The script called for him to say, "You remind me of my old lady." When he heard this, he said he would say "my mom" and nothing else, because, as he said, "I respect my mother." The script was changed!

Phyllis Coyle
Los Angeles, Calif.

Are you in the know?



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- ☐ Brushing up on beauty
- ☐ Banishing 5 o'clock shadow
- ☐ A little shaver

Borrow Dad's shaving brush, soap your face, and start brushing up on beauty. It's stimulating . . . and the thorough cleansing helps, if you've a tendency to blackheads. Now is the time to safeguard your complexion. And, to safeguard your daintiness. You see, now Kotex contains a deodorant, to help you stay daisy-fresh on certain days. Mind you, the deodorant can't shake out—because it is processed right into each Kotex pad, not merely dusted on! How carefree you'll feel with this new Kotex "extra"—and not one extra penny to pay!

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- ☐ Both

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IN THE MORGAN MANOR

(Continued from page 44)

grinned at the nurse. "Here comes Daddy, so I had to clean my plate," he chirped.

As everyone knows, Dennis Morgan has a number of characteristic facial expressions that have endeared him to his fans (and do they show to good advantage in Warners' "One More Tomorrow!"). One of these is a crooked grin, accompanied by the slight squinting of his right eye. Mrs. Morgan had grown so accustomed to it through years of marriage, that she was scarcely conscious of the mannerism, but one evening Jimmie observed in his best emcee voice, "I can make a crooked grin just like Daddy's." And he proceeded to give an unmistakable imitation. The rest of the family went into hysterics, so that act is now included on Jimmie's menu of company tricks.

morgan mimic . . .

He also walks like his father, carefully imitating the Morgan lounging gait, and—having heard Dennis sing the Riff song repeatedly in the shower—cuts loose in his version of the same rollicking tune.

Don't think that he doesn't appreciate the value of this antic; he knows exactly what he is doing—and loves it.

To quote his father, "That kerrikter is a ham. I don't understand why the stork didn't collect points for him."

Jimmie is a camera hound. The instant a photographer arrives to snap the Morgans, Jimmie is on the spot. He sees to it that he is decked out in a clean suit, and he shatters routine by insisting upon having his face washed. Then he swaggers forth and starts mugging.

The day following a recent photographic sitting was a busy one for Jimmie. Dennis watched the young man wandering through the garden, stopping, turning, talking. As Jimmie's sturdy back remained turned to his father, Dennis couldn't fathom the mystery: What was Mr. Imagination doing?

Dennis sneaked up behind his youngest offspring. From somewhere, Jimmie had "liberated" a rusty old padlock, one of the type with a wide, looped handle. Through this he was peering, then saying to some invisible subject, "Hold that. Click. Okay, stand there. Click."

To the best of the family's knowledge, Jimmie's perfect poise has been shaken only once. He had been cautioned about the dangers of the eleven small ponds scattered charmingly about the house bought by the Morgans in November, 1944. The two older children had been instructed to watch Master Jimmie when all three of them were exploring the grounds without adult supervision.

But, during one late summer afternoon, Stan started toward his rabbit hutch, and Kris went out to collect a few peacock feathers. Jimmie, a free soul for a trice, hopped into the nearest pond, which happened to be over his head.

Stan, glancing back over his shoulder, saw the whole thing and began to yell with whatever breath he wasn't using for running. The gardener's legs were longer, so he reached the pond first and fished out a besmeared Jimmie.

Lillian, perturbed over the danger of typhoid, snatched the young gentleman into the house and scrubbed his protesting person thoroughly, including mouth, teeth, and tongue.

When Dennis heard about the unscheduled dip, he shook his head. "That settles it," he said. "My dad and I will start tomorrow to fill every pond on this place. We can't wait until labor is available. Something must be done. now."

As for Jimmie's automotive inclinations: The instant guests arrive, Jimmie cases them for keys. He then says guilelessly, "What are those keys for?"

If the guests admit owning an automobile, Jimmie demands, "Is your car red?"

To date he has failed to locate the owner of a red car. His eagerness to find one stems from the fact that Dennis, during one of his hospital tours, caught sight of a bright red cast-iron sedan about two inches high, with a four-inch wheelbase. He brought this prize home to Jimmie, who promptly went on a one-boy hunt for a full-sized equivalent of his model. No one is quite sure what mental process is involved, but Lillian thinks that it has something to do with the little car needing the big car as a daddy.

Dennis is eager that no one get the impression that he is rearing, in the person of his No. 2 son, a modified angel. Jimmie, like any other imaginative child, is smitten occasionally with a disastrous impulse. To wit: A visiting boy friend, aged six, was standing at the edge of the Morgan swimming pool—fully clothed—one afternoon.

crime and punishment . . .

According to a reliable witness (Jimmie, himself), this visitor had neither said nor done anything offensive. It just seemed like a good idea to push him in—and with great speed. Luckily, the boy knew how to swim, and there were a dozen aquatic adults nearby. For that stunt, Mr. Jimmie found out how thin is the seat of a small boy's summer play suit.

Whereas Jimmie's attitude toward his dad is one of sunny adoration, Kris loves her father possessively. When Dennis took the family to Lake Arrowhead for a vacation, for the first two or three days, he managed to stay incognito. Then he was recognized. Thereafter, no peace nor privacy was to be had. Kris was eager to take a boat ride around the lake, and Kris was yearning to prowl among the curio shops with her dad, but it was a hopeless desire. Once outside his cabin, Dennis was besieged by people who wanted autographs.

At first, Kris was amused. It was lots of fun to be the center of an admiring throng, and she expanded in the sense of her adoration for Dennis being shared. Then the seconds stretched into minutes, and the minutes into hours—during which she had to stand around and wait.

To her mother she said bitterly, "All the rest of the kids I know can go places with their daddies—all except us. Daddy is *our* Daddy. Why can't he just stay with us? Why can't people let him alone?"

One afternoon when Kris hadn't been feeling well, Mrs. Morgan persuaded her to lie down for a nap. "I'll lie on the bed with you until you go to sleep," Lillian promised.

As they lay there, they watched the tracing of sunlit leaves on the ceiling, and Kris commented on how pretty the light was as it seeped into the room through the makeshift drapes that Lillian had installed.

Mrs. Morgan murmured agreement with Kris. "Yes, those drapes do cast a lovely light even if they are temporary."

The following afternoon, Dennis undertook to persuade his daughter to nap. She agreed, on condition that he lie beside her until she had fallen asleep. It seemed like a sound idea to Dennis, and as they were relaxing, Dennis observed idly, "Those drapes aren't bad at all—they make a delicate sun pattern."

Said Kris promptly, "They really aren't bad, considering that they're only *temperamental*."

Dennis let it pass, but after Kris had gone to sleep, he hastened to Lillian for

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The Story Behind the Story

Mrs. Peninger, only 5 feet 1½ inches tall, had worn a size 9 when she was married. After her baby was born she went to 138 pounds! Heavy hips and thick waist above slim legs made her look all out of proportion. One day her husband reminded her how slim she *used to be*. That decided her. She enrolled for the DuBarry Success Course, lost 7 pounds the first week, kept on until she lost 26. Now with 6 inches gone from her waist, 8 from her abdomen, 7 from her hips, she wears size 9 again. Her skin and hair are lovelier than ever before. "I cannot praise the DuBarry Success Course enough," says Mrs. Peninger. "It has shown me how to be healthier and happier than I had thought it possible to be."



Before



After

For this true-to-life camera portrait Mrs. Peninger wore a glamorous evening gown created by the famous designer Kiviette.

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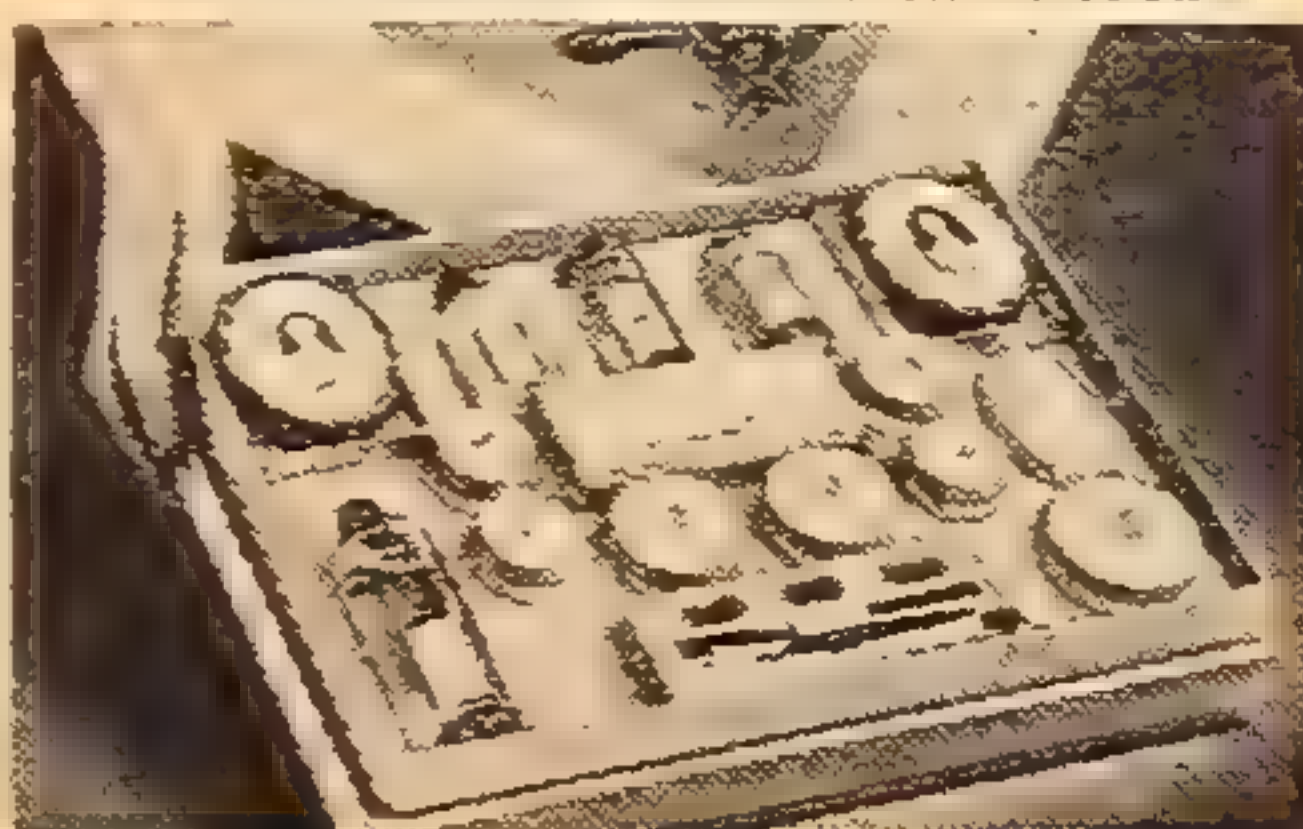
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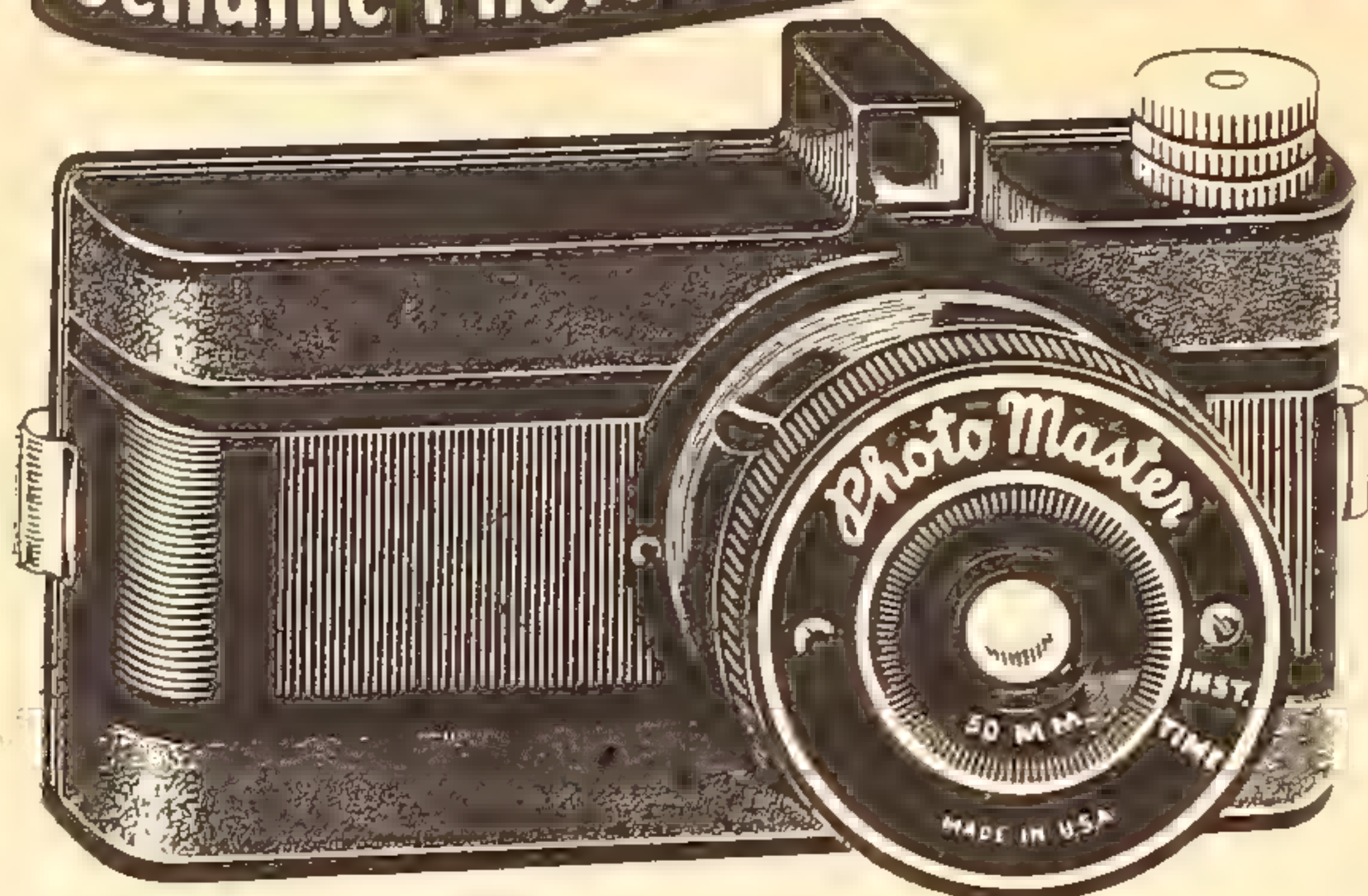
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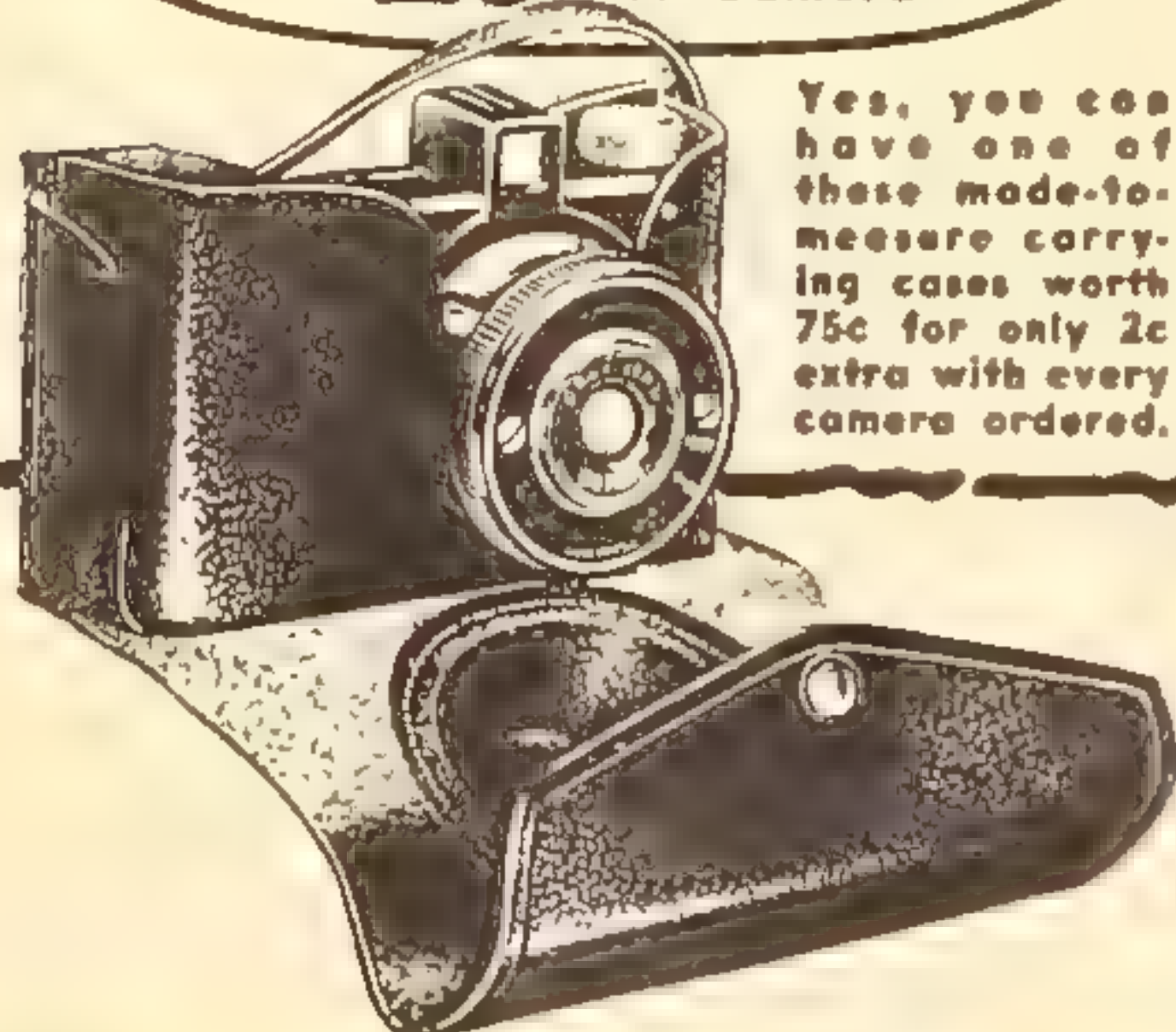
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an explanation. He was relieved to learn that the drapes were merely momentary—not moody.

When Dennis is away on hospital tours, which he was a good deal this summer and fall, he sends Stan and Kris individual postcards from each city he visits. He selects these cards with care; Stan's always picture some sport such as the local hunting, fishing, or swimming, since Stan and his dad are great outdoorsmen. (Stan's comment on his dad's athletic ability is brief: "Gosh, he's super.")

Kris' cards always depict horses. She doesn't ride yet, but she gives promise of being a rider to equal Elizabeth Taylor.

feet's too big . . .

Dennis' homecoming is always a time of high excitement. After this most recent trip, he handed Stan a silver-studded Indian belt that he had picked up in New Mexico; Jimmie accepted, with an appropriate whoop, a Comanche war-bonnet; and Kris ecstatically tore open her package to lift out a pair of beaded white moccasins.

Somewhat later in the evening Dennis noted, with misgivings, that Kris wasn't wearing the moccasins that she had originally tried on with such delight. "Changed your mind?" her dad asked. "Don't you like those Indian booties?"

"I love them," exploded Kris. "They're wonderful. They're the prettiest slippers I've ever had."

"Well, then, wear them!"

Kris' forehead creased. Resting her hand on her father's arm she said, "They're just a little too small for me, Daddy."

Dennis faced the fact that his daughter was growing up, and tossed off a wry smile at the thought. "After this, before I go shopping, I'm going to get a list of sizes," he promised. "Apparently I'm going to be shopping for two ladies, hereafter, instead of a lady and a little girl."

Kris' instant attempt to stand as tall as possible assured Dennis that he had said the tactful thing. She has the moccasins tucked away; she resisted strongly the suggestion that her Indian trophies be passed on to Jimmie.

back to civvies . . .

Last year, Stan—now eleven years old—attended a military academy. This year, however, he had a talk with Dennis to the effect that he would rather accompany Kris to the elementary school only a mile from the Morgan house. His reason for the change of scene was two-fold: He is now taking piano lessons again (which he couldn't do, and make the long daily trip to school in town), and—like all men who have been regimented—he wanted to get rid of that uniform. "It's just too hot," he said.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Jane Withers was appearing in person at a Cleveland theater several months ago. During her act, she asked for a soldier to come up and dance with her. Three got there at once. Jane started to speak, when suddenly a girl

screamed. Soon others were screaming and applauding. The audience went wild! But why not? One of the soldiers was Lon McCallister!

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He plays piano by ear, but Dennis is trying to discourage him; since the boy doesn't need notes to toss off a fairly accurate rendition of a piece of music, he is inclined to consider study a waste of time. Incidentally, he sometimes accompanies Dennis; they do "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "Desert Song" with great gusto.

On the first day at his new school, Stan had a minor tizzy about his sister. When she and Lillian picked him up (his session continues an hour after Kris' classes), he fixed his sister with a fond eye. "Did you have any lunch?" he demanded.

"Sure. I had macaroni, milk, and chocolate ice cream. What did you have?"

Stan sighed deeply. "I had the same thing, but I sure didn't enjoy it. I kept thinking that Dad had given me all the luncheon money, and that you didn't have a cent. I kept worrying that you were going hungry, but I didn't know what room you were in, and I couldn't find you in the lunch room. I certainly am relieved that you were okay."

That sounds like fable. For an eleven-year-old brother to be deeply and solicitously fond of his seven-year-old sister is one for the book, but in the case of the Morgans, it's true.

young smoothie . . .

Kris, although the younger member of the firm, is maternal toward Stan. Since he was unfamiliar with the bus stop nearest home—during his first few weeks at his new school—Kris remained patiently for an hour, until Stan's classes were dismissed, and rode home with him. "I'd worry, otherwise," she told her mother, "for fear he'd get off at the wrong stop and have a long walk up the road. He might even be run over, you know."

Perhaps one explanation of the family cordiality is the fact that the children are gently coached in matters of tact by both parents. One afternoon Stan was in the playhouse, scanning old pictures of his mother and dad when they were appearing together in college dramas.

Naturally, the clothing was old-fashioned, and Lillian's hair was cut in the shingle-back bob of the period. Grinning, Stan observed, "Every time I see those pictures, I don't understand why Dad didn't faint when he saw Mother looking like that."

His mother stifled a smile and said, "What do you mean by that, Stan? That you like me better as I am now?"

Stan got it. Grabbing his cue, and glancing affectionately at his mother, he said, "Oh, I think you're lots prettier with your hair the way you wear it now."

"Even when I'm wearing pigtails?"

"Yep. Even in pigtails," said the blossoming Beau Brummel.

Soon, the Morgans will probably be installing a huge Christmas tree in the guest house on the grounds of their home, and each member of the family is adding the trimmings of his choice.

The children will open their toys around this tree on Christmas morning, and most of the holiday festivities will take place in this quaint, comfortable cottage.

But on Christmas, 1946, the merry Morgans hope to celebrate in the magnificent living room in the main house. By that time they think they will have located a suitable rug for the room, will have made a deal with a decorator who will have enough material, help, and equipment to build the massive furniture necessary, and will have moved in the concert grand piano that Dennis covets for his home. At present, however, the living room is utterly empty.

As you can see, 1946 is going to be a very happy and busy year for the Hollywood family Morgan.

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JUNIOR MRS.

(Continued from page 42)

have this woman to thy lawfully wedded wife..."

"I will," said John Agar firmly, and Shirley's eyes lifted for an instant to his face, to the lips that had framed those words.

"Shirley, wilt thou have this man to thy lawfully wedded husband..."

Shirley's voice was clear, her tone steady and sweet as she said, "I will." Afterward, as she repeated the long vow in response to the clergyman's prompting, she spoke each word with a sincerity to match the timeless poetry of the ceremony.

"I now pronounce you man and wife," intoned the minister. Slowly, Shirley turned from the altar, lifted her head to smile into her husband's eyes, and slid one satin-clad arm upward to rest on his shoulder. Their kiss was long and rapturous, a dedication of deepest love.

something old, something new...

As they started the recessional march, Shirley rested her weight on the wrong foot. Her sergeant-groom, having spent a good many hours in a column, cast a corner-of-the-eye look at his new wife, and Shirley—her face composed, but her eyes dancing with merriment—quickly changed step.

It was a charming and symbolic gesture, the bride adjusting herself to the pace of a new life.

Shirley had been eager to observe all the fanciful customs of bridal tradition. She wore something old and utterly priceless: A handkerchief ring, hand-wrought from gold by some romantic colonial craftsman. It consisted of a little finger circlet from which was suspended a chain four inches long; at the end of the chain was a clasp which gripped the antique lace handkerchief that had been given to Shirley by Mrs. Court Majors, who had also loaned her this unique bit of jewelry.

She wore something new: Her wardrobe from head to toe.

She wore something borrowed: A tiny antique gold cross pinned inside her bodice. This had been loaned to Shirley by a boy she had known all her life.

She wore something blue: A garter given her by one of her bridesmaids.

It was suggested that Shirley wear a penny in her slipper—"a copper for luck"—but remembering the long processional to the altar, the long recessional, and the length of time she would have to stand in the receiving line, she demurred. "I don't want to be thinking of a pain in my shoe," she said.

There were too many other things to think about: The time, last spring, for instance, when her parents had announced her engagement. At that time she had known John Agar for nearly two years. She and her parents knew the code by which he lived and the ideals for which he stood. He was a fine young man.

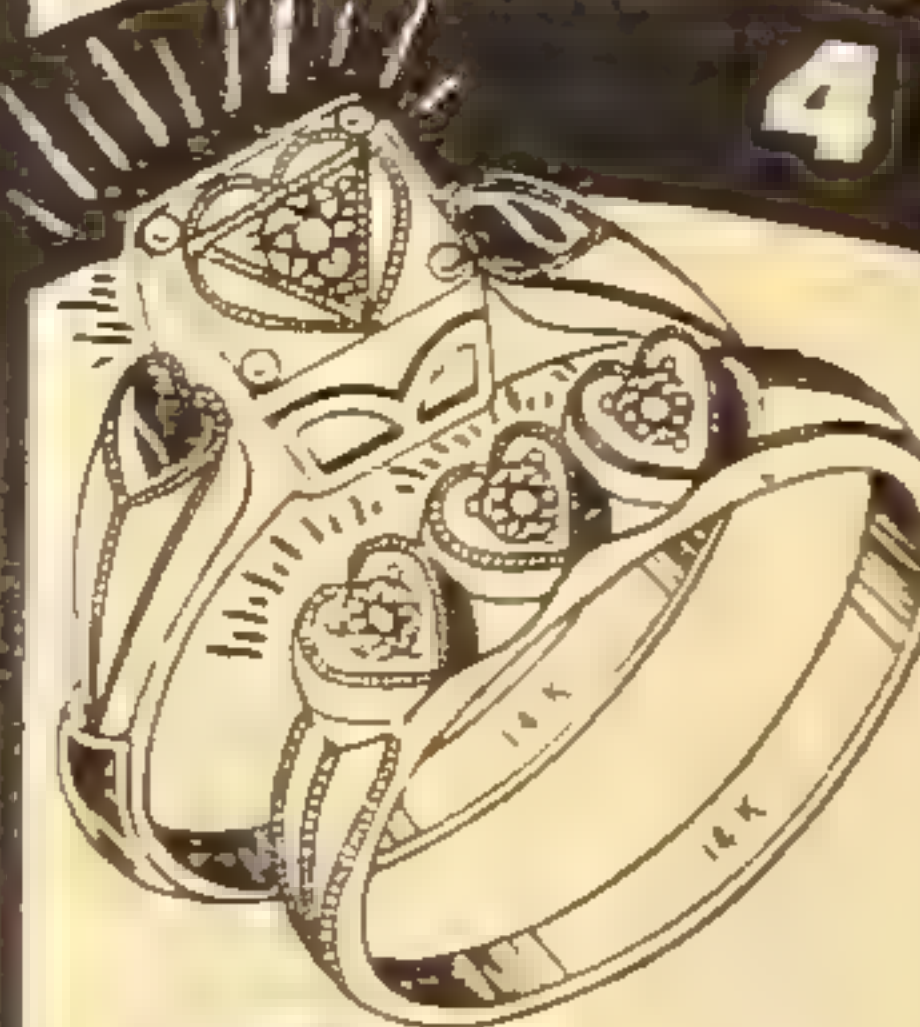
Both John and Shirley promised at that time that they wouldn't ask Shirley's parents for permission to marry for at least two years, perhaps three. John's future in the army, with the war raging at that time in Europe and the Pacific, was precarious.

Shirley, as well, had many things that she wanted to do before assuming the responsibilities and obligations of marriage. She said to her mother, "We have plenty of time. I want to enjoy the fun of being an engaged girl for a long time before getting married."

During this time John was stationed at Riverside, a city some sixty miles from

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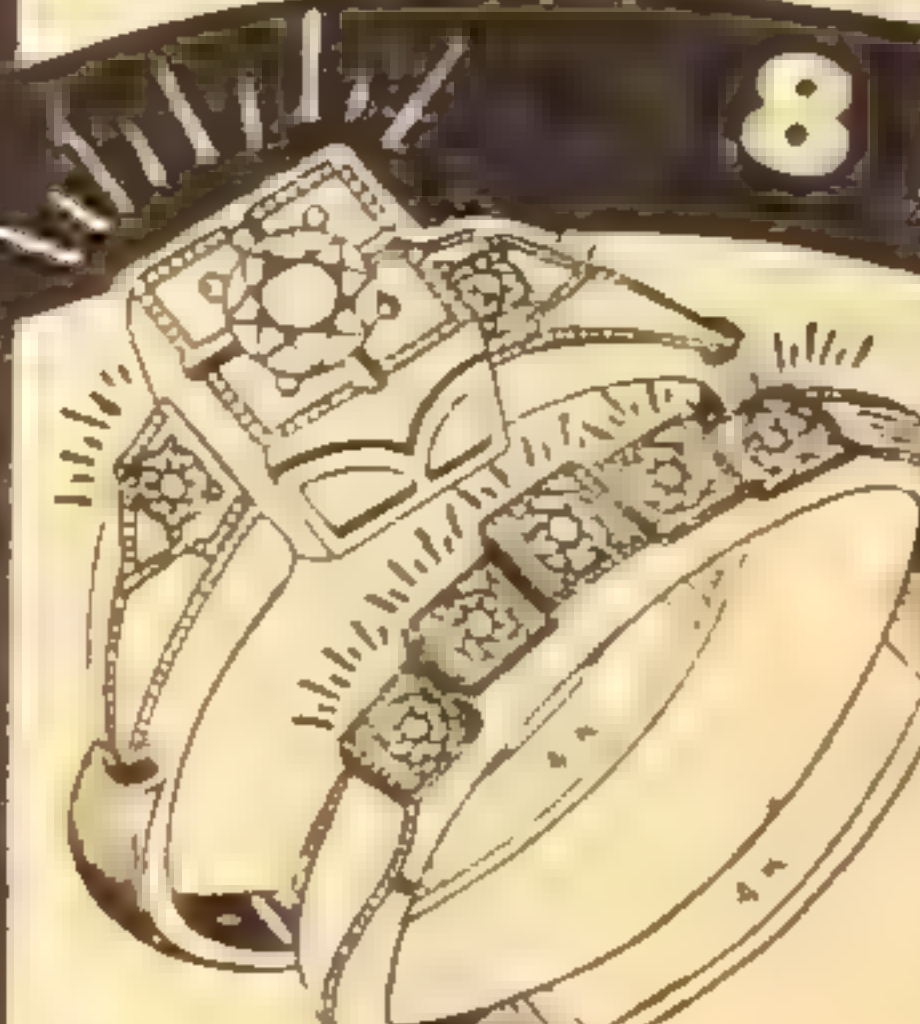
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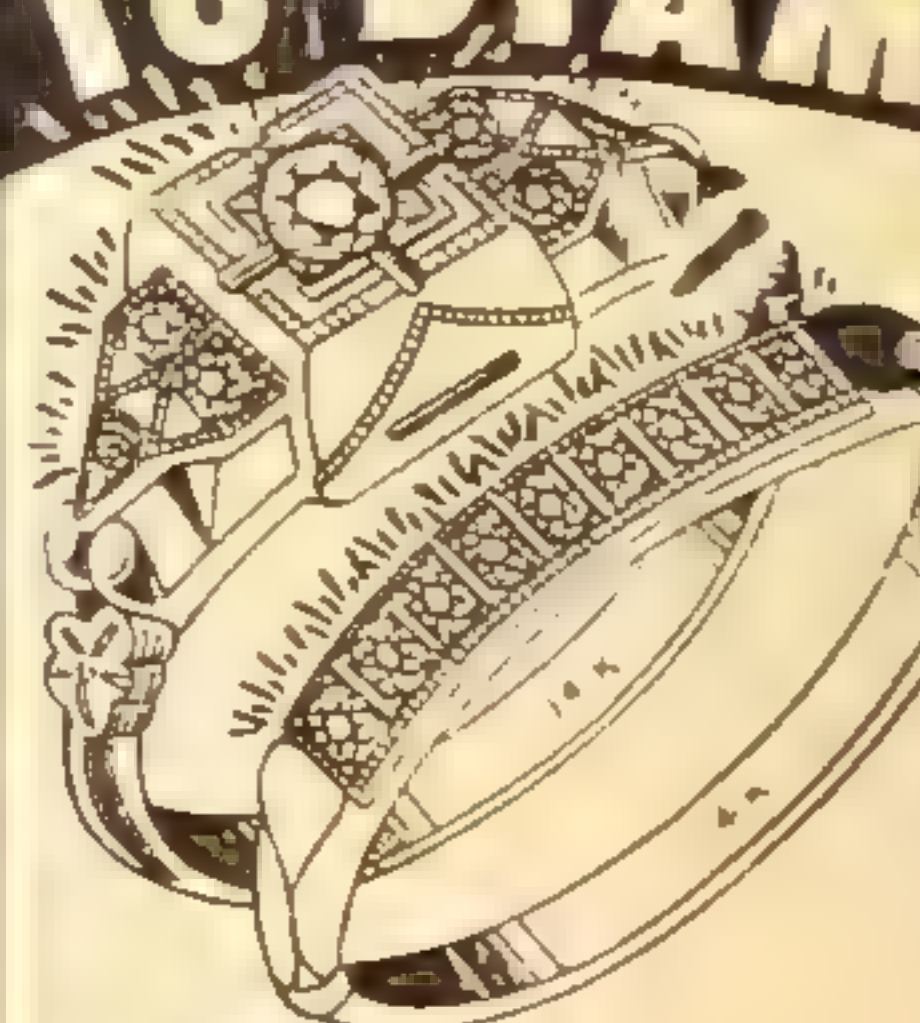
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Los Angeles. He telephoned Shirley every day at an appointed hour. As there is only one telephone in the vast Temple house (wartime restrictions), Shirley used to stand guard for fifteen or twenty minutes before her call was due, fending off all would-be users. This instituted a family joke. Whenever a queue formed near the telephone, as it did on occasion, a non-telephoning Temple would inquire pleasantly, "All expecting John?"

In July, Shirley's entire life changed. She made a two-week hospital tour. During her senior year at Westlake, between doing homework, making a picture, and having dates, Shirley managed to take the essential rudiments of a Nurse's Aid course, and to be indoctrinated for hospital visiting.

She went into this work with the viewpoint of almost any girl. Shirley has exceptional intuition and insight—that's true; she has a poise and assurance beyond her years. But still, she was a seventeen-year-old girl in many respects.

She emerged from the hospital tour, a woman.

Those who were with her on the tour marveled at first at her calm tact, her warm and easy camaraderie. Then they began to take her for granted, as the boys had from the first. She was everybody's kid sister, the swellest in the world—no nonsense, no airs, no giggling uncertainty. Just a honey.

When Shirley returned to Los Angeles, she was unusually quiet for several days. Jack came in from Riverside the following weekend, so he and Shirley were invited to the home of one of their dearest friends, Katherine Ferguson, who was to be—in future months—one of Shirley's bridesmaids. For two hours that night, Shirley talked about her experiences in the hospitals. She had become deeply interested in the psycho-neurosis cases and said repeatedly, "I've got to do a great deal more work in hospitals. I'm going on with my education this fall, and I'll have to make a picture . . . but I've simply got to do more hospital work."

fateful decision . . .

Shortly afterward, Jack learned that he was to be transferred to Geiger Field in Washington. Until that time he had been a P.T. instructor, but with his transfer he was going into aviation engineering. "Which means," he told Shirley, "that I'm booked for overseas."

One August Saturday night, Mr. and Mrs. Temple, Mrs. Agar, Jack and Shirley went to the Hollywood Bowl Concert. Mrs. Temple had noticed that, instead of kidding and clowning as usual, Shirley and Jack were quiet and thoughtful. There was something preoccupied about their behavior, a tense and decisive air.

Mrs. Temple whispered to Mrs. Agar, "Have you noticed our youngsters? You know what we're to be faced with, don't you? They're going to want to get married."

Mrs. Agar smiled at Mrs. Temple. "The decision is yours, of course," she said. These two women had become friends, respecting and admiring one another sincerely.

However, after the concert, other topics came up for discussion, so Mrs. Temple dismissed her prediction from her mind.

Sunday afternoon she was entertaining a rather large party at a barbecue dinner. Since she is a perfectionist, she was trying to be everywhere at once, to see that everyone was comfortable, the table perfect, the supplies in good order, the cook happy, and all details in harmony. As she whisked through the center hallway on some urgent errand, she discovered Shirley and Jack standing in a shadowed corner, talking earnestly.

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Their controlled eagerness told her what was to be. As she hurried up the stairway, she heard Shirley say breathlessly, "Ask her now."

Over her shoulder, the mother looked down at her daughter and Jack. The two faces were turned pleadingly upward; Shirley's eyes were limpid with an inarticulate entreaty; Jack's wide blue eyes were dark with supplication. Mrs. Temple looked from one pair of ardent eyes to the other; she said, "Not now . . . some other time." But her heart lost its purpose. She couldn't refuse them. "Come upstairs to my room," she said, leading the way.

Jack went directly to the point. He said that he loved Shirley with all the devotion in the world, that there had never been anyone like her, and there never would be. "I'm not a conceited guy," he added. "If I go away without being married to Shirley, she's likely to meet somebody else, and I might lose her. Being engaged is one thing. Being married is something else. It's pretty hard for a girl to stay at home when she doesn't have anything—a vow, sort of—to keep her there. You know that the wolves are really going to be howling the instant I leave town."

And Shirley said, "I know I promised not to ask to be married, but everything has changed. I'm not the same person I was when you announced my engagement. I've grown up. And, Mother, I can't bear the idea of Jack lying in a hospital somewhere, and my not being able to be with him because I wasn't his wife."

Mrs. Temple sighed. "We'll have to discuss it with your father," she said gently. Then she went into some of the problems of marriage. "Would you expect Shirley to follow you to army camps in case things change and you should remain in this country?"

Jack was quick to answer. "I don't believe in that sort of thing. No, I'd want Shirley to stay right here," he said.

"When I've talked it over with Mr. Temple, we'll have another discussion," the mother said. But there was something in her tone that told Shirley, who is her mother's alter ego, that her mother was in sympathy.

To George Temple, his wife said afterward, "With this horrible war going on, with everything in life so uncertain, do we have the right to make this decision for Shirley? Isn't she ready to make her own emotional decisions?"

They talked far into the dawn. "We'll be criticized by people who feel that Shirley should continue her education, and that no seventeen-year-old girl should marry," he said.

no war hysteria . . .

But, they agreed, Shirley's case was totally different from that of the average seventeen-year-old girl. She was old for her years; she had always lived a public life. She and Jack had known one another for two years, and the Temples knew the Agars well, so this was no whirlwind courtship, no hysterical hurry-up marriage. Jack would always be able to take care of her financially. Furthermore, Shirley was in a position in which the security of marriage and the dignity of wifehood were important. And she was desperately in love.

During the days that followed the decision that a marriage would take place in September, Shirley said, "I won't mind staying at home, Mommy. You said the other night that I couldn't have dates if I were married. Well, I don't want to go out with anyone but Jack. A date is no fun unless it's with an interesting person, and I'm not interested in any other

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man on earth except Jack.”

During the six weeks Jack was in Washington, taking a special course, he telephoned twice a week, and wrote whenever he had an opportunity. But if he didn't telephone on time, or if a letter didn't arrive on schedule, Shirley didn't fret. There were not, and there have never been, minor quarrels between them. She and Jack had reached an important decision: Neither was ever to make any hard and fast rule about a trivial matter. There were to be a set of general understandings about the basic things, as there must be in every intelligent marriage, but there was to be no ball-and-chain restriction upon either partner.

just the tried and true . . .

When Jack received his overseas assignment, accompanied by a ten-day leave, including travel time, he telephoned Shirley and plans were made for a quick wedding. The invitations had already been engraved, with the date line left blank, so secretaries got busy with pen and ink, and the heavy white envelopes were quickly mailed out.

Shirley went to celebrated couturier Howard Greer to be fitted for her white satin gown and her traveling suit. One of the fitters said, “I imagine that every famous person in Hollywood will attend your wedding.”

Said Shirley with quiet dignity, “I'd love to invite every celebrity I have ever worked with, if this were a party. But this is a sacred service, a wedding ceremony, so I want only the friends of my parents, and the people with whom I've grown up. I want my wedding to be just like that of a girl in Cleveland or Dallas or Portland.” So the guest list included only Los Angeles' social folk, who comprise the bulk of Mr. and Mrs. Temple's friends, and Shirley's friends from the studio.

While Jack was in Washington, Shirley was the honored guest at a series of bridal showers. In each letter to her fiancé she wrote rapturously of the gifts she had received for their future home. Jack finally postscripted, “How come the bride gets all the showers? Pity the poor groom.”

So, the night before the wedding, Shirley planned a surprise shower for Jack. The entire wedding party was invited to the Agar home for dinner, and each person brought a gag gift, delicately wrapped in shower fixings. With appropriate cries of admiration, Jack lifted from boxes and tissue such benedict-ine gadgets as a can opener, a chef's hat to be worn at barbecue parties, and a nice selection of aprons for washing dishes on the maid's night out.

After dinner, the wedding party went

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Maybe livin' was easy for some people, but oh, brother! you should have seen us wading through that avalanche of I SAW IT HAPPEN letters you've been smothering us with lately. We read each and every one, you know, which is why you don't hear from us right away. But we still think your best bet is to give with that cheerful earful of what happened when you met a star . . . and if we publish your masterpiece, there's a five-dollar check in it for you, as well as the fun of seeing your story and name in print. So keep 'em coming to the I SAW IT HAPPEN Editor MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

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to the church for rehearsal, then Jack brought Shirley home. He was very formal. He took her to the door, patted her shoulder, said, "I'll be seeing you—in church." Then he hopped into his car and zoomed away, knowing that he was not to telephone or see Shirley until he met her at the altar.

The next day, she had a final fitting for her going-away suit at Howard Greer's; then, at four o'clock, she and her mother began to carefully pack her honeymoon wardrobe into traveling bags. The fragile blouses, the simple dresses, were folded in tissue.

The wedding party assembled at the church early, where they dressed and were photographed by a portrait lensman. Meanwhile, fans had climbed to the top of the dressing rooms and the pastor's study, and were making a horrible clatter on the roof. Someone came in from the street to say that 15,000 people were milling around on Wilshire Boulevard behind police lines. One of the bridesmaids said, "What a wonderful tribute! To think that fifteen thousand people want to share the most wonderful day in Shirley's life with her."

shirley is poised . . .

Mrs. Temple, biting her lips, looked across the study to meet her husband's eyes, but he had turned away, and in the soft light she could see his tears glistening across cheeks that he brushed as inconspicuously as possible.

That was more than she could take, so she slipped into the pastor's study, pulled out her compact and determinedly powdered her nose. In the other room Shirley's sweet, clear voice could be heard. She was by far the most self-possessed person in the wedding party.

The reception was held in the garden of the Temple home. The rose arbor had been turned into a bower within, and festooned without with garlands of roses; on the ridgepole perched a pair of porcelain turtledoves. In front of the arbor an area had been landscaped with wired long-stemmed red roses, and along the path, tuberous begonias had been set out. Here and there charcoal braziers sent up an autumnal fragrance along with a warmth welcome against the early chill of night.

In addition to the gifts given by her fans, Shirley received from the Agars a complete set of silverware with service for twelve, chosen from stock available under wartime restrictions. Each item was engraved with her new initial, "A."

Mr. and Mrs. Temple gave the newlyweds a magnificent sterling tea service. There was crystal service for twelve in Orrefors glass, and a full set of Spode chinaware. There was a 22-carat gold berry set, an electric iron, an alarm clock, a set of cook books, a half dozen white, satin-bound blankets, a white satin puff, a bride's memory book, three superb picture frames, three salad bowls, dozens of sterling silver vegetable and buffet dishes, and a breathtaking array of linen, chief among which was a fragile, appliqued set of place mats and a Madeira tablecloth.

affection by the carload . . .

One of the bridesmaids said to another, who appeared to be headed for the playhouse, "Where to, chum?"

"To view the gifts."

"Forsooth, have you ever visited Maison de Blanc or Zacho's?" asked the first, mentioning two of the finest of Los Angeles shops, the former selling exquisite linens, and the latter specializing in crystal, china and ceramics.

"That I have. That I have. But to be specific—so what?"

"Well, the entire stock is now in Shirly's possession. The wedding guests bought

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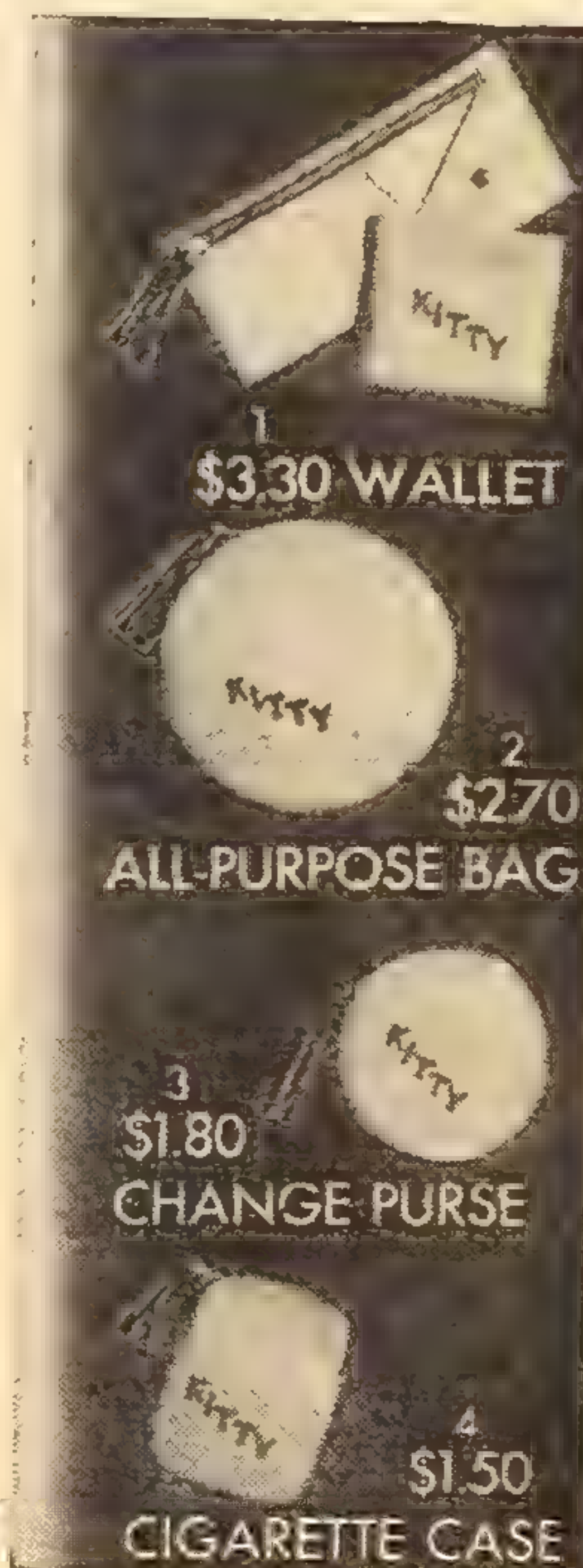
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out both places and half a dozen other establishments. Of course, if you're curious. . . ."

They went away arm in arm, toward the refreshment table.

It required nearly two hours for the receiving line to pass Mrs. Temple, Mrs. Agar, Shirley, Jack, and the eight bridesmaids. Then—at midnight—Shirley cut the three-tier wedding cake. Instead of the conventional bride and groom under the wedding bell, to garnish the top layer of the Martha Smith cake, a spun sugar basket filled with white flowers was the summit motif.

trick that backfired . . .

It was while the cake was being cut in the glare of a hundred bursting flash bulbs that one of the photographers tumbled backward into the eighteen inches of water in the fish pond. He saved his camera, but his glasses vanished amid the lilies. Bride and groom laughed until they couldn't be photographed but by then the photographers were howling, too. Jack Temple—the practical man—rushed into the house for a flashlight, but it almost required a navy diver's helmet to retrieve the fortunately unbroken glasses.

Some of the groom's wayward friends had plotted a little traditional bother for him, when he and Shirley were to make their exit. They studied the situation: Parked in the driveway was a handsome polished Cadillac, and beside it, innocently enough, a battered and dusty station wagon. "Let's decorate the Cadillac," they plotted gleefully.

So when Shirley and Jack came downstairs (Shirley breathtaking in a dove-grey suit with a blue plastron of velvet, and a blue velvet beret with a grey veil), and hopped into the Cadillac, a triumphant yell went up from the busy but triumphant ushers.

But Jack and Shirley slid through the Cadillac, and into the station wagon, scorched down the drive, through the electric gate and onto Sunset Boulevard before anyone else could get the gates open a second time to give chase to the canny couple.

The newlyweds drove to the Los Angeles Town House, where the bridal suite had been reserved for them. The next day they drove to Santa Barbara, then proceeded up the coast on tankful of beautiful, unrationed gas.

After the beauty of the ceremony is over, and the wedding guests have departed, after the gifts have all been opened, catalogued, and acknowledged; after the wedding gown has been folded in tissue and tucked away for a daughter in years to be; after the honeymoon is finished, and marriage really begins—then, a man and a woman face each other and the future.

two together . . .

What that future holds for John and Shirley Agar is promising, if one knows what John had to say on the subject on the afternoon of his wedding day. He and Jack Temple had spent the day together. Jack Temple had undertaken to talk to his future brother-in-law about the problems faced by members of a celebrity's family. He also talked about Shirley, her personality, her attitudes, her faults, and her nobilities. He said, "So you see, John, there are going to be some hills to climb."

Answered Agar, looking the other man squarely in the eye, "And when we come to those hills, Jack, Shirley and I will climb them together, hand in hand . . . running."

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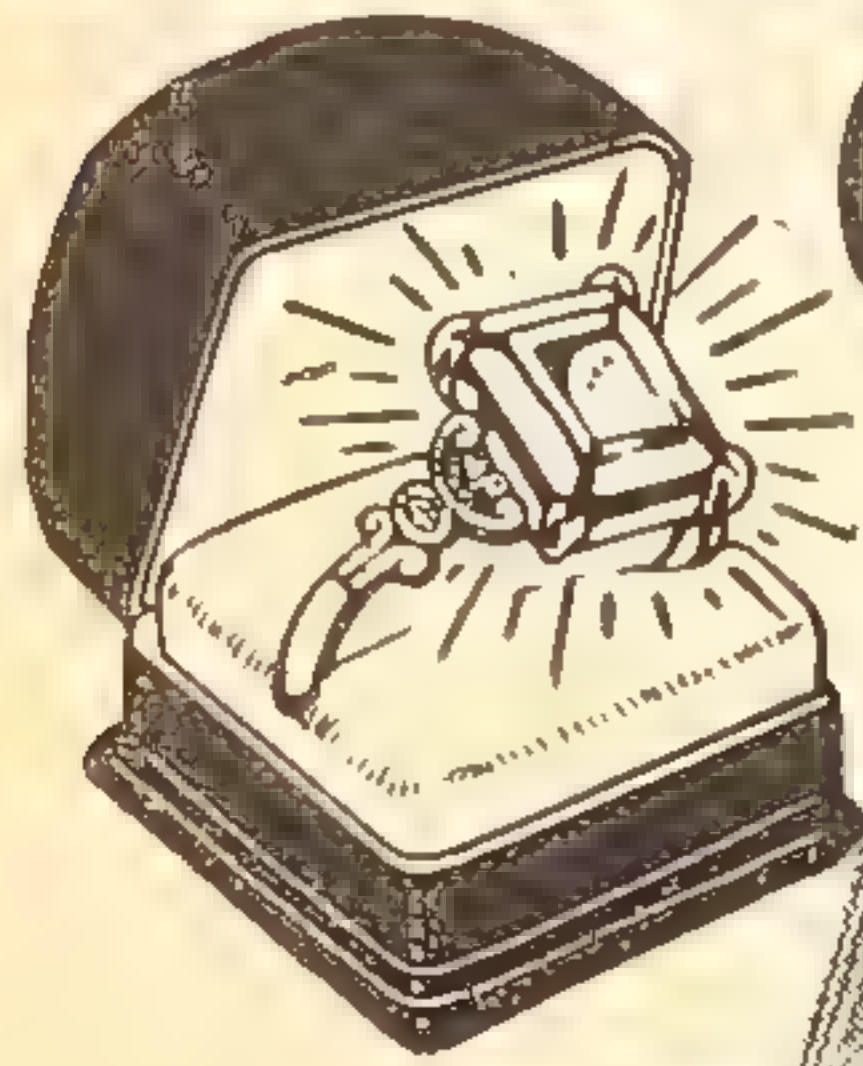
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4-WAY RECTAL CONES



DANA ANDREWS

(Continued from page 58)

fate hung in the balance, then dipped. "Okay—"

So began a period of perpetual motion. Mornings he worked for Twomey, to ease a little the burden of his debt. Then to Pasadena for a rehearsal, back to Los Angeles for a singing lesson, back to Pasadena for the performance, back to Van Nuys at two in the morning.

learning the hard way . . .

Twomey was content. "Only I can't take this Shakespeare. When you do a regular play, I'll be around."

He hadn't long to wait. Dana got one of the leads in Sidney Howard's dramatization of that shattering story of Humphrey Cobb's, "Paths of Glory." In fact, of the three principal parts, his was the standout—Langlois, the sensitive, ironic young Frenchman.

Through his singing teacher, he'd met Rudolf Amend, an actor who'd fled from Hitler's Europe. Amend was grateful for some service Dana had done him. "If you ever get a difficult part to play, I might be able to help you."

Dana went to him now. "I know I can't play this the way it should be played. Does your offer still hold?"

Amend worked with him as if both their lives were at stake—hour after hour, hammering his pupil into the mold of the Frenchman. On opening night, Dana could feel the waves of excitement spreading from him to the audience and back.

The play moved to its final scene. The sergeant assigned to lead Langlois to his death, eyes his bemedalled coat. "Anything you'd like me to bring your wife?"

"No." His own eyes drop to the medals. Slowly he removes the coat and hands it to the sergeant. "You can have these. I don't feel very brave just now—"

The curtain fell, and the audience went wild. Twomey came back and patted his shoulder. "Just a matter of time now." The critic whose opinion mattered most, wrote: "As for Dana Andrews, playing the soldier whose survival would have meant most to civilization, I find it difficult to restrain my praise—"

Irving Cumin, talent scout at Warners, looked him over. "Tell you what I think. I don't think you're ripe yet. Keep on working and come back in six months."

Oliver Hinsdell, M-G-M coach, called Bill Grady, casting director. From the outer office Dana could hear him say: "I've got that Andrews kid here. Unless I miss my guess, he's another Gable."

Grady disagreed. "You're a character man," he told Dana. "My best advice is get yourself an agent and play bits."

a character . . .

At RKO the guy shook his head. "Now that I've seen you close up, it's no go. I wouldn't even give you a test, they'd think I was crazy. You were good the other night, but you're a character actor."

In spite of the studio disappointments, he felt pretty cocky. His first real performance, and look what happened! "I find it difficult to restrain my praise—"

Gilmore Brown, managing director at Pasadena, has a cure for cockiness. "You were very good," he told Dana. "Now let's try something completely different."

They gave him the part of a polished young man. Having no polish, he flopped like a dead fish, which brought his head down to normal or slightly under.

For two-and-a-half years at the Playhouse, he beat his brains out, playing big parts and small, young men and old, learn-

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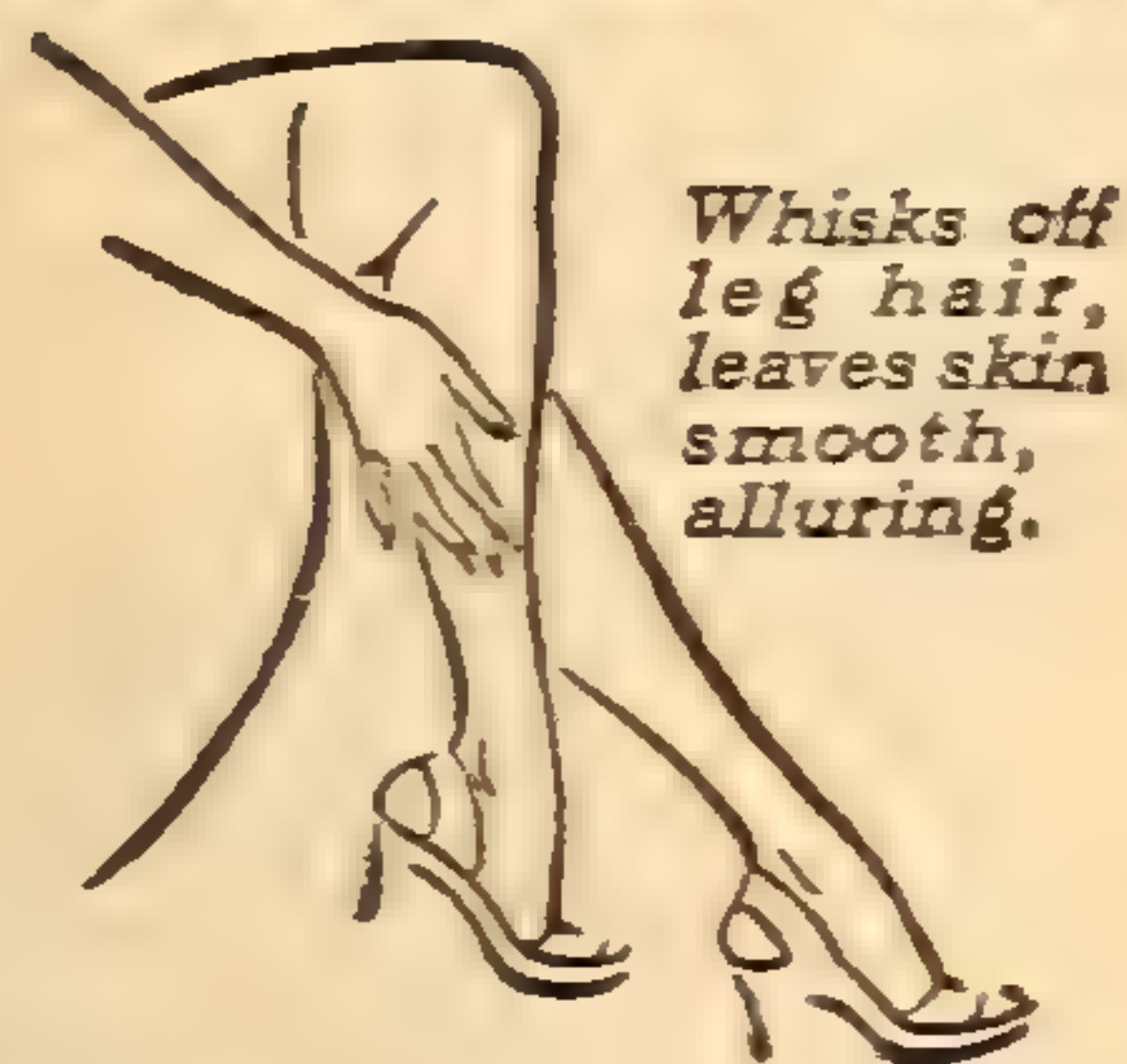
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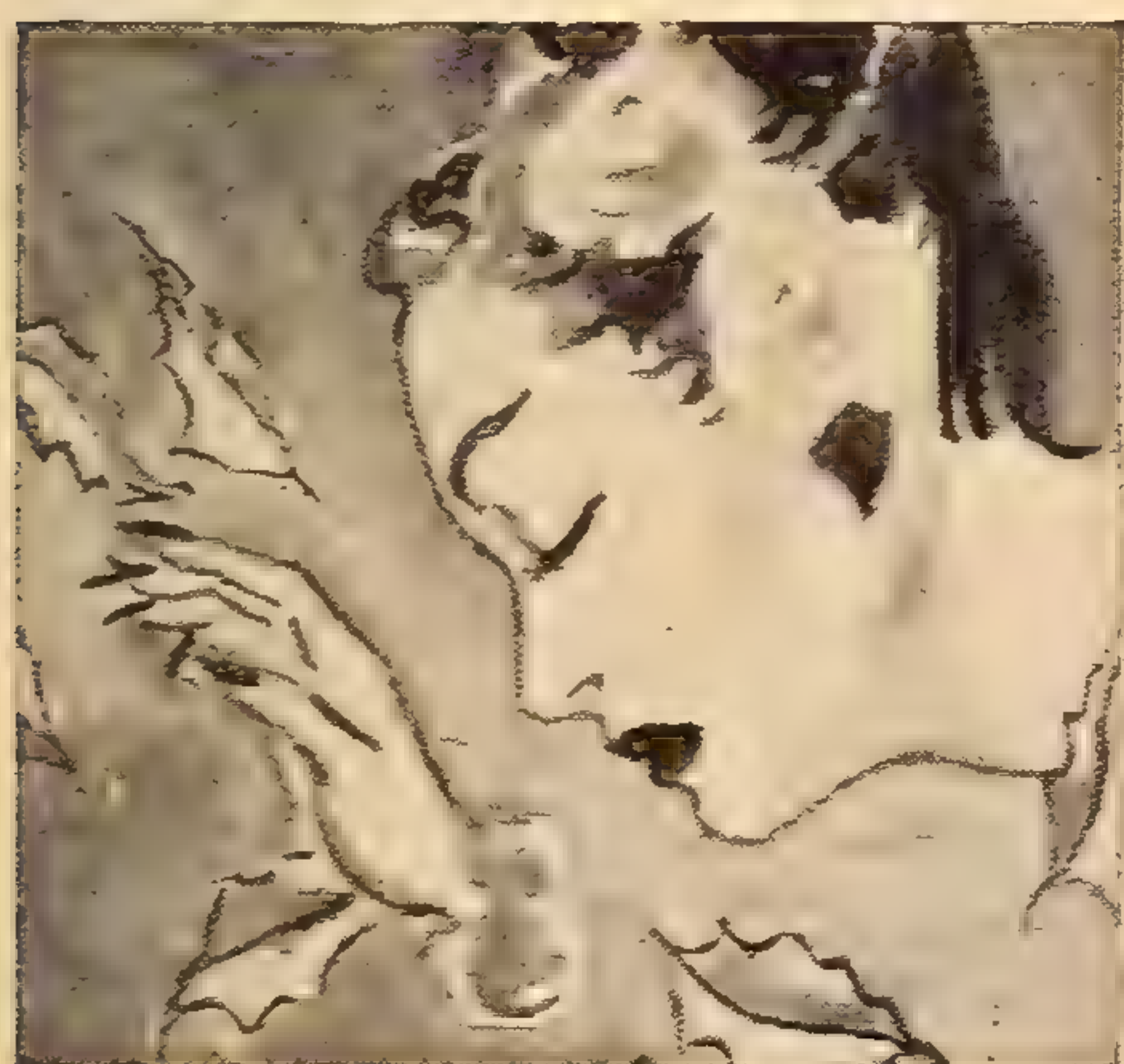
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nence of premature fine lines and wrinkles.

ing technique, training away his crudities, waiting for nibbles that never came. Through it all, Twomey stood solidly behind him. "Just keep on working, don't worry about expenses, you're going to make it—" He'd call Irving Cumin. "Well, what about it?"

"I'm working on it—"

He was, too. The call finally came, only at the wrong time. Never one for half measures, Twomey'd suggested that Dana have his teeth straightened. Arrangements had been made when Cumin phoned. He'd talked the casting director into a test. What to do now? Ask them to wait, and the thing might fall through. Take a chance, and his teeth might lose him a contract.

In desperation, Dana came clean. "I'm about to have my teeth straightened. It'll take six or eight months. I'd rather wait if you'll give me your word to make the test then—"

"If I'm here," the casting director promised, "you'll get the test—"

"Will you put that in writing?"

"I don't have to. Irving's a witness. You'll get your test."

When the braces came off, he went back.

"We're not making tests now," the casting director said. "If there's any change—"

You may have gathered by now that Dana's a patient man. But here's where patience snapped, and cold rage took over. Yet he spoke evenly. "You gave me your word of honor. What good is it?"

"Now, look, let's be reasonable—"

"The hell with you," said Dana, and strode out.

someday she'll come along . . .

Meantime, Mary Todd had entered the picture. . . .

It was Aggie who first broached the subject of re-marriage. "You know, Dana, some day there'll be another girl—"

"Are you worried about it?" he asked gently.

"On the contrary. I'd be worried if I thought you'd never marry again. But will you do me a favor? When she shows up, will you let me meet her?"

"It's a promise, Aggie."

They were rehearsing "First Lady" and blonde Mary Todd played the ingenue opposite Dana. She was a swell actress, with a lively mind and the kind of dry humor that you don't expect from a blonde. But Dana found himself nursing a grievance against her. Last spring she'd been delectably slim. Over the summer she'd put on thirty pounds. All his life Dana'd abhorred fat girls.

After rehearsals, the crowd would assemble for a soda, or at the Waldorf for coffee and sandwiches. By imperceptible degrees, the others ceased to exist for Dana. Mary blotted them out—

Back in the safety of his room, he'd talk to himself. "Andrews, this can't be happening to you. You're crazy to fall in love with a fat girl—"

Between Mary and the play, he got his nerves keyed up so tight, they jangled. But the fall of the curtain on opening night brought release from one strain. They all went out to celebrate. Emerging from the telephone booth, Dana bumped into Mary. Their eyes met—

"I've been wanting to do this for four weeks," he announced—and kissed her so she knew she'd been kissed, murmured "That's all, thank you," and marched back to the table. When Mary rejoined them, neither said boo to the other till Dana asked if he could see her home.

It's a long way from Pasadena to Santa Monica. Dana was busy driving. Mary seemed to be lost in thought. Conversation languished.

When they pulled up at her house, he turned to her. "I'm in love with you. What're you going to do about it?"

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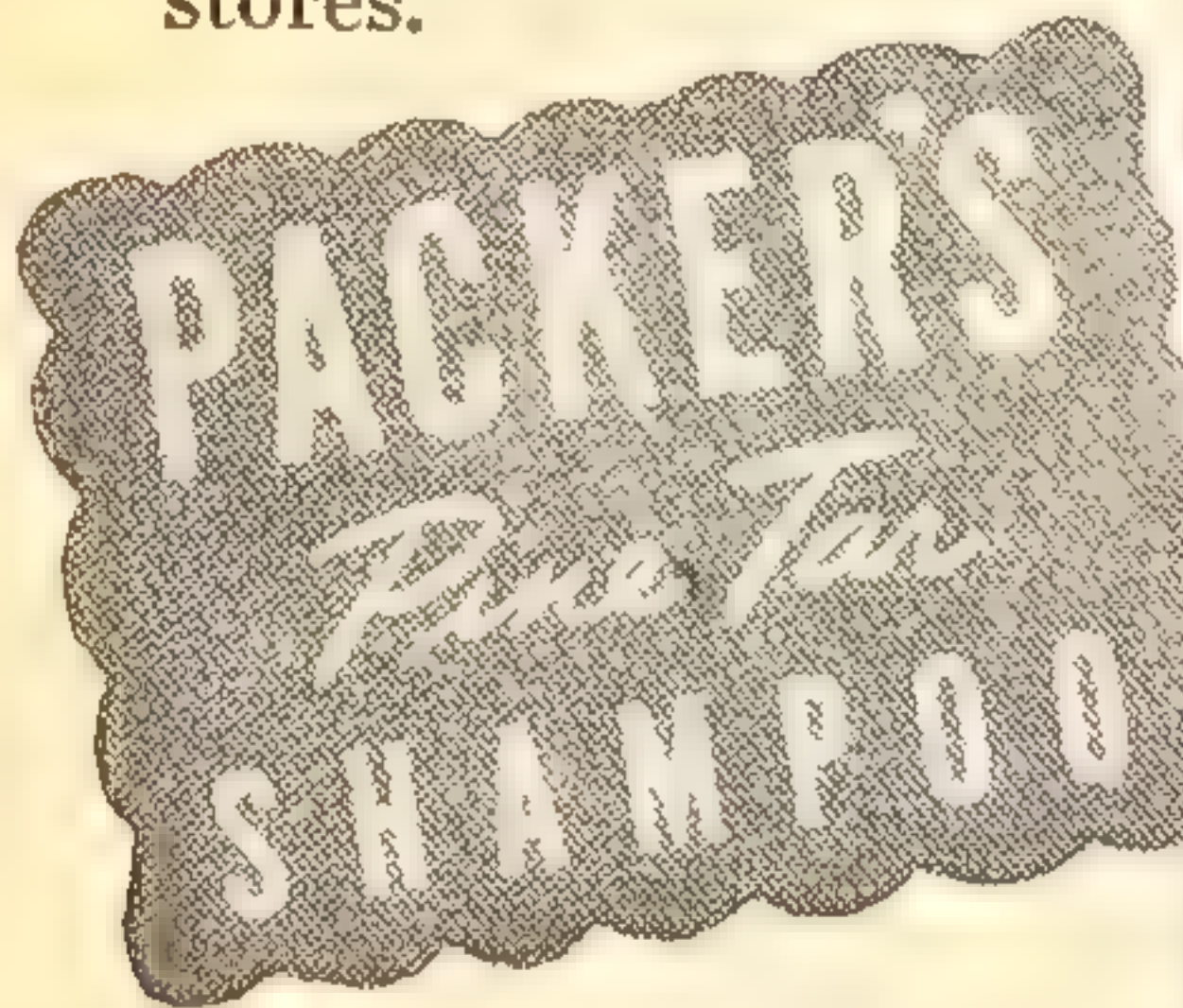
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"What would you like me to do?"

So he told her, and they sat holding hands and talking till daylight.

Aggie met her when Dana took them both out to a show. Afterwards, he dropped Aggie at the house before driving Mary home. But she waited up for him—

"That's the one," she said. It was a statement, not a question. "Oh Dana, I'm glad. She's wonderful—"

"Isn't she though!"

new way to reduce . . .

The most important thing Mary and Dana talked about in the car that first night was love. The second was marriage. Naturally, they couldn't marry while Dana was living on the money of another man. Indeed, the path of true love became such an obstacle race that, before it was run, Mary'd melted to a slender 108 pounds.

The career—to abuse a word—seemed to be headed for plenty of nothing. For the first time Dana began to feel licked. Guys he'd worked with at Pasadena—Bob Preston, the late Laird Cregar, Vic Mature—had gone whizzing right by him into nice plump contracts. How long can you beat your head against stone? He had Mary to think of now as well as Twomey. Mary said: "Wait a while. Maybe the break's around the corner—"

That summer, while Pasadena was closed, he worked at Neely Dickson's Theater. An agent named Lou Golder left word for him to call. But Dana was a small operator. Except with a big agent, Dana felt he hadn't the ghost of a chance. Twomey was trying to interest Everett Crosby. Crosby turned them down—he didn't need any clients—

That's when Dana gave up. Mary was against it but, in the final analysis, it was Dana who had to make the decision. He went to Twomey. "I can't go on like this, my conscience won't let me."

Twomey's fingers drummed the table. "What about this Lou Golder—?"

"Oh, he called again, but you know as well as I do that nothing'll come of it—"

"Let's go see him anyway—"

Mr. Golder was keen about Dana. He'd seen him at Neely Dickson's and at Pasadena. "You may not know it," he said, "but you're the best man to hit this town since Spencer Tracy in 'The Last Mile.' I've already talked to a big producer about you—"

agent at work . . .

"What can we lose?" shrugged his friend.

Golder shoved the contracts over. Dana signed.

"Okay," said the agent. "Now come with me—"

Dana'd underestimated Mr. Golder. Not only had he talked to Sam Goldwyn, he'd made an appointment. What's more, Gregg Toland—Goldwyn's ace cameraman—and Reeves Espy, vice-president of the company, knew all about Dana. Lou had hauled them out to Pasadena to watch Dana perform in "O Evening Star."

Mr. G. may scramble his English, but his head works straight. He ordered a test for Dana with Sigrid Gurie. Dana was so unnerved that at lunchtime he neglected to remove a temporary porcelain cap. When they started shooting again, the cameraman said: "There's a little space between two of your teeth. I didn't notice it this morning—"

Dana turned green. "Holy mackerel, I swallowed my tooth with my oyster stew!"

In the projection room next morning he sat slumped between Mary and Mr. Goldwyn. The film started, and Dana's heart subsided. "They're running somebody else's test first." Then he heard his own lines and shot out of his seat—

"My God, do I look like that?"

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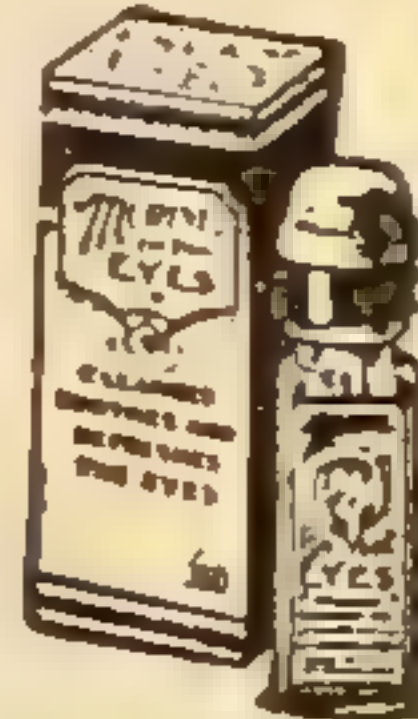
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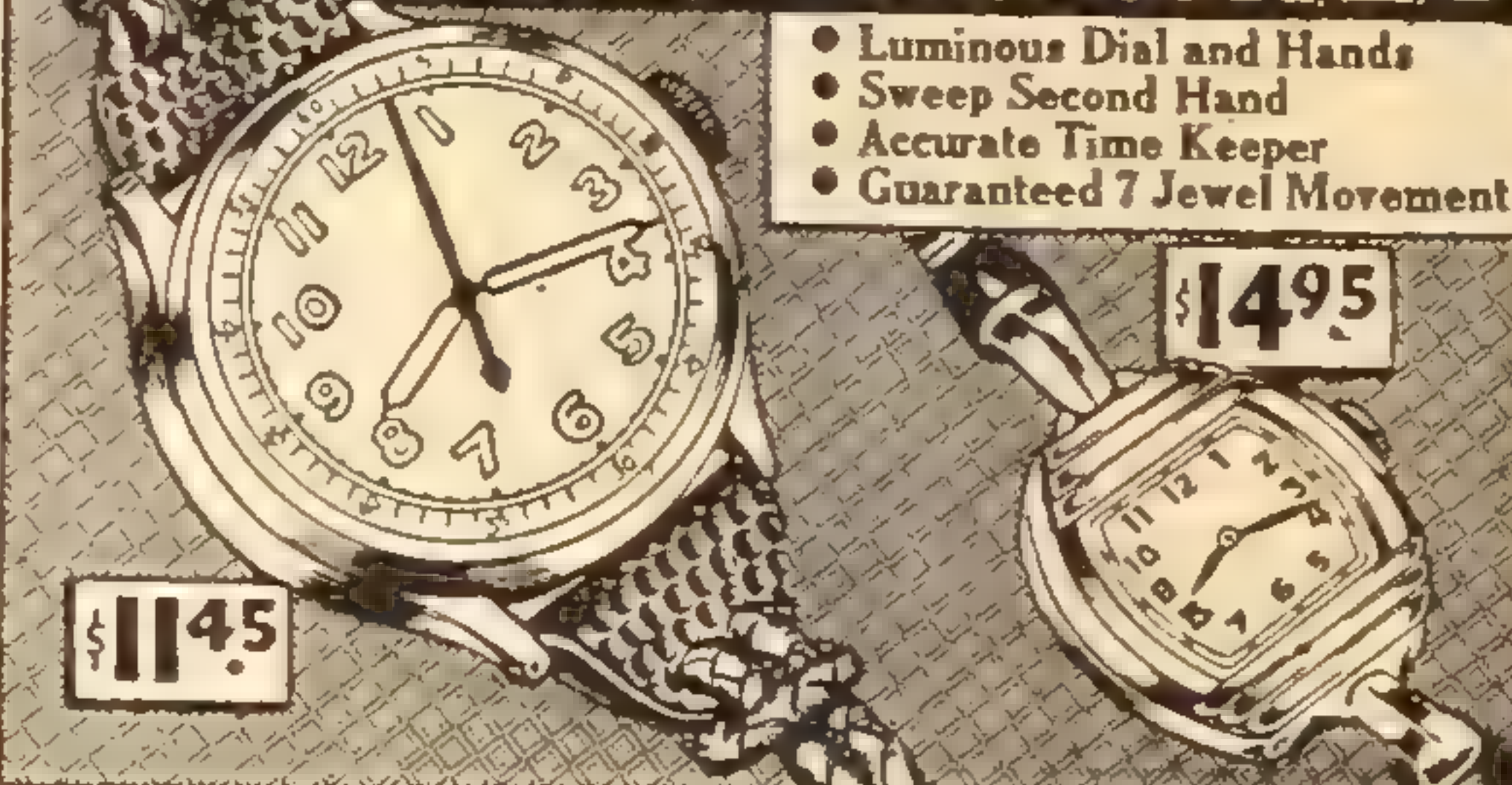
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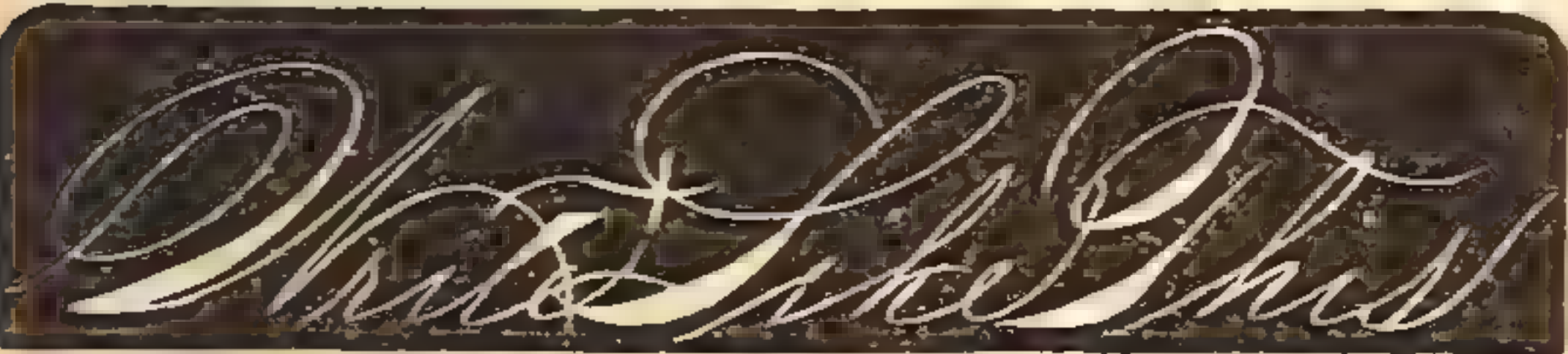
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"Why, don't you like yourself?" asked Goldwyn.

Dana muttered and was still. Then came Mary's turn. For the finale of every test, you're perched on a stool and turned around, so the camera catches you from every angle. On the screen, the revolving effect is curious. Mary howled—

"Now what's the matter?" Goldwyn asked patiently.

"He looks so funny!" she choked.

"The guy doesn't like himself! To the girl he looks funny! Maybe we shouldn't sign you at all. But I think we will—"

So the contract was signed. Mary and Dana could be married. They thought.

This was the period in Hollywood history when marriage was supposed to dim your romantic appeal.

Dana took his case to Reeves Espy, who said: "I wouldn't suggest it to Mr. Goldwyn right now. You've waited this long, why not wait a little longer?"

Mary wept, more in fury than sorrow. "Who do they think they are, running our lives for us?"

"Look, honey, let's just get married..."

"No! Not when you've broken in after all these years." She dried her eyes. "I can use the time to advantage. Pining and losing another couple of pounds—"

bachelor blues . . .

Weeks turned to months. Months of marking time. Drawing paychecks and making tests. No marriage, no pictures.

Till the day came when Dana had had enough. He phoned Mr. Goldwyn for an appointment. Mr. Goldwyn would see him at 10:30 tomorrow.

Mr. Goldwyn was detained by matters of importance. Dana waited and paced. 11. 11:30. And suddenly—clang, clang! The firebell! People shoving and yelling and running out to the lot—the leaping of flames, the din of fire engines closing in from all parts of the town—slithering hose, soot-smudged faces, torrents of water—and terror subsiding to pleasurable excitement as the blaze came under control.

Across a circle of faces, Goldwyn caught Dana's eye. The racket was still like something out of bedlam. "What did you want to see me about?" he yelled.

Dana cupped his palms to his mouth. "Not now. I want to beard the lion in his den—"

"Beard me here," Goldwyn shouted.

"OKAY! I want to get MARRIED."

For a moment the Goldwyn aplomb was staggered. "He wants to get married! Right in the middle of the fire!" But the fire was out, and the boss was feeling good. "Go ahead, get married."

Mary's family had lived in Santa Monica for thirty years. So that all the old friends might be included, they decided on a formal church wedding. The invitations were engraved when Dana was summoned to the studio and handed his first script, "The Westerner." He was also instructed to let his hair and beard grow.

Plans were hastily changed. They were married at Mary's home among a few intimates who understood why he looked like a beachcomber. Six-year-old David was responsible for a nice touch. He arrived clutching a paper bag.

"When Mary comes downstairs," he told Mrs. Todd, "I have to throw this."

"Oh, no," she assured him, thinking it was rice. "You throw it after the wedding."

He allowed himself to be persuaded. As the minister said, "I pronounce you man and wife," David started gravely down from the door, a self-elected flower boy, plucking orange blossoms from his bag and casting them before him. Having reached the minister, he extended a courteous hand. "I'd like to thank you for what you've done for Mary and Daddy."

Three days later Dana was on location.

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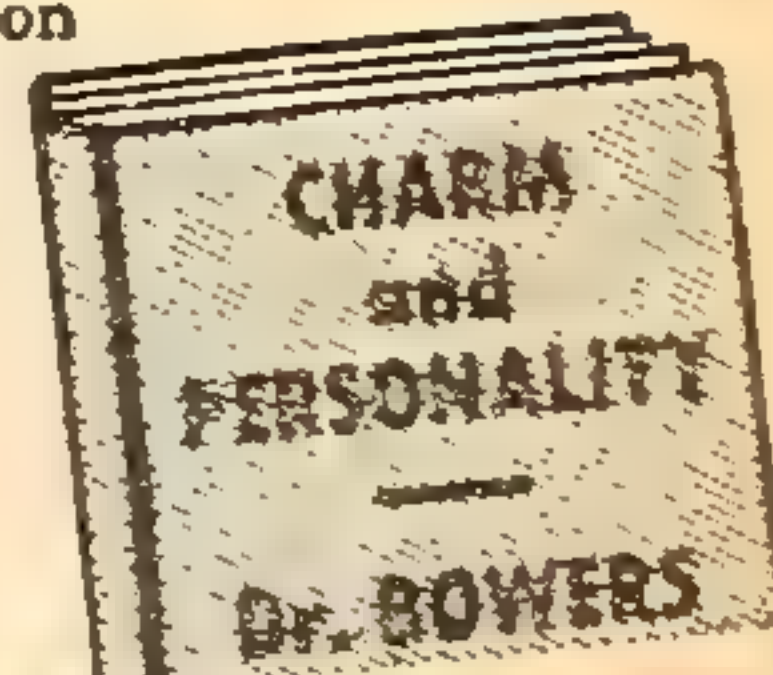
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First thing the director said to him was: "We've got too many beards around here. Better shave yours off."

They rented a house right around the corner from Aggie's. This was the tough part. David's world had been bounded by Aggie. She was concerned only for David. Mary and Dana were concerned for her as well, and determined to make the changeover as painless as possible. At first David ran back and forth between both places, but stayed at his grandmother's. Then he started spending a night or two at the other place. Little by little the visits grew longer till he was absorbed into the new household. Nor was there any sense of separation from Aggie. Though she lives under another roof, she remains a cherished member of the family.

Meantime Dana was sweating out his career. Because his own pictures were few and far between, Goldwyn sold half of the Andrews contract to 20th-Fox. For the next few years, Dana was wrapped round a pendulum, swinging dizzily between hope and despair. Every picture he played was going to be it. Then he'd wake up and another dream would bite the dust.

It started with "Sailor's Lady." "When this comes out, you'll be in," said Allan Dwan. So it came out, and he sat on his ear for two months. Then "Lucky Cisco Kid." "You're on your way," they told him, and he took it big—till they farmed him out to Ed Small. Small said, "I'll send you back to them a star." But the star he sent back failed to dazzle Twentieth. It twinkled unseen till the spring brought "Tobacco Road." Not much of a part, but his first A picture.

"You look very good," said John Ford. "The studio'll be interested in you after this." So what did he get for that? "Belle Starr." And compliments from Irving Cumin. "You're a good actor. They should give you a lead."

And they actually did. In "Swamp Water." Only Mr. Zanuck didn't care for the picture.

Meantime, Goldwyn was preparing "Ball of Fire," running tests for the director, Howard Hawks. One of the tests was Dana's—the one Mary'd laughed at.

"There's the boy I want," said Hawks.

"He's a nice boy," said Goldwyn, "but he can't play gangsters."

Hawks, however, got his way. And Dana did "Ball of Fire." It came out at the same time as "Swamp Water." Hedda Hopper doffed one of her most spectacular hats to him. "A terrific actor!"

"That does it," gloated Dana. "Now I'm in." So what did he get? A stinker called "Berlin Correspondent."

get the girl . . .

"Oxbow Incident"—a fine picture—died at the box office. But the total effect was beginning to pile up, and Mr. Zanuck took notice. Dana was cast with Ty Power in "Crash Dive." The picture was a smash and so was the second lead. There was even talk that he'd overshadowed Ty. Fan mail started pouring in. "When are you going to get the girl?" screamed the kids.

Instead of the girl, he got a part in "North Star" that any tyro could have walked through. Capped by "Up in Arms" as stooge to Danny Kaye, the greatest comic in decades who'd have washed out not one, but ten straight men. Dana almost took a suspension on that one, and the only reason he didn't was because he'd met Lewis Milestone. Milly was plugging him for "The Purple Heart." Dana decided it would pay to be a good boy.

Well, you saw him in "Purple Heart," so you figure out why they stuck him into "Wing and a Prayer," as third to Ameche and Bill Eythe. That turned the trick. Dana'd been good long enough. He rolled

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his sleeves for battle. The prize was "Laura." No one could play the reporter any better than he could and, so help him Hannah, he was going to get it if it meant tangling with everyone up to Zanuck. But the man Dana harassed with daily attentions was Otto Preminger, producer-director of "Laura."

no hero at home . . .

Otto finally gave him a hint of where the trouble lay. "Zanuck thinks you're a fine actor. But you've never played a romantic part."

Translated, that meant they questioned his sex appeal. Well, you can't go round assuring people you have it. But what about the fan letters, swelling in volume and clamor repeating over and over, "For heaven's sake, why don't they give you the girl?"

What finally broke them down, only the front office can say. But we heard of two things that may have contributed:

Along with the principals, Dana and Carmen Miranda made personal appearances in Philadelphia with "Wilson." "Purple Heart" had just been released. Nobody—least of all Dana—realized how hard he'd hit in "Purple Heart." Miranda, Knox and Fitzgerald got warm receptions. But when Dana walked out, the roof came off. . . .

There was also the Saturday afternoon when he ran into Mrs. Zanuck. "I'd like to ask you a plain question," she said. "I've always thought you were a swell actor, but certainly not the romantic type. When I see you face to face, somehow I change my mind. What makes that difference?"

First he said thank you. Then he tried to explain. "When you're cast as the tried-and-true pal who's turned down by the girl, that's how you have to play it. If you let any quality show that might attract her, you're a dishonest actor."

Mrs. Zanuck looked thoughtful. "That never occurred to me."

On Monday he got the part. After all the years of waiting, "Laura" was it. The road had been far longer and rockier than he'd ever dreamed, but he finally made it. As one indication of the peak to which his stock had soared, the big-shot Feldman-Blum agency moved in with an offer to buy him from Lou Golder.

"Look," Dana said. "I love this agent I have. I know he can't do for me what you can do. But you'll have to satisfy him. I won't budge unless it's okay with Lou."

It was okay with Lou. They paid him fifty thousand.

It was okay with Feldman-Blum. They engineered a contract that made Goldwyn wince. But he signed. So did 20th-Fox.

All of which made it plenty okay with Dana.

that's my boy . . .

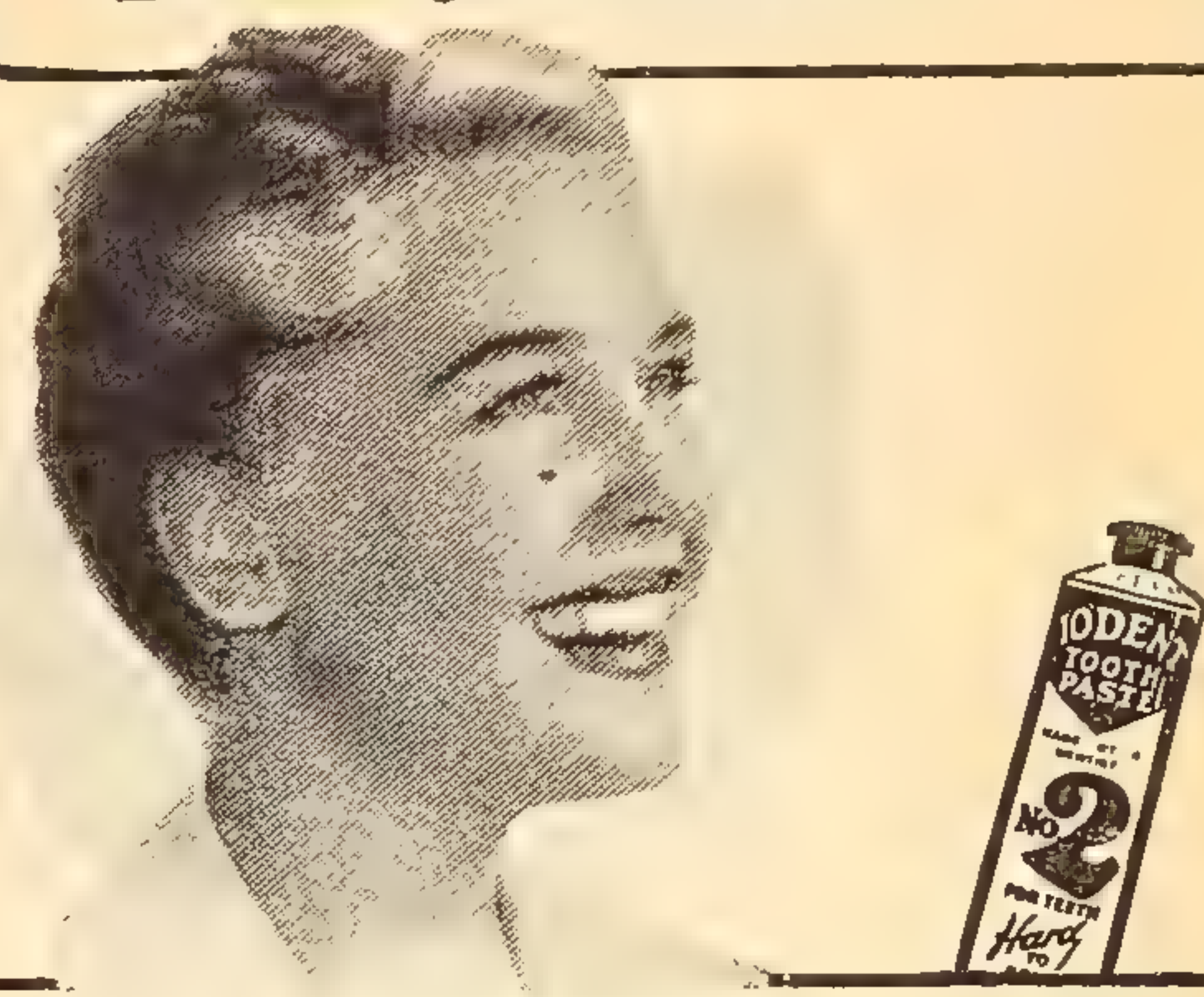
Along the way there's been sadness and happiness. Dad never saw his son on the screen. He died while Dana was making "Lucky Cisco Kid," and before either of the earlier pictures had been released to the public. But not before the hometown boy was being well publicized in the local prints.

"Never mind pretending, Dad," the kids would tease him. "We saw you turn over to the movie column for a squint at Dana's picture."

"I did no such thing," Dad would retort calmly, with Dana's picture staring him in the face.

Twomey lived to make a generous return on his investment and to see his faith in Dana vindicated. Dana was on location when he died. Three weeks earlier Mary had phoned. "Know what day this is? The day that pays off the debt." They wish Twomey could have had a look at

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Dana's new deal. He'd have got a bang out of it.

They bought their house in the valley from a man whose children were grown and scattered. "I don't need it any more," he said. "It's the kind of house for a family to grow up in."

The very minute you walk in, you know what he meant. It's the kind of house that gives you a sense of peace. Wide, cool rooms, furnished for comfort without ostentation. Polished wood and soft chintzes that don't jump out at you. High windows that bring the green lawns and shade trees indoors.

There are three children now to play with Michael, the cocker spaniel, under the trees—to grow up in the house.

The only trouble they ever have with three-year-old Kathy is when they reprimand David. The two form a mutual adoration society—a kind of Benevolent Protective Order of Andrews. Kathy's been known to shake a protesting finger at her parents. "You mustn't talk to David like that. David's a nice boy." Which, of course, breaks them up and plays hob with discipline.

stork race . . .

The only trouble they ever had with Stephen was when he was born. He arrived a week early. Waited till Dana's car was in the shop—till the night he took Mary's car to go see some Russian films with Milestone. There was nothing to worry about. The baby wasn't due. But Dana kept phoning home every hour.

Till Mary said: "Don't bother to call any more. I feel perfectly fine and I think I'll go to bed."

"All right, honey. I'll drop Milly and then come right home myself."

But at Milly's house, a frantic head was stuck out at the window. "Is Mr. Andrews with you? He's to call his home immediately."

Dana dashed to the phone and back to the car. It was raining. He skidded and escaped a collision by the skin of his fender. Mary waited on a couch downstairs, feeling anything but fine. He got her into the car and down to the hospital—just 14 minutes before Stephen squalled his way into the world.

Dana still breaks into a cold sweat at the memory. "God really had his arms around us that time."

That's his mother's expression. "God has his arms around us." She used it as frequently in the old troubled days as now when she lives in comfort with Mary and Dana. Baby Stephen's her special charge. Despite her protests, Dana insists on giving her a check each month. "I'll put it in the bank," she tells Mary. "Maybe Dana won't always be making what he does now."

Their only trouble with Mother is when they have chicken. Unless they watch, she still takes the neck and back. "Force of habit," she apologizes. "From the time when there was only one chicken and so many hungry mouths."

all's well with the world . . .

Kathy looks worried. "Were they very hungry, Granny?"

"Oh, just when they sat down. They never got up hungry."

"With just one chicken?" demands the practical David.

"Well, there were lots of other things. Bread and greens and potatoes. We did very nicely."

"I know," Kathy pipes. "God had his arms around you. Feels good, doesn't it, Granny?"

Over the heads of their family Mary and Dana smile at each other. It feels good, all right—whether you put it Granny's way, or some other. . . .



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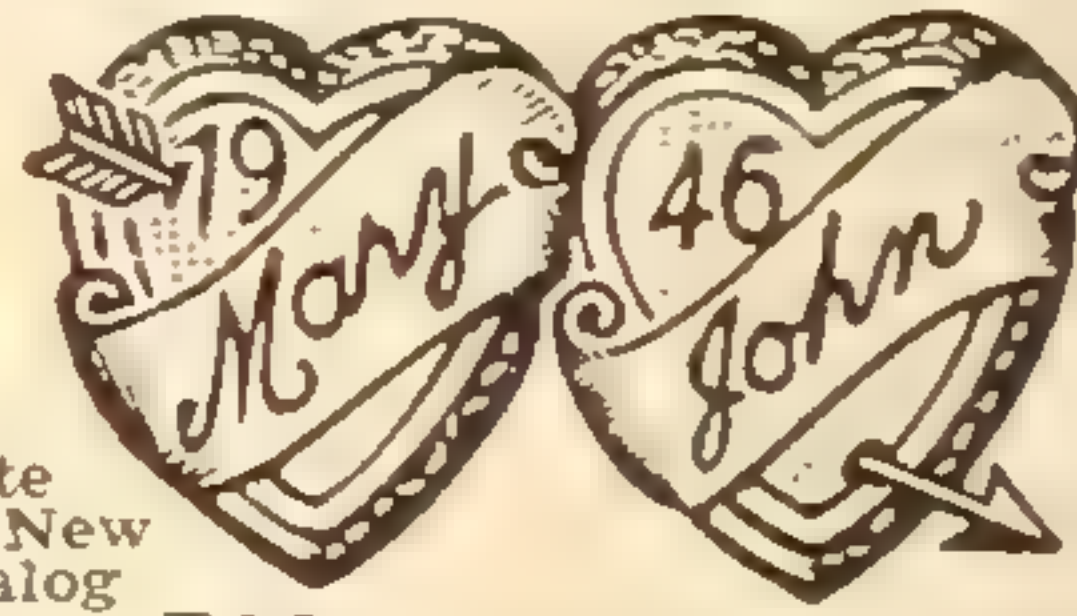
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GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 76)

P. S. Latest official count of the crowd at Shirley's wedding was 15,000 strong—wild and woolly!

* * *

With all the September brides—you'd have thought it was June bustin' out all over again—instead of Fall.

Next to Shirley's beautiful, dignified church wedding—Betty Hutton's marriage to Ted Briskin attracted the most attention. I wasn't there because it took place thousands of miles away in Chicago. But a personal spy reports on some inside happenings:

The gal who shouted her way to fame said "I do" so softly that she had to be asked to repeat it again.

Ted, who is twenty-seven, rich and good looking, had the yellow orchids with purple centers, which Betty wore in her hair and on streamers from her prayer book, flown in from New York.

And she was married—not in a brand new suit—but in a soft golden beige number that Ted liked best of all from her wardrobe.

Somehow I think it means something that Betty, who used to sing for nickels and dimes in beer parlors when she was a kid, and who says she is a born "exhibitionist," wept softly all through her wedding.

Most brides are so nervous they don't half remember the wedding service. But when Lindsay Durand, her matron of honor, asked the new Mrs. Briskin if she had heard what she had sworn to, Betty replied, "I heard every word of it—and my heart memorized what it heard."

* * *

Speaking of brides—the town was certainly puzzled when Diana Lynn showed up at the Mocambo one night with Pat Nearny—and the next day her close friend, Mona Freeman, announced her engagement to Pat.

They were married the following week, but all was well—Diana attended the wedding.

* * *

Still another bride was Kay Williams, the girl reported engaged to Clark Gable this time last year. She eloped with millionaire Adolph Spreckels to Arizona in such a hurry that the happy couple had to reverse the telephone charges when they called Kay's mother to tell her the news!

The bridegroom, who has but millions, was caught short on small change!

* * *

Cary Grant worked for three days in a Five-and-Ten-Cent Store. The scene was for "Night and Day" in which he plays composer Cole Porter.

Wonder if Cary was thinking of that certain "Million Dollar Baby?"

* * *

Word of Advice Department (and how I love to hand it out!) To—

Dane Clark: You are a swell actor and



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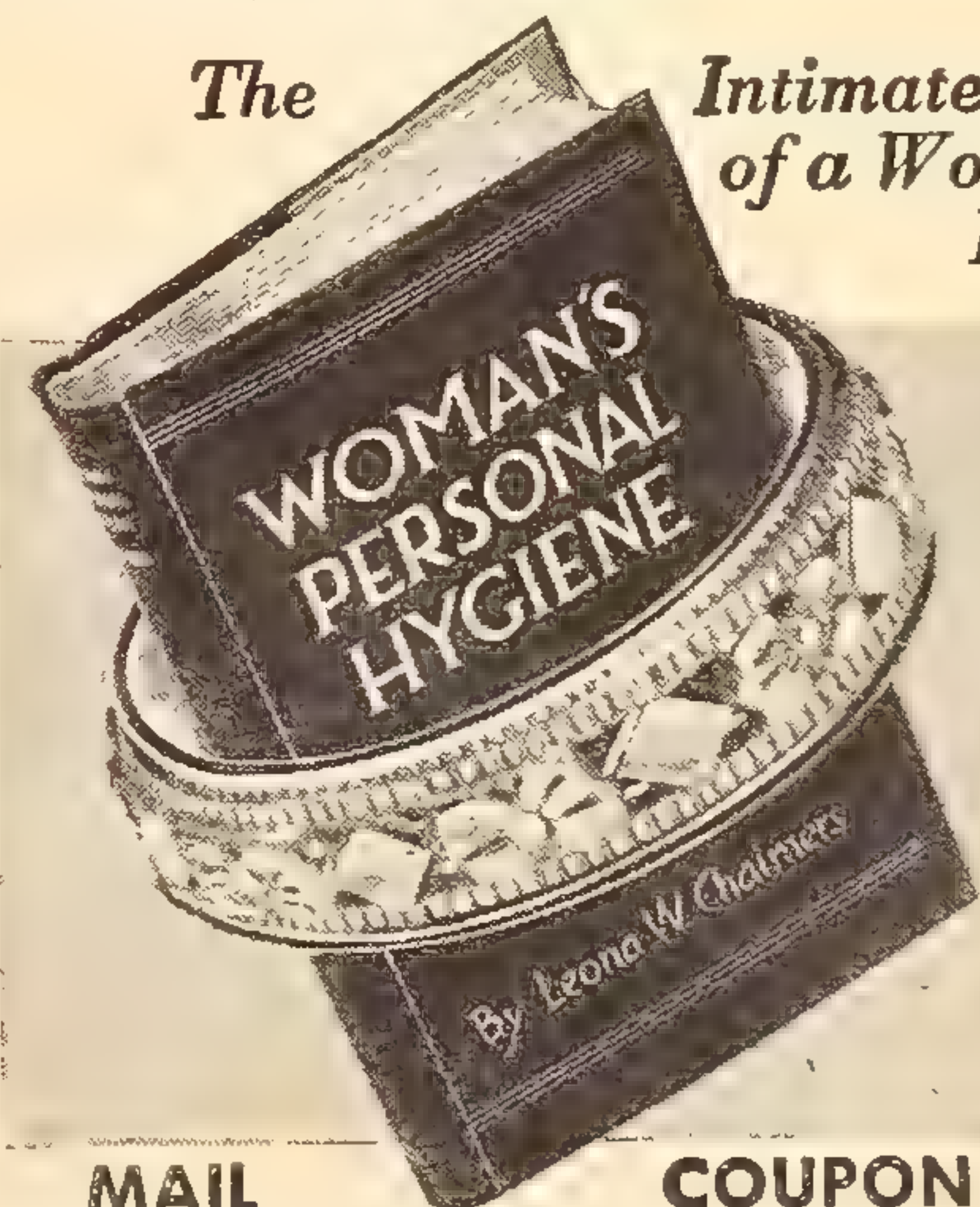
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you are coming along fast. But don't let it go to your head.

That very, very fine young actor who recently got into an amusing tangle with the police: Once, or twice, this is funny. But the fans have great respect and confidence in you—so don't abuse it.

Lauren Bacall: That new dignity and softness you have acquired since becoming Mrs. Humphrey Bogart is very becoming. Much more so than the wisecracks you used to indulge in when you were called "Baby." Keep up the new personality, Lauren. On you, it looks good.

Deanna Durbin: You must listen more often to the advice of your co-workers who have your best interests at heart. For instance, you had been told that your blonde hair is not as becoming as your natural tresses—and yet you insisted on being a blonde—with those thick, black eyebrows, too!—in "Lady On A Train." You weren't your same pretty self. Think it over, Deanna.

* * *

Much to his embarrassment, Zachary Scott has the longest natural eyelashes in Hollywood. Every morning the makeup department at Warners has to "powder" them down because they are so conspicuous.

This little procedure goes on in the makeup department while Ida Lupino, Bette Davis and Lauren Bacall lie back in their respective chairs having false eyelashes put on!

* * *

I've been having myself a vacation—a whole three weeks away from Hollywood and the news that makes the town tick. Mervyn Le Roy, who has made such swell pictures as "Madame Curie," "Thirty Seconds over Tokyo," and who will direct "The Robe," let my favorite doctor and me take his Arrowhead Lake home for my vacation.

But I guess I just thought I was getting away from Hollywood. The first weekend, we attended a cocktail party at the home of the neighboring Jules Steins, and in the party I saw such familiar faces as Dorothy Lamour (looking so very pretty even though she is "expecting" in December), Kay Kyser, Van Johnson and Alice Faye and Phil Harris.

Dorothy lives in San Bernardino, and she says the social spin between the Lake and "San Berdu" is just as hectic as the Hollywood pace ever was. When it gets too hot in the Valley, she and her husband, Capt. Bill Howard, come up and rent a boat and cruise around the lake for a couple of days at a time.

As swell as it always is to see the Hollywood "gang," I really enjoyed the quiet days of rest the best. Jimmy and I would take long walks (Jimmy being our golden cocker spaniel) and one day we stumbled on the most interesting set. It was the location for "The Yearling," the famous novel being produced by M-G-M. On the screen you will see it as a complete village—but Jimmy and I saw it when the workmen were busy constructing the make-believe houses and churches. For weeks and weeks a crew of more than seventy-five men had been laboring to create the perfect illusion of a Florida swamp town for the movies. Somehow it made

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me realize more than ever what an enormous amount of work and endeavor goes into the making of a movie.

Listen, kids, that new wolf cry you're using, "Hubba, Hubba," didn't start out that way.

It was originally used in "Winged Victory" when a pilot radioed another flyer to catch up with him quickly and close formation. The literal meaning of "Hubba, Hubba" is "Hurry Up!" See . . .?

Maureen O'Hara has been working in "Sentimental Journey" with a cute little nine-year-old girl named Connie Marshall. And Connie has an appetite what is an appetite. The youngster can hardly wait for lunch every day and is constantly telling Maureen what she is going to eat.

The beautiful O'Hara diets, so she said in slight exasperation one day, "Connie, aren't you packing in quite a few calories?"

To which the child replied, "Oh, you don't get fat while you're still growing up. It's only bad when you start growing OUT!"

Don't count Captain Bob Kearnin out of the Jeanne Crain romance sweepstakes. Let me tell you how they met.

Jeanne doesn't usually answer mail from smitten young admirers—but when the admirer happened to be a good looking young Captain in our Air Corps who wrote her really charming letters from France, she broke her rule. At first she just thanked him politely for naming his B-17 "My Jeanne" in her honor. Then they started exchanging more interesting mail.

Not long ago he showed up in Hollywood with twelve bottles of Parisian perfume and a half dozen evening bags for her. And it isn't the gifts that turned the tide in his favor. You should get a look at the Captain!

Van Johnson and the Keenan Wynns, who were the best of friends, aren't speaking. Nobody knows why—and it isn't important. But

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Some time ago while working as a receptionist for a dance producer on Broadway, he came out of the rehearsal hall and as usual I asked, "How did the rehearsal go?" He then responded, "Pretty good, there's a kid in there that makes all those other guys look pretty sick. He stands out like a sore thumb. I guess this is one time we'll be giving the women in the audience something to look at." That boy was Van Johnson, and don't ever get the impression that he is just a flash in the pan. He worked every inch of the way up and rightly deserves the break he's getting. My sincerest wishes for his continued success.

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Before and after



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it is too bad when old friendships break up.

I think Van is getting to the point where he needs a change of places, people and scenery. He's a good guy—a very good guy—and he is loyal to all his old pals. Van doesn't know the meaning of high hat or conceit. But he has been in a pretty steady groove for two years and a little rest from all the fanfare wouldn't hurt him.

* * *

Speaking of Van—it was a wonderful thing he, Bob Walker and Frank Sinatra did to make little Mary Brown's birthday party the happiest of her life.

Mary is Joe E. Brown's little daughter, who was seriously injured in an automobile accident last year—so seriously she has been paralyzed on one side ever since.

When Mary's birthday was approaching, she was a very sad little girl. Her parents said very little about it and seemed to have forgotten what a special day it is in the life of any little girl, well or sick.

Well, anyone who knows her father realizes that he would never forget. What he had been quietly doing was rounding up all of Mary's particular movie favorites to walk in with her birthday cake—and sure enough, when the big event came off—among those present were Van, Bob and Frankie.

JOE LUCKY

(Continued from page 51)

the cutting rooms, hectic commissary, barber shop and a few startled stars' dressing rooms. Finally he got hold of a sympathetic Sal in publicity, and stated his case for the umpteenth time. Luckily he added, "I was in Major Gable's outfit."

The gal knew her Gable. "Good gosh," she cried. "Come right on out to the set."

Clark was wrapped up in Greer Garson's arms for a rehearsal. He unwound himself from that lovely bundle, like ribbon off a Christmas gift, and jumped out of the lights with a happy roar.

"Sarge!" he cried. "How I've missed you!"

"Me, too," sighed the sergeant. "Major—uh—Mister Gable, I got in New York and you'd gone to Hollywood. I came to Hollywood and you'd left for New York. But here I am again and—"

"Folks," announced Clark to Director Vic Fleming and his bewildered crew, the Misses Garson, Joan Blondell and scattered onlookers. "Meet the most popular guy in the whole Bomber Command—Sgt. Lansing of the paymaster's office."

"Yeah," grinned the GI happily. "That's right—and here it is, Major." He handed Clark a check. His last check. Amount \$144.50. "Sign here, please," said the sarge.

Clark kept his pal around the rest of the afternoon watching scenes and talking over old Air Corps days between takes. When he'd breezed off at last, ex-Major Gable held up the close-out check on his army career and eyed it thoughtfully. When he spoke it was with a rueful grin and in a voice that wasn't just on the bubble. "Well," sighed Clark, "I guess that makes it official. I guess that means now I'm a civilian for sure!"

"Joe Lucky," as Clark always called himself, had skimmed through Jerry flak without a scratch. No rehabilitation problems. No neuroses, nothin'. He had

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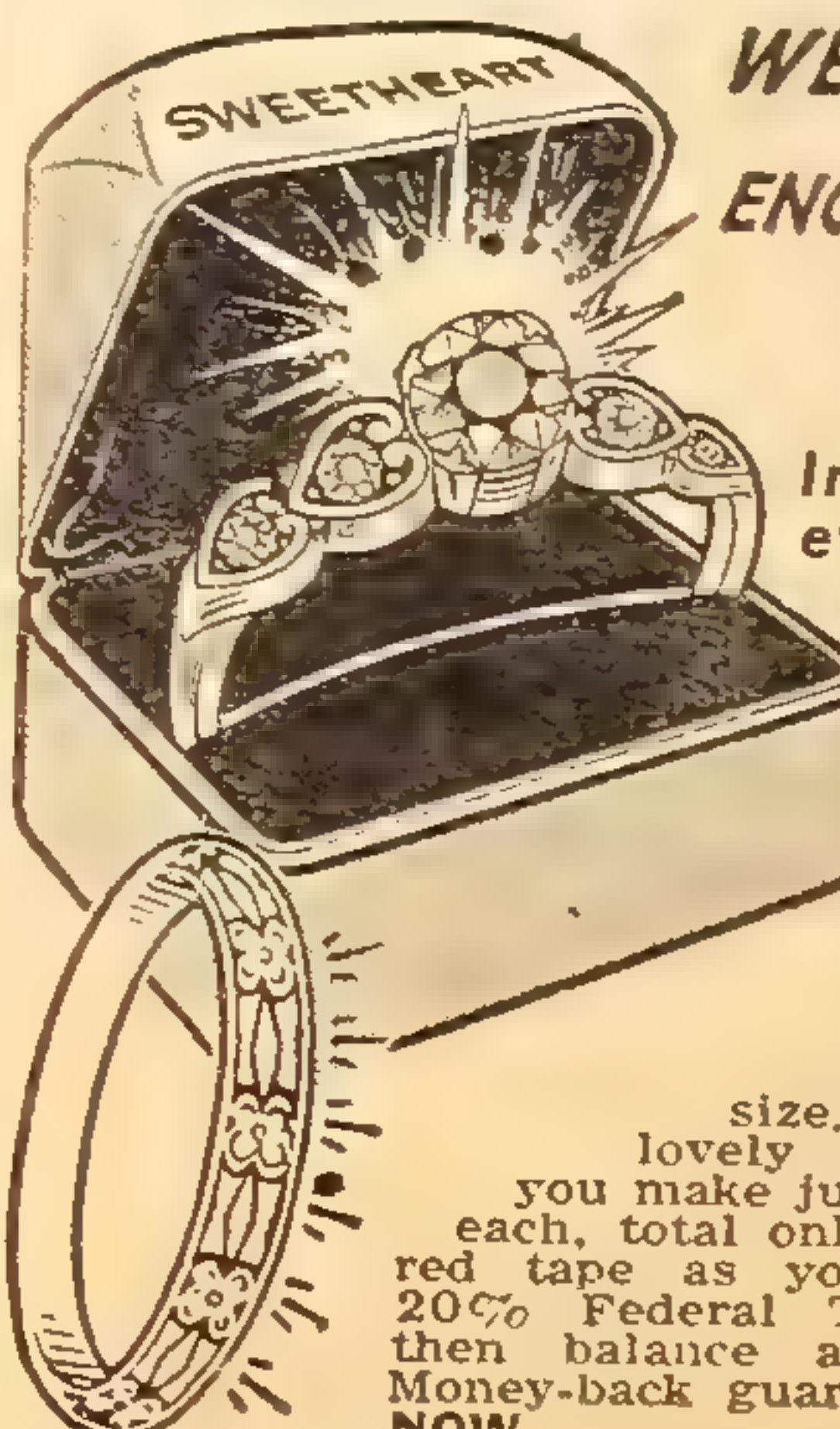
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a ranch home ready and waiting and faithful servants to welcome him back. He had old, good friends. He'd calmed with action the ache in his heart that Carole Lombard's memory left. He had no new real romances to make him worry with the absent worry blues. The usual back home headaches skipped him by.

no 'new' gable . . .

But there was a problem—and if you knew Clark Gable, you'd realize what an exasperating lulu it was. Clark's headache was in reverse. It wasn't he—it was other people. "He's changed," they decided. "He must have changed." Around Hollywood the word spread that Gable must be handled with gloves. He should be protected and guarded and padded with plush. His friends, some of them, his studio, too, fell for that line of reasoning at first. They wanted to make his Hollywood return smooth and easy—bless 'em—and their hearts were in the right place. Only Clark—well—

The first public premiere the guy braved was "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." To a certain M-G-M publicity man that spelled the riot squad, so he had everything arranged. He even had a diagram.

"You park here," explained the anxious guy, pointing his pencil. "On this side street, then right down this alley there's a back door—"

"Back door!" Clark exploded. "Hell, I never went through a back door in my life. Thanks, kid, but I'll play it straight."

The publicity man was right. It was almost a riot, but that didn't bother Clark. He strode through the mob with fans clinging to his clothes like barnacles, grinning like a cat. He came out the same way. He got a bit roughed up but that never did bother Clark Gable much. He's always had a simple formula for mobs: "Just keep walking." He figured it would work as well now as ever, and it did.

Clark has an allergy to any big treatment as a celebrity that no war, or anything else, could ever change. That same night, naturally, the photographers were on him like hounds. They trapped him at the theater door and asked for a pose.

"Sure," agreed Clark, "but who wants to see a tired ex-army officer, they're a penny a package! Let's get glamor in the shot!" He spied a couple of usherettes close by with all the qualifications. He eased in between them and draped his arms around their waists. "Okay," he told the flash bulb boys. "Fire when ready."

The next day he rambled on into the commissary where the hired help, who had to stave off a yelping horde of reporters and cameramen, were huddled at the long publicity table. Befo' de wah Clark ate half the time with those hard-bitten chums to escape from back slappers and studio brass hats. It was one place in the cafe where he could relax and eat. But this time not even the most hopeful press agent dreamed Major Gable would be anxious to buddy up. It was a sad situation, too, because the horde of Hollywood newshawks were snapping like wolves at their harassed heels, yelling "Get us Gable!"

It's hard to surprise a Hollywood press agent about anything, but the table almost tipped over when Clark rumbled up, shoved in between a stenographer and a still man and boomed, "Say—isn't there something you guys want me for?"

When they got back their breath, they yelled in chorus, "Hell, yes—pictures!"

"Okay," said Clark. "Let's make 'em."

unwilling hero . . .

That's pretty much the way it was all along. Whenever anyone around Hollywood tried to roll out the red carpet, Gable rolled it right back up. After a few days, the M-G-M gang began to catch on.



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But things would have been simpler for everyone concerned—including Clark—if there had been more sly guys around like Lieutenant Commander Robert Montgomery and Commander John Ford.

That pair of old Gable pals, like Clark, had been where the going was tough in this war and they still had their Navy uniforms on when Clark started "Adventure." On one of the first shooting days they strolled nonchalantly to the set, unannounced, and parked themselves in a couple of chairs just outside the spotlighted set. Clark was a little shaky, because after all he'd been out of that particular line of work for some time, and until a couple of days before he had never even met the luscious Greer. He was trying to catch on to the old technique again, when these two kibitzers sat down silently and stared—and stared.

Out of the corner of his eye Gable caught their steady, unswerving eyes on him with occasional raised eyebrows, nods and silent "take 'em" reactions. It got him jumpy. He waved hello but the boys just stared all the harder. They never said a word. Clark had plenty on and in his hands at that point and he couldn't break away in the scene. But when he finally muffed a line under the pressure, he broke away and walked over with his arms akimbo. Bob Montgomery and Jack Ford were making notes in a notebook.

"Hey," demanded Clark, "what are you sailors doing here?"

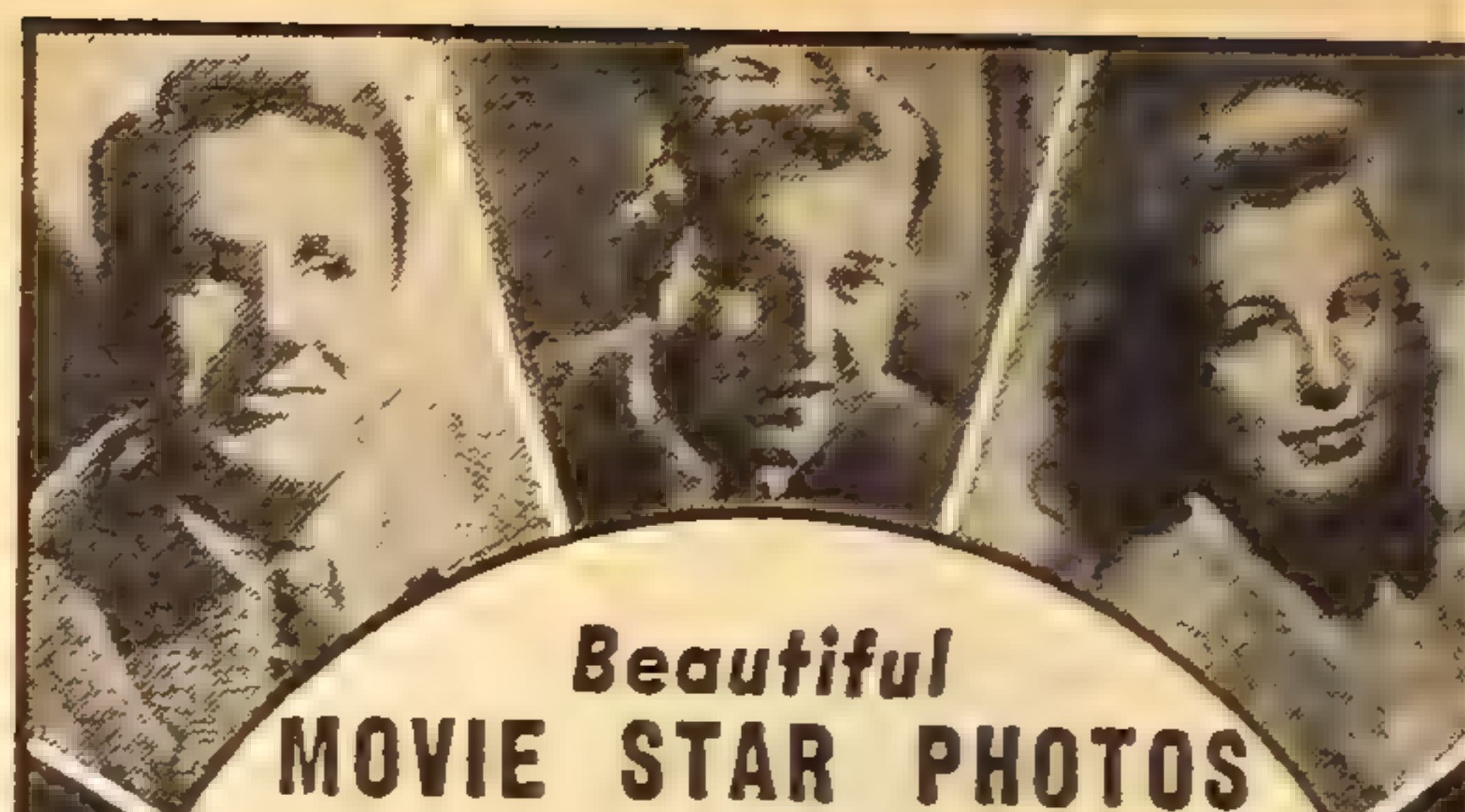
They looked up innocently. "Oh, nothing much, Mister Gable," said Bob. "But you see, we've been away from Hollywood a long time now and we're sort of rusty. Just thought we'd drop in and get some hot tips from the Great Lover."

Clark leaped on them and tried to wrestle them off the set but it was two to one and he really didn't want to toss them off anyway. Underneath he was pleased as Punch and the nerves were all gone. What he'd been needing was a good, old-fashioned Hollywood rib.

Three years of war haven't changed Clark Gable enough to put in your eye. Physically he's still a dead ringer for the pre-war Gable that was. The only noticeable difference is that the glossy black temples have whitened enough for the camera to pick up and, with understandable Hollywood license, the make-up department was putting the heat on Clark to touch them up with black before he went into action on the set. He had submitted with good natured protests, because—let's face it—after all he's 44 and he's starting out again—wham-bang—with those hot, young, rough lovin' roles. But at heart he hates even that concession to the years and to show you how much—the guy carried around a box of Kleenex and before he'd poke his face outside the stage door he rubbed all the blacking off to the last smudge—even if he was going across the lot to get an afternoon coke!

He was exactly as touchy as that fifteen years ago, when he first took a dubious crack at the movies. Only more so. In those days he was violent. A pal of those early days, "Shug" Keeler (who's still a pal) told me his yarn about Clark, which I've got to pass on, because it's true Gable. "Shug" was a young juicer around M-G-M in those days and he's now head electrician on Clark's picture, "Adventure." Anyway, it fell to Shug's lot to work on the first Hollywood screen test Clark ever made. He'll never forget the day Clark stormed into the test stage, frowning like a gorilla with the gout.

"By blankety - blank - blank - blank!" roared the tall, dark young guy, making the atmosphere beautifully blue. "I wouldn't stay in this dash-dash-dash business if they gave me a million dollars a day! By dash-dash-dash! I'm going back to



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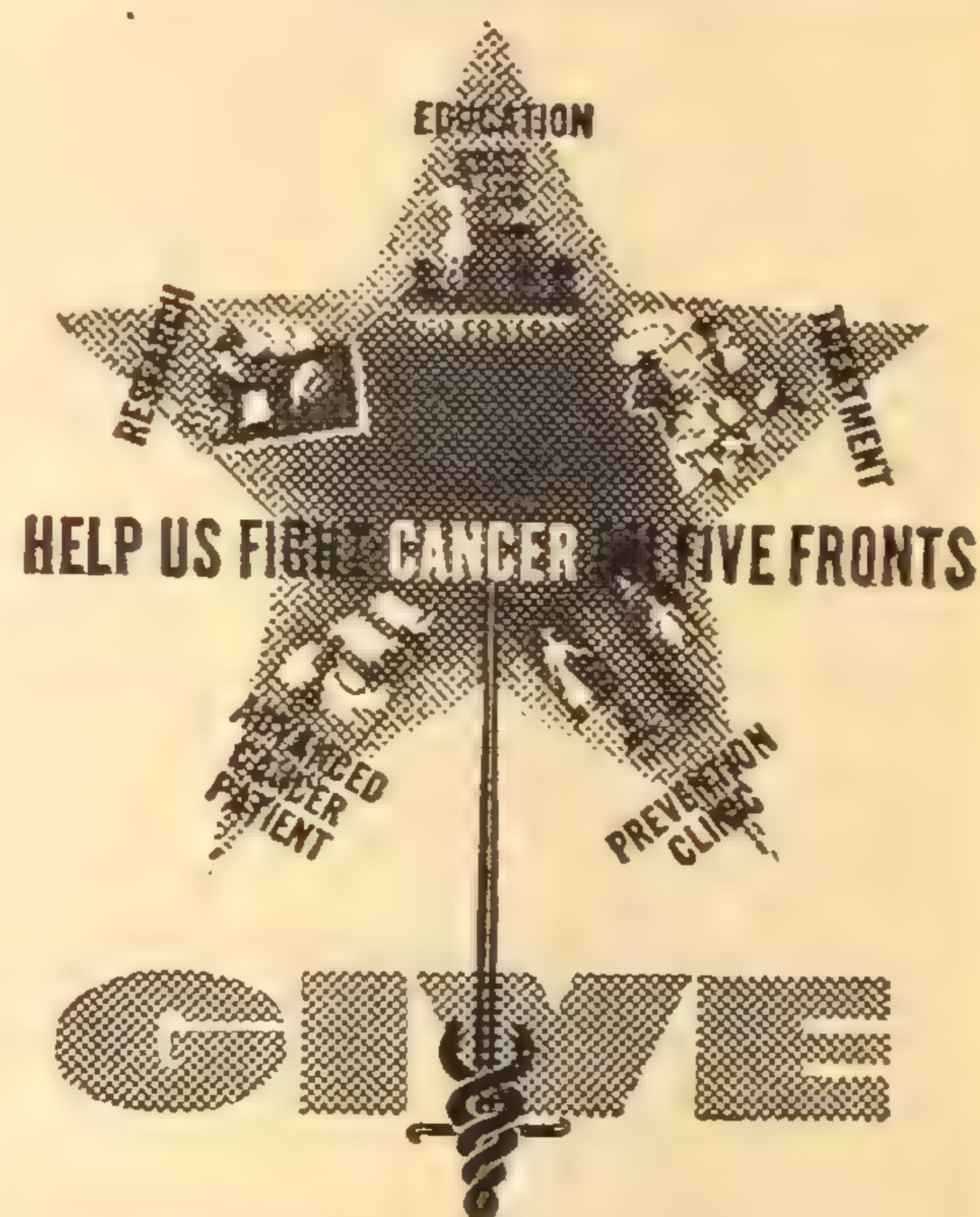


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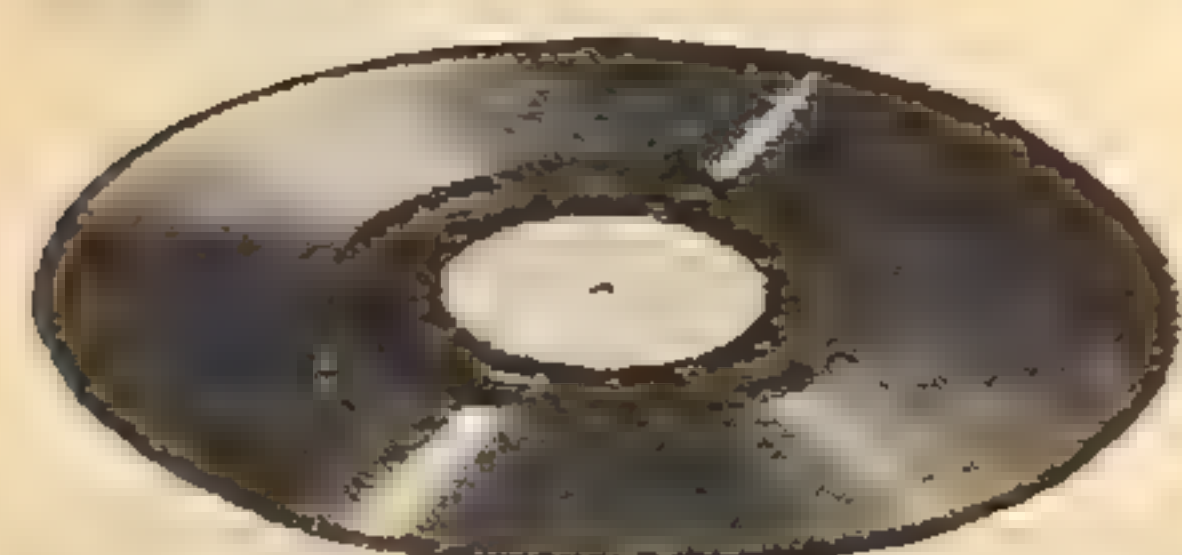


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the stage . . . and right now!"

"Hey, take it easy, son," soothed Shug. "You ain't going to make any \$350 a week on the stage. Don't you know a break when you see one?"

"Yeah," growled Clark, sweating blood. "But look here what they've done!" And he yanked an angry hand up to his head, whirled around and jerked away a contraption of tape and collodion to free his God-given flappers. "They've pinned back my ears!"

They had, too, but not for long. Young nobody or not, Clark soon ended that monkey business with his famous features and kept his contract, too. He's never been sensitive one bit about his ear spread, although it's just as wide today as it ever was. In fact, the lone picture in his dressing room is a big caricature over the sofa. It shows Gable with a pair of head wings built for a B-29. It's one of his proudest possessions.

"getting the juice . . ."

It was Shug Keeler, by the way, who, away back when, handed Clark his favorite expression, "Are you getting the juice?" which he still tosses around today. Not even the specialized slang of the Army Air Forces pried Clark away from his best greeting, taken from the lingo of a Hollywood set electrician. "Getting the juice," means, roughly, getting the breaks, doing all right. A few weeks ago, when Joan Blondell had a birthday smack in the middle of "Adventure," the whole cast and crew really threw a party for her. A set artist sketched a big, life-size cartoon of the whole riotous affair with Clark squirting a huge lemon right at lovely Blondie, and the gold charm Clark gave her for her gift bracelet was a tiny lemon engraved, "Hope you keep getting the juice." Clark's at his happiest when the informality reigns, and he can have fun with the guys and gals he knows—and that's another way he hasn't changed a speck.

Vic Fleming, who came up with "Adventure" and solved the "what to start Gable off with again" headache at M-G-M, is one of Clark's very oldest personal friends and mentors in Hollywood. A man's man, like Clark, Vic made five of the best Gable smashes, including "Test Pilot" and "Gone With The Wind." It was mainly Clark's desire to get back in harness with his old friend that switched him at the last minute from "Lucky Baldwin" to Fleming's production. It was much more than chance, too, that gave M-G-M's production powers the happy idea of greeting him on the set with his exact old crew, prop, grips, cameraman and all. No wonder Clark bent his big, blue eyes around the set on his first day at work and cracked, "This looks like where I came in!"

same old technique . . .

In fact, about the only strange note in Clark's camera comeback was—if you can call her a strange note—Greer Garson. When Clark signed up with Uncle Sam, Greer was just another actress around M-G-M, hardly the queen of the lot she has become in his absence. Clark knew about her, of course, but he'd never even met her, much less made love to her on the set, and there were some anxious wrinkles among the studio brass hats, who wondered if a rusty star, back from battle, could win Greer's respect in the acting department. They could have saved their complexions, because Greer wasn't acting when she gasped after their first session—"Whew! What a whirlwind to work with!"

It was Greer Garson, though, who indirectly handed Clark his most embarrassing moment since he came back to Hollywood. His face still turns salmon pink



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when she teases him about it—although Heaven knows it wasn't Clark's fault. It happened like this: Lieutenant Richard Ney, who, of course, is Greer's ever lovin', happened to be on duty with the Navy out in the South Pacific when Clark and Greer teamed up in "Adventure." Dick's heart was in the right place and feeling the event was auspicious for all concerned, he wrote to Clark, care of a friend, enclosing twenty-five bucks and asked him to buy Greer some roses for her dressing room. Well, somehow the message got lost in the shuffle around the studio and lay in a studio executive's desk for weeks, during which time Dick Ney came home on leave—and the first thing he asked his wife was, "Did you get my flowers?"

"Why no," said Greer, tilting her copper brows, "what flowers?"

The lieutenant explained. Greer shrugged. They both agreed something must have gone goofy and forgot it.

Then, after Dick had spent his leave and returned to duty, one day the exec who'd muffed the message, ran across it and saw Clark on the lot. "By the way," he said, "here's a message for you." Clark ripped it open and when he read what he read, saw the date, and realized what had gone on, he bellowed like a stuck steer.

"Why," he yelped, "I'll bet Dick Ney thinks, 'yeah—that jerk, Gable, kept the twenty-five bucks for himself!'"

The only thing to do then was for Clark to rush over to his favorite florist and shoot the works. Greer got orchids and roses and gardenias, too, several times the \$25 worth, and a note, "Better late than never—from your Lieutenant and your embarrassed leading man."

Greer Garson isn't the only party in Hollywood who has tagged Clark Gable for the great actor that he really is. And Clark's acting enthusiasm has tickled the hearts of his bosses, who wondered just what frame of postwar mind he'd work up to tackle the old familiar job again. The way he tore into his comeback job left no doubts whatever in anyone's mind that Clark now means what he says when he says, "I'll stick around as long as they'll have me!"

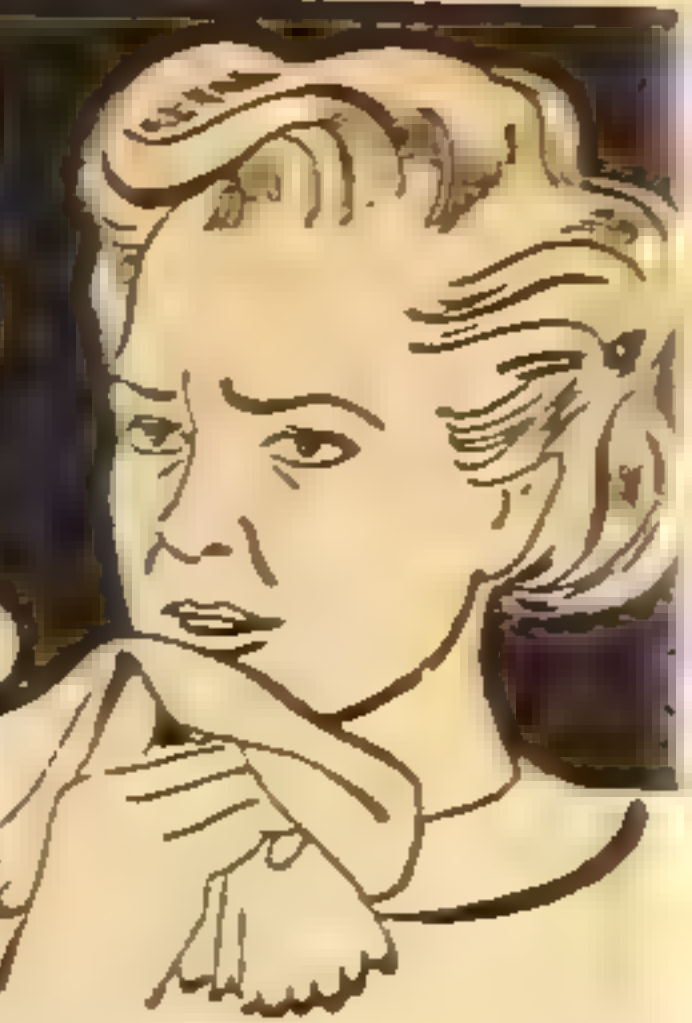
He told his pal, Vic Fleming, when he started "Adventure," "Vic, I don't know how good or how lousy I'll be in this—but I'm sure going to give it fits." Clark kept his word. He worked for sixty-five days straight without a holiday and at least five nights out of seven he was home with the chickens sweating out his next day's lines. He never held up a scene and he scored a perfect attendance record on every nine o'clock call.

Clark's first public appearance, socially, since he came back took place not in Hollywood but New York. It was a big Cafe Society cocktail clambake up on Park Avenue. Errol Flynn was there and a double dozen other, even younger, Adonises were the center of the fluttery females. Naturally the Flynn had them falling on the rug at every flick of his handsome eyebrow—until in walked Clark, with his New York girl friend, handsome Mrs. Dolly O'Brien.

In very short order, according to eye witness reports, Errol and the wolf cubs found themselves passé and Clark stole the show from then on out.

I hate to break a lot of young, bleeding hearts, but frankly, teen-agers haven't a Jap's chance with Gable. He loves to joke and laugh with a lovely teener, but when it comes to anything approaching a real romance—Clark acts his age, and there again he's back running true to form. Clark's first two wives were as old or older than he. He has always liked women who know the score. Mrs. Dolly O'Brien, the wealthy New York society matron, is a friend of Clark's of long standing and

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Virginia Grey is a Hollywood actress he has known for several years. And while Anita (The Face) Colby, may be a bit younger, she's certainly no bobby socker. Clark's distaff interests boil down to that trio at present, but if you can believe people who ought to know, he doesn't boil up dangerously to any one of them.

Virginia Grey lives in the San Fernando Valley, not far from Clark's ranch, and slips into the pal-gal classification pretty perfectly. They've put on blue jeans and checked shirts a bunch of times to take in the Valley barn dances together with other Valley gentlemen rancheros like the Don Ameches and the Robert Youngs.

As to Anita Colby, she's a dynamic, bright and witty gal, besides owning a face whose beauty is, to coin a phrase, out of this world. She has a solid sense of humor and dresses divinely.

Clark perked up the minute he saw Colby and the story of how they met shows that Gable hasn't lost his eye for the opposite sex.

Clark took in a party at David Selznick's. There he met Anita Colby and Pat Smart, a society girl at whose house Anita was living. He went with a couple of his closest friends, Director Howard Hawks and his chic, stylish wife, "Slim." Nobody noticed anything unusual about the evening, except that Clark was plenty willing to stay later than usual. But the next morning, he called up "Slim," as he often does, just to chat about this and that.

"Lawdy," he told Slim, "that was a real beeg party last night, wasn't it?"

"Um-hm," agreed Mrs. Hawks, "what's on your mind?"

"Oh, nothing," coughed Clark. "By the way, who was that beautiful girl?"

"As if you didn't know," said Slim. "What girl?"

"As if you didn't know," laughed Clark. "No kidding, who is she?"

Slim told him. She also said, "And stop worrying. You're dining with her next Sunday."

"Are you crazy?"

"Look in the right coat pocket of your gray suit," suggested Mrs. Hawks calmly, "and you'll find out all about it."

Clark investigated the gray suit. In the pocket was a note from Pat Smart asking him to dinner. Clark went to dinner next Sunday and Anita was there. Some time later they stepped out to Mocambo but Clark didn't like it. Halfway through the evening he had to go outside to get a breath of fresh air. He stalked up and down the sidewalk with a gent friend, airing his views. "I ask you," complained Clark, "is that fun? A bunch of people crowding out on a floor, bumping behinds and trying to suffocate?"

Basically, of course, Clark is a man's outdoor man. His dream now, as it was when he and Carole were hunting all over the West for a cattle ranch, is to head for the open spaces when, as he grins, "they kick me out." He has a sizeable chunk of gorgeous Rogue River property up in Oregon that he sits and dreams about and seldom visits. But he hadn't been back in Hollywood long before he did what he could about getting his great collection of guns and fishing tackle greased and heading for the bushes. Before he started "Adventure," Clark tore off to Mexico to shoot game birds with writer William Faulkner, Howard Hawks and "Slim." And the first weekend vacation that came along after his 65-day shooting stretch, Clark spent deep sea fishing off Santa Monica with Brian Donlevy and Director Walter Lang.

His daily life sticks to that natural outdoor pattern, too, out on the Encino place that Clark and Carole planned together and to which Clark came home alone. He likes to fiddle around with it and he

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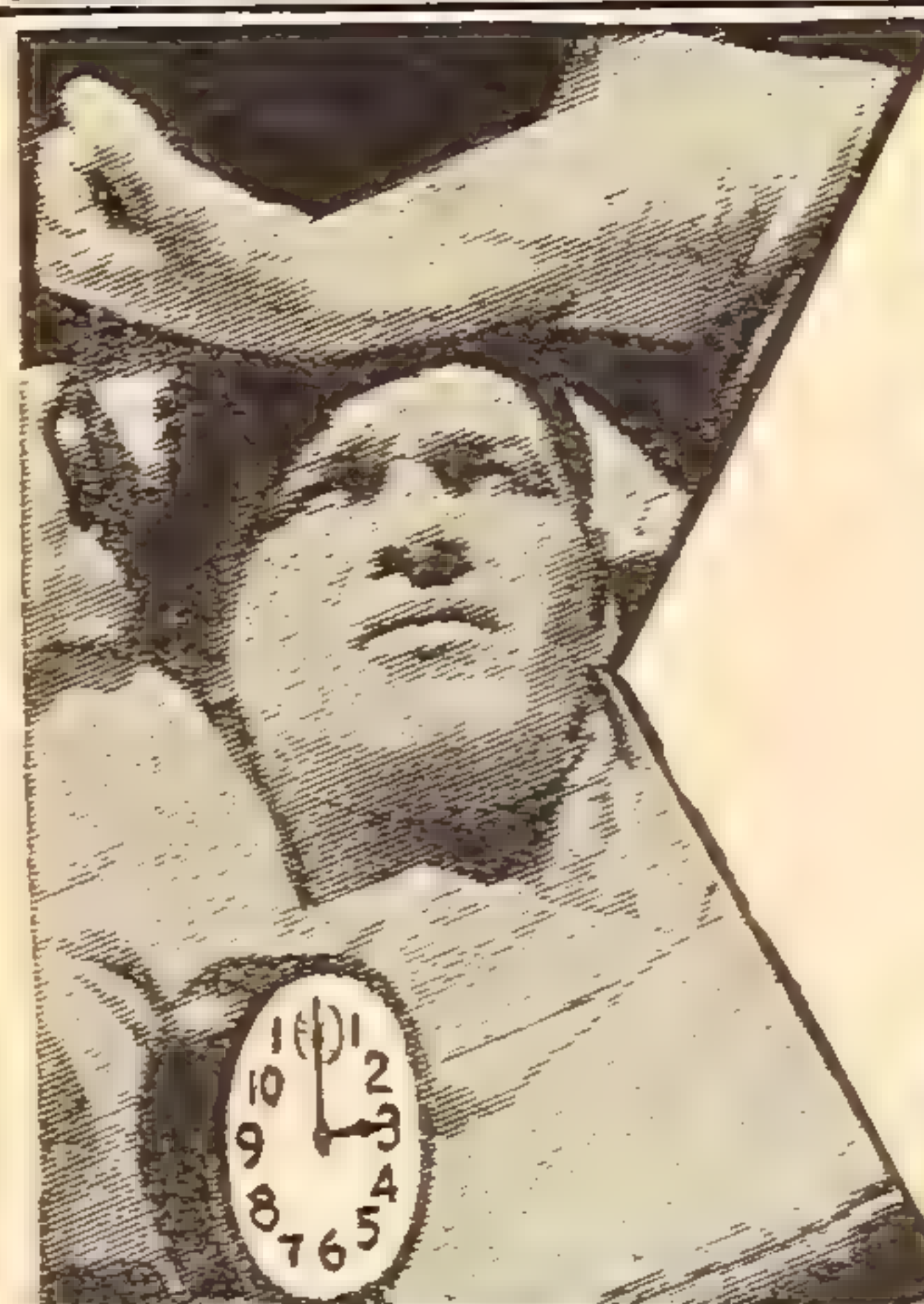
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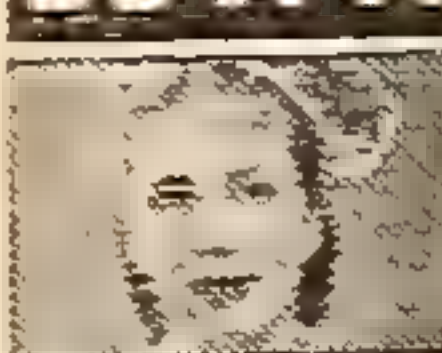
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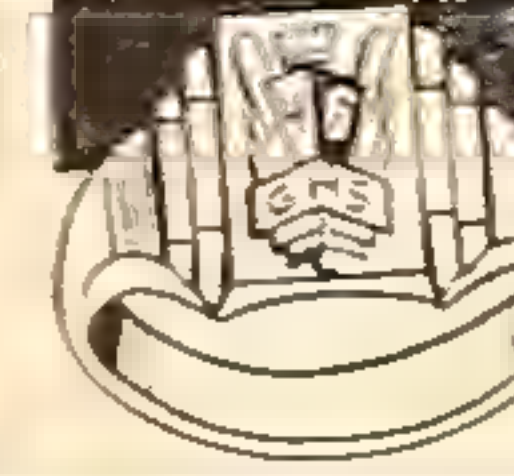
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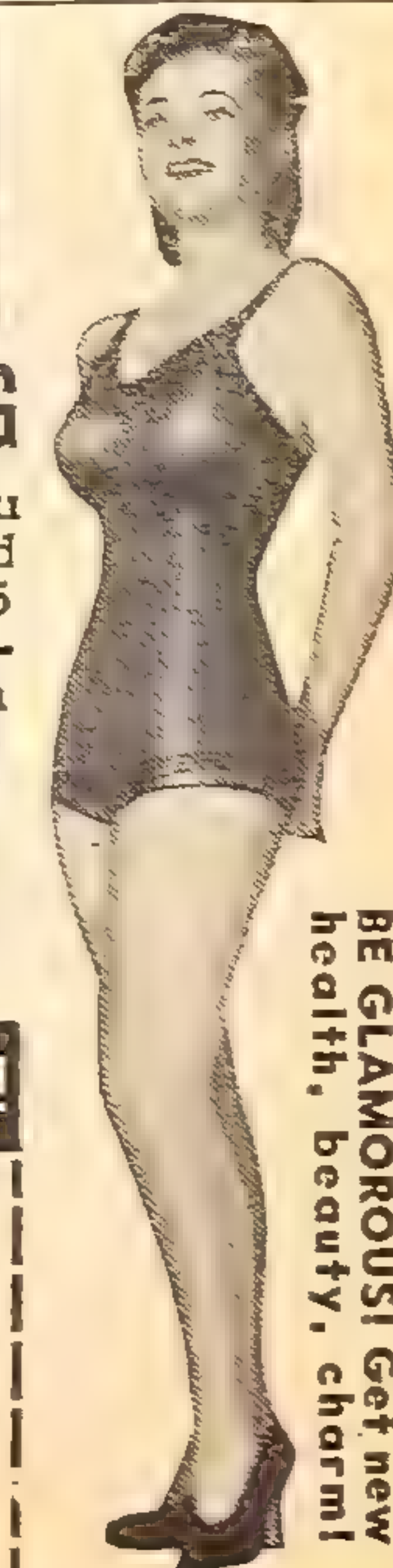
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one place as your Salvage Corner. Collect all your waste paper there before you bundle and turn it in. If you're in doubt about how to get it picked up, call your local newspaper or Salvage Committee.

A simple home baler will help you salvage all your wastebasket scraps. For a folder describing how to make and use the home baler, address *Paper Salvage*, Washington 25, D. C.

MODERN SCREEN

This advertisement prepared by the War Advertising Council. Space contributed by this publication.

spends most of his time there.

Clark has thought often of selling his place. Once, naturally, when Carole died; later, when he joined the Air Forces, and more recently when coming back home he found it too far out for his B-book. Each time he looked around Beverly, Bel-Air, Brentwood for a possible new nest, but nothing ever clicked, so he's still on his twenty acres, with a maid, cook, a hired man and the girl who really runs his life, Jean Gorceau, his secretary, who used to work for Carole, then Clark and Carole, and now Clark.

Memories of Clark's happiest wedded days hang heavy about the ranch, for there is still much of Carole there. That's perhaps a mixed blessing, warmly reminiscent, but also saddening to a man whose life must go forward, not back. But his emotions have levelled off by now with the realization that that sort of thing is wrong from all angles. The children of Clark's big M-G-M boss, Nick Schenck, now ride the Tennessee Walker back East and the other day, Clark packed up and moved Carole's things out of her room and completely refurnished it as a guest room.

When he came back from overseas, Clark found his acres badly in need of face lifting. So it's true enough that for the year he has been home he's been kept busy attending to this and that. But, truthfully, Clark's interest in soil toil is not what it's cracked up to be. He really likes the atmosphere more than the actual labor—and Farmer Gable is not always the most practical hick in the world.

He bought a team of plow horses, for instance, just because he thought they looked more picturesque pulling a plow than his tractor (which does the job twice as easily at half cost!). He went bargaining for a mule a few weeks ago and took along a farmer neighbor who knows his Missouri hay-burners. The dealer had three mules to show. Clark picked out the worst one in the lot. But even when his neighbor pointed out the defects and suggested a better choice, Clark grinned and shook his head. "No," he said, "I want this one. I like the expression on his face." Three times in three days that mule wandered into the pond, got stuck and Clark had to tug him out with a rope on the tractor. But that's okay with Clark. He prefers laughs on the place to profits—always did.

Clark likes the same kind of fun he always did with the same kind of friends. Big nights with Clark are the dinner-to-dawn poker sessions at his place or Bill Powell's, drawing to inside straights and losing his shirt, usually. Bill, Clark, Bill's wife, Diana Lewis, director Walter Lang and his wife, "Fieldsie," usually make up the gamboleering quorum. In fact, almost all of his friends are the old ones, including Slim Hawks, whom he calls "Mother," for some reason. She calls him "King." "What do you mean," Clark came back the first time, "King Kong?" But the name stuck and today all his friends call him that—"King" Gable. It's a joke, of course, but behind the nickname lies a hint of sincere regard.

Maybe Clark's closest friend is Al Menasco, of Menasco Motors. They've been pals for years, held together in large part by Clark's never-wavering, deep love of anything that roars and runs. He's been motor-happy ever since he can remember, and even the roar of a bombing wave never gave him his fill. First purchase he made when he came back was a motorcycle. Howard Hawks and Vic Fleming bought them, too, and from then on it was a case of who could get his hands on a new scooter with a new gadget to make it speedier. The morning the government released what's left of the new 1942

Can't Keep Grandma In Her Chair

She's as Lively as a Youngster—
Now her Backache is better

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.



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Mail us \$1.00 and we will send you by prepaid mail 4 boxes of famous Rosebud Salve (25c size) and will include with salve this guaranteed precision-built "CONQUEROR" PEN with instant push-button filler, deep pocket military clip, silver palladium alloy point. In Jet Black, Dubonnet, Gray or Green color. You can sell the 4 salve to friends at 25c a box to get back the \$1.00 and have fine Pen without cost. ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Box 33 WOODSBORO, MARYLAND.

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TWO-METHOD TREATMENT. Loosens and helps clear up phlegm-filled throat and nasal congestion or money back. Ask your druggist. Write for FREE Vitamin and Health Chart today! F. J. Cheney & Co. Dept. 1212, Toledo, O.

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Sent on trial to prove it. Beware of imitations. Never sold in stores or by agents. Write TODAY for full information and Free Book on Rupture! All correspondence confidential. BROOKS COMPANY, 393 State St., Marshall, Mich.

cars, Clark grabbed himself a green Chrysler. "Give that guy a couple bottles of beer and a new motor to fool with and he's in Heaven," sighs Slim Hawks.

Oddly enough, though, Clark has surprised even his close friends by his sociability since he came back to Hollywood. He takes in about every party he's asked to, and that's plenty. He's not bashful, either, talking about the war. When he's asked about it he smiles and says, "Sure" and everyone gets all set for a set of hair-raising personal thrillers. But when the conversation's all over it dawns that Clark hasn't said a word about himself. He's talked about the boys he flew with. They're his heroes.

One of the best tales he tells is about his pilot on the B-19 that used to wing him over Jerryland. "Tex" his name was, and the way Clark describes him, Tex made movie heroes look sick.

Anyway, it seems "Tex" always lugged a little black bag with him whenever he took off on a mission. He'd ride through flak and Messerschmitts without turning a curly hair, but he treated that little black bag like it was made of Dresden china. Clark thought it certainly must be some memento of home, something that meant a lot in Tex's heart. He never opened his mouth about it. After all, there are some things guys don't talk about—

Came a leave in London for the two of them and Clark asked Tex out for an evening of pub crawling. The pilot showed up, carrying, as usual, his little black bag. As usual, too, Clark pretended not to notice. They waltzed into the Savoy and got the best table in the house. Tex placed his little bag gently on the table and started to draw back the zipper. "Well," thought Clark, "here it comes at last." He felt a little embarrassed. It must be something intimate and personally dear to him.

Tex stuck in his big paw and pulled out—a bottle of pure, homemade, Texas lightning. A quart of moonshine corn whiskey!

Clark can take a lot of kidding about his war years, and grin when his girl friends call him "Major, dear," but he really takes the experience very seriously. He thinks it's the greatest thing that ever happened to him. He thinks the "kids" he saw in action are the greatest inspiration he's ever had, in Hollywood or anywhere else. The war didn't cure Clark's natural restlessness, though—not by a long shot. With "Adventure" under his belt, Clark already has itching feet. One day he's going fishing in Alaska, the next hunting lions in the Kaibab Forest. The North Woods of Minnesota was another idea and the latest project is to auto through Mexico. Nobody, not even Clark, knows where he'll really head, but when his job is finished he says one thing is certain, "I'm gonna climb in that Chrysler and go!"

Will he come back? His secretary, Jean Gorceau, smiles at that question. "Of course," she says. "Clark will always be getting the heck out of Hollywood—but this is his home. He'll always come tearing back, too—probably just when I'm right in the middle of cleaning house!"

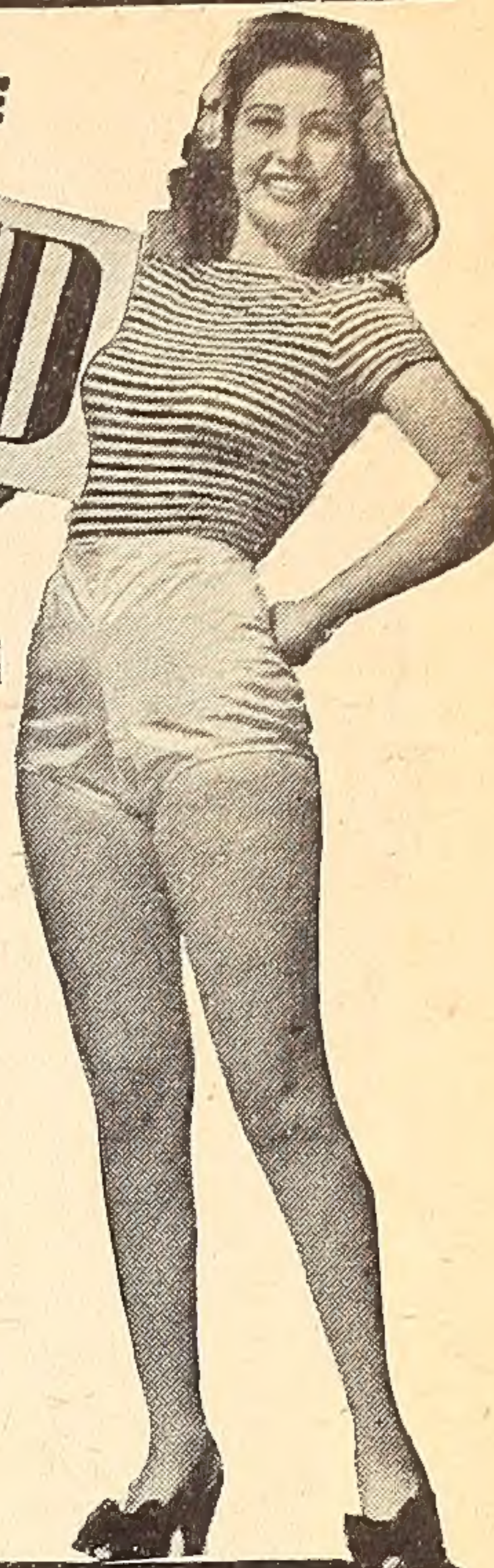
No More Autographs!

We're honestly at a loss as to how to show our appreciation for your kindness to Naval Aid Auxiliary these past months. Those quarters you sent in for autographs made life a lot pleasanter for some pretty unhappy sailors whose families were in trouble. Now, however, the emergency is over, and we're discontinuing our policy of asking you to get your autographs through NAA. But we did want to take time out to thank you for all the quarters you sent in . . . and we raise our hat (and heart) to your generous spirit.

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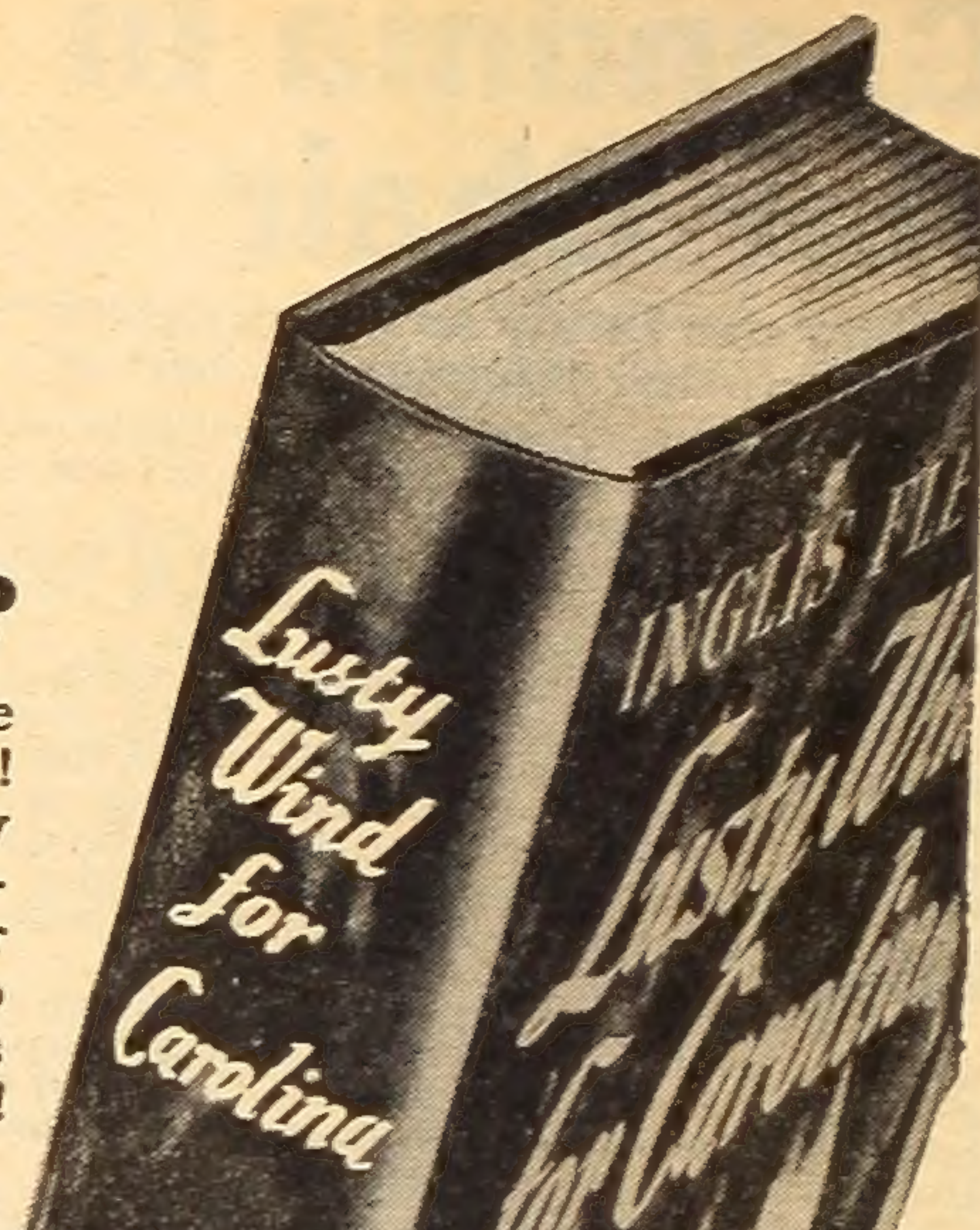
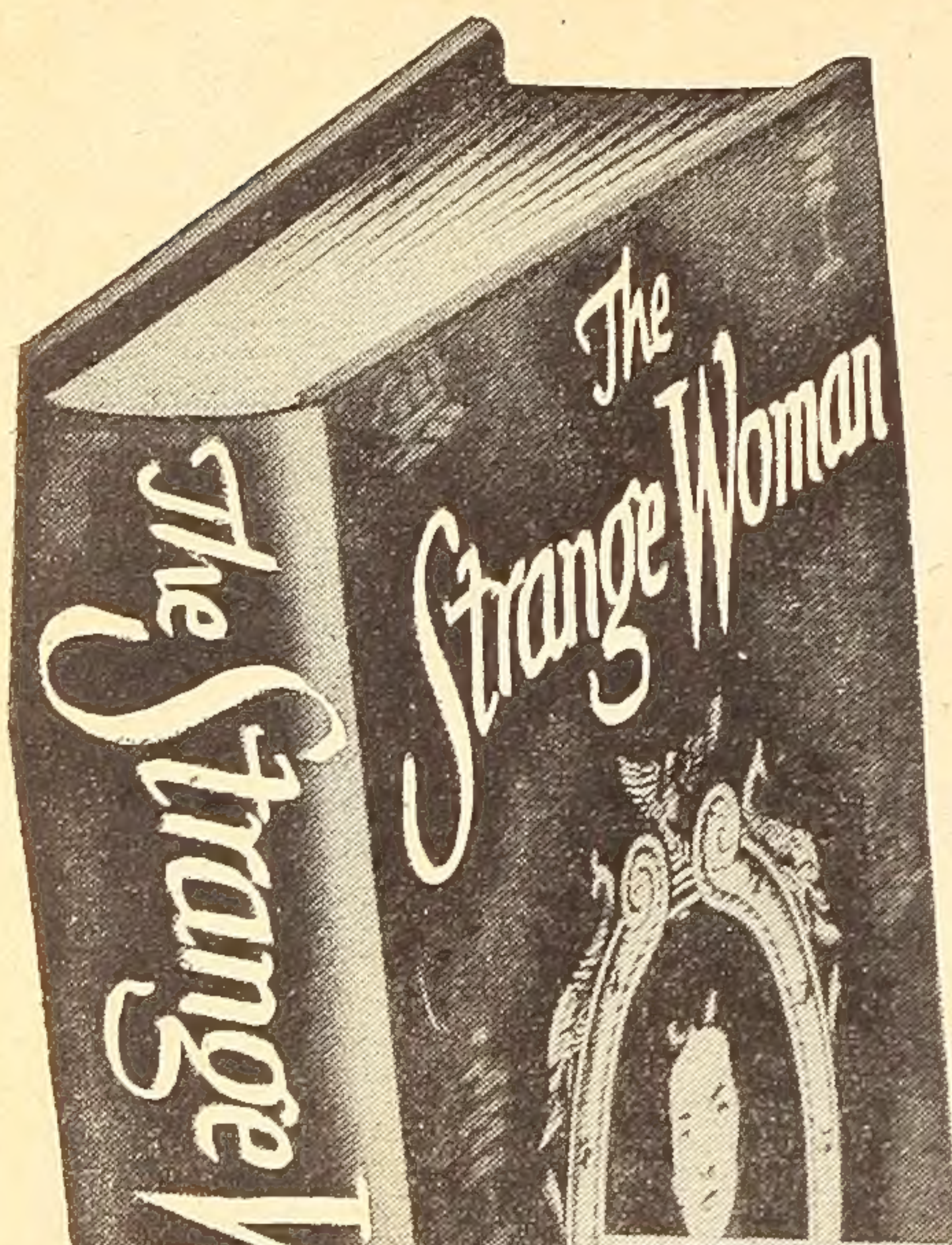
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by Daphne du Maurier

INTO the affairs of the smug, self-righteous Brodricks came bewitching, green-eyed Fanny Rosa Flower, bringing a wild, irresponsible charm that inflamed Copper John's son and cast a tragic shadow over the fortunes of this family for generations. Not alone does "Hungry Hill" have all the romantic elements which won for the author such a tremendous following in "Rebecca" and "Frenchman's Creek"; it is also a novel in the great tradition, rich in fascinating characters, unusual atmosphere and situations.



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Only Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action gives you this wonderful combination of beauty benefits!

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Glamorous Hair-dos for gala occasions

Here's FRANCINE COUNIHAN, lovely fashion model, cover girl and Drene Girl. You see her dining and dancing at New York's smartest clubs. All eyes focus on her at glittering parties. Francine shows you three hair-dos to go with the exciting clothes she'll be wearing this Holiday season.

BUTTERFLY BOW TOPKNOT . . . for a dramatic entrance. Sleek contrast to the quaint puff sleeves. Francine achieves this intriguing style by forming her Drene-lovely hair into big twin upright puffs. Center front hair forms knot of bow and is held with small combs. Francine's sleek shiny hair reveals the wonderful combination of lustre and smoothness found in no shampoo except Drene with Hair Conditioning action.

THE "TAFFY TWIST" . . . delectable-looking, newer and smarter than braids! Here Francine's trick is to start the twist at right of crown. Small pearl-studded combs, placed upright, finish off sides. No shampoo except Drene with Hair Conditioning action could make Francine's hair look so lovely!



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